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## HARÛN AL RASHID AND SARACENIC CIVILIZATION.

ONE morning, in the beginning of September of the year 795 of the Christian era, the inhabitants of Bagdad rose early to behold one of the most singular pageants of those times. The caliph had, in the days of his adversity, before a throne fell to his lot, vowed a pilgrimage on foot to Mecca; and now, established in power, his enemies subdued on every side, and prosperity diffused over all his dominions, he proposed to fulfill that pious obligation.

Still, it was a matter of much popular doubt, whether the greatest monarch of the age either would, or should, subject himself to the toil of a common pilgrim. Had not his grandfather, Al Mansur, performed the same journey in the style becoming his rank, and it was accepted as an act of piety? Was not his father, Al Mahadi, attended through the desert by no less than five hundred camels laden with ice and snow, and with accommodations to spare for one thousand pilgrims, beside his own retinue? And could it be possible that Al Rashid, more illustrious than either, intended to submit to the fatigue and humiliation of the poorest hadji?

Speculation was soon brought to an end; for scarcely had the lofty domes and minarets of Bagdad caught the first rays of the sun, when the cortege of the caliph issued from the gates of the city.

The principal persons who presented

themselves to the public on that occasion were in the midst of a career which resulted in crowning them with the fairest renown belonging to their nation's history. They were all, with one exception, in the vigor of early manhood. That exception was the aged vizier, Yaheia ibn Kaled Al Barmeki, son of him who had served, in the same capacity, the first caliph of the house of Abbas, more than forty years before. The wisdom of his counsels had long been proverbial. Suspected of being attached to the heresy of the Zendiks, a sect that denied almost every doctrine of the Koran, save that of the unity of God, he was, notwithstanding (such was his prudence and rectitude), equally trusted and revered by prince and people. And both had abundant reason; for they owed their happiest days to his government. The caliph, when an infant, had been committed to his care; had grown up in his family, as one of his children; had received his education from his lips; and still loved and honored him as a father. The wisest statesman of his time, his renown has survived the dissolution of the nations he served.

The caliph Harûn Al Rashid, himself then in the thirty-third year of his age, was, of person and deportment, such as imagination loves to ascribe to a favorite hero. A tall and athletic figure, a fair complexion, a noble and pleasing coun-

tenance, with beard and hair black, and naturally curling, are features assigned by the gravest historians to this celebrated leader of the faithful. His manners, though characteristically dignified, were changeable to a degree uncommon with Mohammedans—sometimes stiffening into haughtiness, and again unbending to the production or enjoyment of the most genial humor. And there can be little doubt that those who looked upon him now, as he walked forth in this extraordinary act of self-denial, beheld one of the choicest exhibitions of a proud humility.

The most beloved of his companions, and holding the highest offices under his hand, were the four sons of his vizier, all inheriting, to a high degree, the talents of their father. Fazzel, the eldest, born in the same year with his master, was one of the ablest generals of his time; princely in his benevolence and hospitality, and not less distinguished for the pureness of his moral character, his enemies could only charge him with the vice of pride. In the course of the foregoing year, he had been appointed to the viceroyalty of Korassan, in which he is said to have united the exercise of consummate abilities with strict justice and integrity. He had now returned to Bagdad to surrender his government into the hands of his younger brother.

That brother, Giafar Al Barmeki, still more renowned in Saracenic tradition, besides possessing the administrative talents of his family in an eminent degree, was more highly favored with the gifts of genius, and was esteemed the most eloquent speaker and the finest writer of his country. His elegant accomplishments, social qualities, and dispatch in business, made him the chief favorite of his sovereign, who, after the retirement of his father, elevated him to the place of grand vizier. It is recorded of him, in oriental hyperbole, perhaps, that he once made out, in presence of the caliph, a thousand orders in one night, without a single mistake.

At the time of which we speak, he had just returned from Syria, of which he had been appointed governor, having reduced the disorders formerly prevailing there, and left it in charge of a deputy. Now in the thirtieth year of his age, Giafar was the most elegant man at the court of Harûn Al Rashid.

Unhappily for himself, his prudence was not equal to his genius. With any other sovereign of those times, his indiscretions would have ruined him in a day. But Harûn, an ardent admirer of genius, excused his freedom and extravagance, and indulged him to excess. And Giafar, relying confidently upon that attachment, besides all his own lavish expenditure, thought nothing of pledging his master to the payment of thousands, without even consulting him. It is said that he one time went so far as to promise a worthy, but reduced, nobleman, that the caliph would admit him to favor; would pay his debts, to the amount of four thousand dinars of gold; and give one of his own daughters in marriage to his son, with the government of Egypt for her dowry; and the caliph did so. One of the most dangerous enemies of the house of Abbas, being defeated, and taken captive, was committed to the custody of Giafar, with the order to put him to death. Giafar indulged his own benevolence, and set him free; nor failed to communicate his act to the caliph, who approved its clemency.

But Harûn, though profusely generous, was a man of business, and kept a book of all his expenditures; to which book the historian, Kondermir, having obtained access, found entries there of presents made to Giafar Al Barmeki, to the amount of thirty millions of dinars, or about three and a half millions of dollars, in one year.

The younger brothers, Mohammed and Mousa, fully sustained the intellectual reputation of the family of Barmek, in the discharge of the highest duties both of war and peace.

Beside these, the court was, at that time, adorned by a number of persons, eminent in talent, and of historical renown, such as Hamzah ibn Malek, lately governor of Egypt; Harethmah, governor of Africa; Ali ibn Eissa, commander of the army in the east; and others, upon whose merits and exploits a fuller narrative might dwell with interest.

In this procession there was another person, who, although deeply veiled, enlisted more curiosity than all the rest. It was the queen Zobeidah, celebrated over the east not more for beauty than devotion. A hundred maidens of her household, who knew all the Koran by heart, were constantly employed in its

recitation. They went over a tenth part of it daily. And the sound of their voices, says Arabic tradition, was like the continual humming of a hive of bees. Her piety was gratified by accompanying her husband upon this remarkable pilgrimage, and submitting, like himself, to the ostensible humiliation of going all the journey of nearly a thousand miles on foot.

The government at Bagdad was safe in the trusty hands of Yaheia. The provinces were in profound peace. And, thus permitted to dismiss for a time the cares of state, the monarch turned his thoughts to the duties of religion. A number of his escort from the city returned after joining the vast caravan, which had encamped over night upon the plain, and was already awaiting his approach.

The most learned doctors of Mohammedan law had been consulted in reference to the caliph's vow, and had given their decision that it must be fulfilled to the letter. And so it was. For Harún was beyond doubt, notwithstanding many inconsistencies of conduct, a real believer in the Moslem creed. He was, however, fully indulged in every comfort compatible with the conditions of his obligation. Multitudes of servants attended upon him. Thousands of camels laden with provisions, and even with the most luxurious delicacies, were led in his train. He was defended from the rays of the sun by silken canopies, and wherever he trod, the desert was spread with carpets of the softest texture and most beautiful colors—the richest products of Persian looms. The moderate journey of each day was generally performed in the cooler hours of the evening and morning, the remainder was spent in repose and the enjoyment of social pleasures in his tent. The self-denial and mortification of the flesh, in such an act of humility, must have been very edifying to the subjects of the pious imam. We are reminded of the lesson once read him by an ascetic of a different stamp. On a former pilgrimage, made with less ostentation of humility, but also with fewer luxuries, Harún had met the pious Al Adhem. This real devotee had crossed the desert alone on foot, and with no more provisions than he could carry, making a thousand genuflections every mile. He had spent twelve years in this so-judged work of piety, and was

now slowly making his way back to Damascus. When the young prince accosted him, he responded in the words of an Arabian sonnet, "We attempt to mend the rents in the garment of the world with patches from the robe of religion, which we tear for that purpose, destroying the latter, while that which we would repair perishes in our hands. Happy the servant who has chosen God for his master, and who employs the wealth of time only to secure an interest in that of eternity!"

Bagdad, from which this singular procession had gone forth, was itself one of the most remarkable facts of that period of history. The rapidity of its growth was then, and perhaps is still, without a parallel. Not much over thirty years before, its foundations had been laid by Al Mansur, grandfather of the reigning caliph, and numbers of its inhabitants could remember when not a house marked the site of its now busy streets; yet, in that brief period, it had become the chief city of the world. Its vast mass of buildings, crowded together, as if each one sought shelter from the burning sun in the shadow of his neighbor, covered both banks of the Tigris for miles, differing at the same time from all other Mohammedan cities, in embracing, for the respiration of its pent up inhabitants, several open squares, beautified with trees and verdure, and cooled by the play of fountains. The palace and grounds of the caliphs alone extended to a circumference of three miles. Beyond the circuit of the walls, spread out on every side an apparently endless array of suburban residences, intermingled with gardens and tall groves of palm. And proudly over the broad expanse rose the lofty domes and slender minarets of its hundred mosques. The description of Bagdad by Benjamin of Tudela, which is ordinarily copied, was drawn in the twelfth century, when its resources had greatly diminished, and after it had been almost laid waste by an inundation of the Tigris; but of its magnitude and population in the reign of Harún we may conjecture from the statement that, a few years later, eight hundred thousand men and sixty thousand women went forth from them to honor the funeral of the holy Ebn Hanbal. It was then the metropolis of the largest and wealthiest empire of the world, and the abode of its most powerful nobles. Thither flocked

the seekers of office and honor, of all ranks and expectations. The patronage of the caliphs had encouraged men of learning to court its privileges, and the youth of Arabia and Persia, of Mesopotamia and Syria, of Armenia and Babylon, whether actuated by the love of knowledge or ambition, by curiosity or pleasure, expected the gratification of their wishes in Bagdad. The wealth of a people, recently enriched by the rapid conquest of enormous possessions, was still pouring into this capital of their dominions, and the most valuable commerce of the world centred in its bazaars. There the merchant caravans, which at Balkh had met and exchanged goods with those from India and China, deposited their silks, their spices, their gold, and their gems. There the Arabian brought his myrrh, his frankincense, and other valuable gums. There were to be seen the ivory of Ethiopia and her birds of tropical plumage, with the agricultural products of Egypt. There the Armenian came to trade the exports of his mountain land, of the more distant Caucasus and of the regions beyond the Euxine, for the beautiful wares of the south and east. And there the Syrian exchanged his goods purchased from the Frankish sailors of the Levant. Thus the relations of Bagdad to the empire of which it was the capital, caused the principal wealth of all the provinces to flow through its gates in transportation from one to another.

Its geographical situation was also favorable to success. On the banks of a broad and deep river, which at its lowest in the autumn gave not less than fourteen feet of water, with a breadth of two hundred yards, navigable for nearly six hundred miles, and passing through one of the most fertile regions of Asia; within, also, a few miles of the Euphrates, which extends far westward the irrigation of the same vast plain, and with which the Tigris was connected by several canals; just where the ancient Mesopotamia and Babylonia met upon the borders of Assyria, constituting thereby a central point common to those central provinces of the Saracenic dominion, and having full control of their most convenient routes of commerce, Bagdad united the geographical advantages of both—the Nineveh and Babylon of old. When these things are fully taken into consideration, the rapid growth and early splendor of that celebrated city

are discovered to be due to the singular combination of causes which centred there.

This new civilization was, in several respects, isolated from all that had gone before. At no great distance, upon that same broad plain, had formerly stood Babylon, the earliest abode of postdiluvian man; but her lofty walls had been humbled in the dust long ago. Higher up the Tigris had Nineveh flourished—the pride of Assyria; but her glories had also passed away. The Persian empire, which absorbed them both, had in its turn fallen beneath a stronger arm. A few miles down the Tigris, the oriental successors of Alexander the Great had established in Seleucia the capital of their dominion; but the Greek refinement of the east had been extinguished by invasion, and, for more than four hundred years, the semi-barbarous Parthian had ruled and devastated the land. But his reign had also come to a close, and the mouldering ruins of Ctesiphon were mingled with those of Seleucia. The princes of the house of Sassan had attempted to revive the ancient superiority of Persia, and near that same spot, in the city of Modayn, had chosen the place of their throne. But Sassanide rule had also passed away, and the ruined palace of Nushirvan alone remained to mark the site where their metropolis had stood. The Chaldean, the Assyrian, the Greek, the Parthian, and the former and latter Persians had all, in turn, come and gone. Ages of war, and famine, and pestilence, and miasma, from rich but neglected lands, and many other evils which follow in the train of war, had laid waste those plains, swept off the races who had formerly developed their resources, and laid their once renowned and powerful cities in the dust. Other inhabitants, chiefly from the nomadic tribes of Arabia and central Asia, had come in and sparsely occupied the desolated country—races to whom its previous history was utterly unknown, and who gazed in stupid and ignorant wonder upon the piles of ruins which rose upon the dreary and unhealthy wilderness. The age of the Abbassides opened upon the eastern world as the morning after a dark and stormy night; or like the awakening of a new life, where the old had sunk and died, and given place to the long-continued silence of the grave.



When Mohammed first announced his claims to belief and obedience, the king of Persia, Khosru, after having subdued all Syria, Egypt, and Asia Minor, was seated in his camp in sight of Constantinople. At the end of ten years, the Greek emperor, Heraclius, invaded Persia and laid it waste even to the gates of Modayn; and when, a few years afterward, the Mohammedans fell upon those countries, they found them already enfeebled by reciprocal injuries. Accordingly, Saracenic conquest proceeded with astounding rapidity. In twenty years after the death of their prophet, their banners waved triumphantly from the borders of Lybia to the wilds of Tartary, and from the mountains of Armenia to the Indian Sea. A few years more added to their dominion all northern Africa to the Atlantic Ocean, and the Spanish peninsula, with the exception of only the mountains of Asturias, while another wing was extended over Cabul, Afghanistan, and the Punjab, to the plains of India.

The headquarters of this new power was first at Medina, where the prophet himself and his first five caliphs, or successors, reigned, in the simple, rude manner of Arab sheikhs. But it was found that a little city, far away in the desert, was ill-suited to be the capital of a great empire; and when the sons of Ommiah came to the chair of the caliphate, Damascus was made the seat of monarchy. But Damascus, however well suited to be the head of a realm of which Syria is the principal part, was inconvenient to many portions of that which now acknowledged Saracenic rule. For this, as well as for other reasons, the Abbassides sought for a more central and generally-accessible metropolis. Al Saffah, the first of that dynasty, fixed his throne at Hashemiah, on the Euphrates; but his successor, Al Mansur, with a truer judgment, selected the banks of the Tigris, not far from the place preferred by the Seleucids; and there, in the year seven hundred and sixty-two of the Christian era, he laid the foundations of Bagdad.

Up to that time, the history of Mohammedanism had been little else than war and conquest—the victorious career of half-savage hordes, spreading a deeper barbarism wherever they appeared. With the end of the Ommiade dynasty the fury of their conquests

abated. Comparatively few permanent additions were afterwards made to their possessions. But they did not at once settle down into harmonious order. Internal broils succeeded. The whole reign of Al Saffah and a great part of that of Al Mansur were agitated by fierce and desolating civil wars. Only in the latter years of Al Mansur, and after Spain had seceded from his government, was the caliphate permitted to enjoy the blessings of peace. Then did Mohammedan civilization begin, and rapid as their conquests had been, the progress of the Saracens upon the path of refinement was not less so.

There was something singular, also, in the nature of that Mohammedan rule; being not the domination of a race, nor of a dynasty, nor of one great and successful nation. It was not, like that of Athens and Rome, the working of a wise and well-conducted political system. It was not, like that of the Germanic tribes, the result of necessity acting upon physical valor and strong natural intellect. It was not, like that of Charlemagne, a structure built up by one great and absolute monarch. It was different from anything that had ever before appeared—a vast dominion, acquired, held together, and governed by a religious doctrine in the use of the sword. The Hebrew exterminated the previous occupants of the small country which he claimed, and sought only to preserve his religion pure for himself; the Saracenic power compelled into compliance, and held by a common profession of faith, its otherwise heterogeneous subjects. It was not merely Arabian, although it took its rise among the tribes of the desert, but included, at the height of its greatness, elements from all nations, which its borders comprehended. And all, whatever their origin, took on the same Mohammedan type. Rome conquered as many different nations, and held them together by the most complete civil code; and yet, at the end of centuries, if one floated loose from her control, it was to cease to be Roman: when Mohammedans broke off from the central government, they never declined their original allegiance; it was only to choose another leader under precisely the same laws, recognizing the same source of legislation. For to them their religion was everything. The absorption of civil into ecclesiastical power was never so

complete in any other empire of such varied materials.

The skill of generals and bravery of troops may account for success in battle; but there must be some motive to take them there. Multitudes of those who fought most bravely in the armies of the Saracen, were of countries where valor seemed to have been worn out. What had breathed that new life into the languid heart of the Syrian, Egyptian, and Persian? What new principle had kindled up energy and enthusiasm where they seemed to be dead? What was the cause for which men thus rushed from victory to victory, and shed their blood and throw away their lives? Shall we say it was love of plunder? If so, why had they not been as brave under their native leaders? Why were the Greek emperors and the kings of Persia comparatively weak, if that was the only motive? No; their success sprang from the fervent apprehension of a grand idea. In the midst of a world given up to debasing superstition, when even Christianity, both east and west, was popularly degraded into a system of idolatry and hero-worship, Mohammed had proclaimed the truth, that the only proper object of human adoration is the God who created the heavens and the earth. To us, familiar with that doctrine, its elevating effect upon the characters of its believers is imperfectly recognized; but a moment's comparison of them with idolaters anywhere will satisfy the unprejudiced mind that there is a dignity, a grandeur, and energy, conferred upon the human spirit by the recognized presence of its Creator; while idolatry, or even that modified form of it which consists in obstructing the light of Deity by a symbol, degrades the feelings of the worshiper, and, in the course of time, also enfeebles his understanding. The superiority of Greeks and Romans is to be connected with the fact, that so many of them distinguished themselves from other heathen by rising above the mythology which prevailed in their time. But, for the same reason, it was never more than partial. It belonged only to a class. Those who, with Socrates, and Plato, and Cicero, could neglect the popular idolatry, to seek after nearer views of the true God, were the springs of classic civilization. It was the sublime truth of the unity of God, and the lofty enthusiasm conferred by offering

worship immediately in the Almighty presence, which constituted the element of power in the Mohammedan system. It was this which lifted up and set erect men formerly prostrate before creatures of the earth, or the workmanship of their own hands.

But the purest theism, however elevating, would become only cold speculation if not associated with some assurance of God's interest in man, and something to be done to meet the divine approbation. These Mohammed endeavored to supply, by presenting what he termed a revelation made to himself; by calling upon his followers to believe in himself, as commissioned to reveal it; and, in addition to certain meritorious observances, to extend by force the adoption of his doctrine. Here it was, however, that he fell into those errors, if not designed imposture, which expose his teaching to just condemnation. And, as the highest rewards of heaven were held out to the soldier who fell in battle for that faith, it is not wonderful that, notwithstanding its fundamental dogma, civilization was the latest work which it effected. It began with subjugation; and, for one hundred and forty years, wars and terrific scenes of upturned nationalities alone marked its progress; and the only feature that, so far, distinguished it from any other barbarous invasion, was the planting of one religion and the extinction of every other. The Sabaism of Arabia, the fire-worship of Persia, and the so-called Christianity of Syria and Egypt, alike went down before it. Over all that vast dominion, in those days, the faith of Islam alone was tolerated.

Only with the rise of Bagdad, and the wise and firm reign of the first caliphs of the house of Abbas, did the period of Mohammedan refinement begin. At the date of which we are now speaking, it had been in operation not much over a quarter of a century; yet such had been the rapidity of its progress, that already a wider range of commerce, a greater refinement of manners, a nobler simplicity of worship, and a higher tone of popular morals, were to be found in Bagdad than had for centuries been combined in any city of the west. While the nominal Christian in Constantinople was bowing down before a picture, and Rome was offering her adoration to an image in stone, at Bagdad, the devout Mohammedan presented his

petitions before the God who is a spirit. The caliph Al Mahadi, father of Harûn, and altogether one of the most beautiful characters that ever sat upon an oriental throne, was one evening engaged in private prayer. Rabbeia, his chamberlain, had occasion to enter the apartment—it was one of severe, yet beautiful simplicity—the walls and ceiling were of stucco of the purest white, without a picture, bust, or ornament—the floor was covered with rich, crimson carpet, and a sofa of the same color stood on one side—through a large window the moonlight was shedding its soft, silvery lustre—the caliph was standing clothed in robes of white linen, absorbed in his devotions, and the low, tremulous tones of his voice, as well as his tears, spoke the intensity of his emotion, as he recited passages of the Koran, and poured out his fervent intercession in behalf of the people over whom he was appointed to rule. The chamberlain declares that he drew back in silent awe, not so much of the monarch as of the divine presence with which he was impressed.

A fundamental element of Saracenic refinement was, the recognition and single worship of the only true and living God. A second was, the literature, which, from this time forward, for several generations, they continued to cultivate. Poetry had long been familiar to the Arabic language; and to commit it to memory, and quote it with readiness, and appropriately, had, from time immemorial, been the favorite accomplishment of the Arabian youth; but, previous to the Koran, their written prose was certainly scanty, to say the least. From the death of Mohammed to the rise of Bagdad, the Koran seems to have satisfied all their literary demands; though the celebrated story of their destruction of the Alexandrian library is very questionable. They were, however, beyond all dispute, like most of their enemies, illiterate barbarians during the most of that time. But, under the more favorable circumstances attendant upon the rise of the new capital, and the prudent government of Mahadi and Harûn, literature began to flourish, and its producers to be held in honor. Especially under the latter and his elder son, Al Mumûn, Bagdad became the great literary emporium of the world. Several poets, of illustrious name where their

language is spoken, flourished there. The caliph Harûn was himself a poet of no mean capacity. And, beside her learned doctors of Mohammedan theology and law, as Abu Hanifa, Samak, Mobarek, and Abu Josef, her grammarians, as Sibouieh and Kessaf, that city could boast of the earliest honors won by Saracenic genius in the natural sciences and medicine; and Gabriel and Messuê are the names standing at the beginning of that roll which afterward bore those of Avicenna, Al Bazis, and Averroes. Entrance was also made at this time upon the pursuit of mathematics, in which the Arabic language became not less distinguished. But zealous as was the cultivation of native resources, collection and translation from abroad proceeded to a still greater extent. The works of Greek philosophers and mathematicians were eagerly sought after at Bagdad. Some of these have reached modern times only through the medium of the Arabic translation. From India and Persia, they also derived contributions to both their literature and science. Hundreds of camels, laden with books, were to be seen entering the gates of Bagdad, both from the east and from the west; and Greek, Persian and Hebrew were, for the time, called upon to render up their treasures to the Arabic. Reading thus became a popular accomplishment, and the refining influences of knowledge made their impression upon the manners of the city.

A third element was the cultivation of the industrial arts. The mechanics of Bagdad had attained to a high degree of skill in finishing articles of the most elegant luxury, at a time when the west was ignorant of the rudiments of such workmanship; and agriculture of the Babylonian plain was once more revived, supplying the new population with abundant food, and covering the land with beauty.

The fine arts were, to some extent, forbidden. Painting and sculpture are completely excluded from the studies of a good Mussulman, by the precept that forbids the making of any image, or likeness, of man or beast, lest it might possibly become an object of worship. But architecture received a new variety of style from their attention to its beauties; and music, twin-brother of poetry, flourished by his side. In the reign of Harûn, Mousali and Ibra-

him Ben Mahadi were celebrated for their powers of song.

These, and other refining agencies, were soon carried from the capital to all important cities of the Saracenic empire; and rivals, in after years, arose in Damascus and Aleppo, in Balkh and Samarcand, in Cairo, in Morocco, and Cordova.

It was a defect of their religious system, that, by its intolerance, it went to compel all minds into one common mould. Sectaries, it is true, arose among them, but prospered only in so far as they enjoyed the protection of some powerful military arm. Mohammedanism, in the days of its youthful energy, was ignorant of toleration. The more liberal spirit of the Abbassid caliphs, to some extent, relaxed the sternness of that bigotry. But even they, powerful as they were, could not dare to resist it, even had they been so disposed, which we have good reason to believe they were not. The boldest step in that direction was taken by Harûn, in appointing to the office of prime minister the heretical Yaheia, and in retaining him and his sons in places of the highest authority, during the greater part of his reign. Though, even in that case, we know not how much the machinations of the more rigid Mohammedans may have had to do with the ultimate downfall and disgrace of that illustrious family. The action of public thought was thus confined within the limits of Moslem doctrine—in one direction, broad and true, in all others, narrow in the extreme.

Another defect of their civilization was the exclusion of women from the circle of general society, and the practice of polygamy. In such a state of things, a formal, high-bred courtesy may prevail among the better educated few; but society, as a whole, must lack that ever varying flexibility of manner, natural and easy in all its endless diversities, whose courtesy, like the magic wand of the enchantress, is continually evoking new forms, in adaptation to the changing emergencies of incident, condition, and conversation; that ceaseless play of refined and refining exchange of unanticipated beauties of manner, and turns of thought, which marks the circle where accomplished woman has her proper domain. Good society in Bagdad was formed at two separately cultivated extremes; one presenting an

elaborate formalism, which must have been felt as an abiding constraint; the other a languid abandonment to ease and enfeebling seclusion. The space between was jealously guarded. The caliph Harûn could not enjoy the company of his gifted and elegant sister, Abbassa, together with Giafar, his favorite minister, otherwise than by making the latter a member of his family.

The savage treats woman as a slave; the semi-barbarian prides himself upon keeping her as an ornament; both deny themselves her most benign influences. The force of the masculine must be blended with the native grace of the feminine character, before the true standard of refined society can be attained.

Moreover, that beautiful model of human perfection, Jesus of Nazareth, was hidden from their view by the person of an impostor, who, adopting one of his sublime doctrines, substituted himself for all the rest.

Saracenic civilization never entirely surmounted the difficulty placed in its way by the merciless spirit of the Koran, in respect to unbelievers, and the blood-thirsty example of its founders. Even the Abbassides owed their place on the throne of the caliphate to acts of human butchery, at which the blood runs cold. Al Saffah, grand uncle of Harûn, in order to prepare his own way to power, had ordered the death of all members of the Ommiade family, and their adherents, throughout the empire. And so faithfully was that order executed, that only one of the name escaped, by fleeing to Spain, and there defending himself, by enlisting the Moors in his cause, and proclaiming their separate national independence. Ninety Ommiades, residing at Damascus, under the pledged protection of Abdallah, the uncle of Al Saffah, were invited to a banquet. At a concerted signal, men armed with clubs rushed in, beat them to death, piled the dead and dying in one promiscuous heap. Carpets were thrown over it, and Abdallah and his companions ascended and continued their drunken revelry over the mangled bodies, regardless of the groans below. Many, also, were the cruelties of the reign of Al Mansur; and the gentle Mahadi, who really was the first caliph who shrank from unnecessary bloodshed, was guilty of acts which, under

the influence of a more merciful example, he would have resisted with abhorrence. Disregard of human life was a grievous feature of barbarism, which the Saracen retained to the last. Harún Al Rashid, with all his refinement, was less merciful than his father. The beheading of an offender, under his rule, was not delayed by the formula of a death-warrant, and was sometimes inflicted for very insufficient reasons.

Imperfect, however, as that civilization was, it served a most valuable purpose in the progress of mankind. It kept alive the flame of science. Mathematics and natural philosophy had not been entirely neglected in Greece until they were taken up by the scholars of Bagdad; then by those of northern Africa and Moorish Spain; in which latter they continued to be cultivated when Bagdad had sunk beneath the Tartar. From Spain they were communicated to other nations of Europe, when the love of knowledge began to kindle there anew. Thus, the Saracen stood between the European, ancient and modern; striding over the dark gulf of the middle ages, and handing down in safety the scientific results of the one to the other; like a regent, during the minority of a prince, who, for the time being, wields a modified kind of sovereignty which he holds from the father only to be transmitted to the son. And well it was that the Arab seized upon works of science; for, of all literary productions, these are the most certain to be lost sight of by an ignorant people. Were a similar obscuration to fall upon the intellect of modern times, the very first books that would soonest cease to have readers, and sink out of notice, would be the *Principia* and *Mechanique celeste*. Accordingly, of all first-rate ancient authors, the great mathematicians and natural philosophers suffered most from the neglect of mediæval Europe. Out of the Arabic version were the works of Aristotle, Euclid, and others, first made known to the students of the west.

The religion of the Saracen formed also an important check upon the degrading tendency to idol-worship, which for centuries had been at work in the east, until it had radically corrupted Christianity, leaving it little better than a name. The Greek, as the next neighbor of the Mohammedan, found himself shamed out of idolatry;

and his contest on the subject, with the church of the west, compelled the latter to at least apologize to the world for the practice. Mohammedanism, notwithstanding its defects and falsehoods, discharged, by the purity of its God-worship, a most important service to the world in its day. Without the check thus furnished, where, according to all that could be inferred from natural things, must Christianity have gone? It was sinking, through just such a process of corruption as had befallen the original law of God among the heathen; and might soon have become as completely lost to view as that has been in many lands. The Bible was already an unknown book to the people; and it needed only a few generations more of the same degeneracy to make it as alien to the knowledge of the priests, and procure for its last copy that destruction to which so many works of ancient times were consigned by neglect. In that case we should have been at this day a race of helpless barbarians, ignorant of the true nature of Christianity. and even of the reason why we bear the name. It was necessary that Christianity should not be overrun by Mohammedanism; but it was a benefit to be scourged thereby, and resisted in the downward course of degradation.

The establishment of a centre of civilization so far east, effected a combination of oriental elements with those of western growth. The Saracenic empire comprehended countries formed to the manners of Greece on the one hand, and to those of India on the other. The science of Alexandria and Athens met that of the Indus and the Ganges in the schools of Bagdad; and the wild imagination and lyric power of Arabia were brought together with the consecutive thought and patient labor of the Caucasian: combinations which, effected there, were afterwards transferred to Spain, and furnished some of the most beautiful impulses to the early days of modern Europe. They also reached us, but in a more feeble and fragmentary way, through the crusades. More feeble, because their own energies had then declined, and more fragmentary, because the knights transferred only as much as caught their own fancy, and rejected much, and that the best, from prejudice.

This glory of Bagdad may be said



to have commenced with the reign of Al Mahadi, in the year of the Christian era 775, and continued progressive until the close of that of Al Mamûn, in 833. It remained permanent for a very short time; but its decline was prolonged to nearly three hundred years, and it did not become entirely extinct until the capture of Bagdad by Hulaku in A. D. 1258. The chief architects of the structure were Harûn Al Rashid and his son Al Mamûn; and although the reign of the latter could reckon the greater number of literary men, and the more flourishing literary institutions, yet the higher praise must be due to him who sowed the seed and watered it, although his successor reaped and gathered in most of the fruit. Harûn was the first caliph who chose his society from the ranks of the learned, and made the patronage of genius a prime object of his government. He united the religion of his people with the means of their instruction in science and letters; and every mosque, erected by his order, arose beside its auxiliary school. What the Sassanides had unsuccessfully attempted by arts of luxury and military splendor, he taught his countrymen to effect with the pen. The Sassanides had only dazzled the east; the Abbasside caliphs instructed it. Hence, Mo-dayn perished from the memory of man with the dissolution of its court; Bagdad wove her existence into the web of human progress, constituted herself one of the builders of the fabric of science, a link in the chain of civil and literary history which can never be dispensed with, and has secured for herself an imperishable place in the annals of what men are most interested in recording of their fellow-men.

Yet the caliph Harûn was far from confining his efforts to these objects, noble as they were. He recognized what was required of the ruler of a great empire in other directions, and his armies were not less successful in war than his policy in peace. We scarcely know where, except in the history of Cromwell, to find a long and active military career of such unchequered success as that of Al Rashid. While yet a youth, not twenty years of age, and serving under the reign of his father, he commanded the army sent out against the Greeks, in which he defeated them repeatedly, pursued them through Asia Minor, drove them across the Bospho-

rus, and compelled them to purchase the safety of their capital by submitting to an annual tribute of seventy thousand dinars of gold. And, in after years, as often as they failed in their engagement, the invincible sword of the caliph again appeared among them to compel its fulfillment. In eight campaigns against them he maintained the superiority of the Saracen arms, and asserted the dependence of the Greek. And the last event of his life was a successful campaign against a powerful rebel who had arisen in Samarcand.

The capacity of Harûn appeared not less in the choice which he made of men for the various offices of his civil and military service. In every quarter, his generals seemed to partake in the talents and success of their master; and the counsels of the sons of Barnek redounded not less to his honor than to the well-being of the people whom he ruled. For seventeen years, constituting the happiest period of his reign, those able men directed, or faithfully obeyed, the measures of his government. And, when we mention his faults, that to which we refer with the deepest regret is the cruelty afterwards exercised upon that illustrious family.

It must be confessed that, after all his attainments, Harûn, like the most of his countrymen, had failed to attain any just apprehension of the sacredness of human life. Though of a genial and sociable disposition, capable of, and prone to, warm attachments, he could sacrifice the life even of a friend, when, in his view, the safety of his authority demanded it. He certainly loved Giafar, the son of Yaheia, and yet, for some now unknown offense, he ordered his execution, had his body hung in chains over the bridge of Bagdad, caused his brothers to be slain, and their venerable father to be cast into a prison, where he ended his days. The reasons assigned by oriental historians for this severity are various, but all insufficient. The most plausible refers it to jealousy of the succession. His sister Abass and Giafar had been married under the condition that they should never meet but in his presence. The condition was unreasonable, and was not consistently complied with. On a pilgrimage to Mecca, he found there concealed the beautiful child of friend and sister. His anger at the disobedience of his orders was extreme. Upon his return, he had

only got to Anbar on the Euphrates when he ordered the executions mentioned, to which, some say, he added the death of Abassa and her child.

Giafar had given cause abundant to a willful despot for his disgrace, or even death, and it might be said that safety demanded in that case the death of his brothers, but that his body should be hung in chains, and his aged and infirm father condemned to prison, was certainly a degree of punishment extravagantly disproportioned to the offense. The family, I suspect, must have been guilty of some greater error, which, perhaps, the caliph chose to keep secret. We have reason to believe that he afterwards deeply regretted his severity. In the bosom of Yaheia there was found, after his death, a paper with these words in his own handwriting: "The accused goes first; the accuser shall follow soon. Both shall appear before a Judge with whom the arts and practices of human courts shall be of no avail." Harûn, upon reading them, was moved to tears.

Inferior blemishes of character have also been ascribed to the commander of the faithful, and commented on by his enemies. Though highly courteous in his general language and demeanor, yet in moments of anger the fierceness of his words was excessive. Upon retorting the insulting message of Nicephorus, he addressed him as a "Roman dog," and in writing to one of his viceroys, who had provoked his wrath by extortion, he begins by calling him the "son of a profligate mother." His faithful attachment to the religion of which his office made him chief minister, did not prevent his occasional indulgence in wine, which it forbids, and though strict in performing the acts of humiliation and self-denial which it enjoins, he took good care that they should not detract from either his comfort, or the dignity of his rank. Yet he was the last caliph who fully complied even with the forms. Zealously desirous of defending the right and redressing the injured, his justice was less a well-regulated principle than a powerful impulse, and his punishment of the offender sometimes unjustly severe.

The breadth of his political information appears from his friendly embassies to the court of Charlemagne, and his correspondence with the princes of India. And his liberality, in not only

protecting Christian pilgrims to Jerusalem, but even in presenting the keys of the holy sepulchre to the Frankish monarch, proves him to have been far above the narrow partisan feelings prevalent in his time. That his government was an absolute despotism belonged to the necessities of its being. Anything better was out of the question.

Upon returning from his pilgrimage on foot to the holy city, he chose his favorite residence at Racca, a town of western Mesopotamia on the Euphrates; principally, perhaps, with a view to keep a closer guard upon the movements of his most troublesome neighbor, the Greek empire. He also, in one cause and another, traveled over most of his dominion, passing the government of all its provinces under his personal inspection. He seldom intrusted an important movement to the hands of another, where it was possible for himself to be at the head of it.

The last time that Bagdad beheld her illustrious monarch was in the latter part of the year 808 of the Christian era. Unable, peacefully, to put an end to the rebellion which was prevailing in Samarcand, and threatening other parts of the east, he determined to visit the scene of the disorders in person. In the execution of this design he left Racca and came to Bagdad, where his troops were assembling for the campaign. His appearance in the capital on that occasion was, in the midst of its splendors, not without some traits of sadness. The wise and universally revered Yaheia was no longer by his side, and the prudent Fazzel, and the accomplished Giafar, and Mohammed, and Mousa, who formerly aided his counsels and adorned his presence, where were they? Every onlooker knew their fate, as well as that of the beautiful Abassa, and the sadness of the caliph's countenance seemed to indicate that he had not entirely secured his own forgiveness. It is true, there was much in Bagdad to remind him of those whom he once loved, and whom his own act had forever removed from his sight; yet there were other causes for that dejected air. From a strange dream that had taken possession of his fancy, he was impressed with the idea that his own end was near. It was observed, too, but that was nothing surprising in a man of forty-five, that his hair was thickly sprinkled with gray. And his tall and stately form, though

nothing diminished of its kingly bearing, was evidently suffering from disease. Under a foreboding of approaching death, he now made his final dispositions in regard to the succession. Yet the enthusiasm with which Bagdad had always regarded him was not diminished by these things, and, as he marched forth in all the pomp and magnificence of war, at the head of that army which, for a quarter of a century, he had led to unvarying victory, we may safely picture to ourselves the multitudes as thronging streets and house-tops, and straining their sight from every point of view, to catch a glance of him who was now acknowledged to be the greatest prince of his time, the master-spirit of the age, and, to a great extent, the maker of the most highly civilized order then in the world.

His purpose had been declared that his son Amin, who was left in Bagdad, should succeed him. His eldest and ablest, Al Mamûn, was in command of that army now marching under his eye. It was in the month of December, A. D. 808. Bagdad was in the height of prosperity. The army, then marching out of her gates, was in the most perfect order and appointment. No doubt could be entertained of the success of the campaign. But history dwells mournfully upon the event; for she knows, what Bagdad did not, that her monarch was issuing from her palaces for the last time, and that those eager eyes should never look upon him more.

The disease from which the caliph was then suffering, perhaps aggravated by foreboding of death, increased upon him by the way. He lived only to hear of the victory of his troops, and was buried where he died, in the city of

Toose in Korassan, on the twenty-third of March, A. D. 809.

Harûn Al Rashid was certainly a man whose character had great faults, and presented a broad target to the arrows of abuse; yet, after all, from the days of Cyrus, the east had not given birth to so able a ruler, and, perhaps, not even then, to so liberal a patron of literature and science, with so little prejudice in fostering and inviting all that he perceived to be valuable from the resources of other lands. And of all his successors, the only one to be classed with him as a friend of letters, was his own son Al Mamûn, whom he had prepared for such a position by a most elaborate education. European history has failed to do justice to his name as a benefactor of mankind, and the world, to this hour, contemplates him chiefly as a hero of romance. For, in later days, long after the caliphate had passed away, the beautiful fictions created by the story-tellers of Bagdad looked back to his remarkable reign as their golden age. Imagination loves to dream of a time when all was true, and beautiful, and good. The ancient civilization of the east had, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, entirely vanished from the popular mind. Long centuries of ignorance, and many changes of government, of religion, and of race, had intervened. But the last bright era had still its lingering traditions among the Arab people. The prosperity which once existed under the rule of their own caliphs was still retained in affectionate remembrance, and furnished to them an age of heroes and a region of romance. And thus Harûn Al Rashid became the favorite of the Arabian Nights.



Yet I live in each day's doings, even as one doth float,  
On the bare and restless ocean, in a gaping boat:  
He in one hand grasps his oar, rows and doth not speak,  
And the other presses ever on the deadly leak.  
Even so, grief's hungry waters clamor for their prey;  
Even so I strive with both hands, all the hours of day."

Yet not always have such poor thoughts mastery of my brain,  
As I sit here musing, listening to the summer rain:  
I can see earth's very pulses beating in the trees,  
I can hear the strange, sweet music of spring's symphonies,  
Pondering on the wondrous law for the leaf decreed,  
How it shrinks, spreads, colors, changes to the whole plant's need;  
How the great earth all the ages doth her history write  
On stone tables, and then lift them to the noonday light;  
How they lie for ages open, in that unknown tongue—  
All the doings of the mother, when her life was young—  
Until some more loving student catches at the clue,  
And through years of close observing will that thread pursue;  
Using double sight and insight, gathers facts for years,  
Then reads off, from seeming chaos, rhythmic laws of spheres.  
Honor unto all the heroes of the hand or heart!  
Honor these heroic thinkers! Hereat, with a start  
As of final resolution, when one puts aside  
Futile hindrance—"Triply blinded!" then my heart replied—  
"With such cobweb stuff as this is, dost thou hope to fill  
All the blank that from his grave yawneth at thee still?  
Cheat thyself, if now thou canst; yet reckoning shall be made,  
For the true self, unacknowledged while the play is played.  
By-and-by the band shall snap of thy poor control;  
Depths of utter desolation shall engulf thy soul;  
All thy pretty, poor endeavors, thy conventions thin,  
Whirl away, when the deep waters of despair come in.  
Much avails it thee to falter in each look and tone,  
The one fact abideth steadfast—*Live and die alone!*"

"Not alone!" One answered for me—my voice being lost,  
And I, helpless, by the tempest of such scorn was tossed—  
"Not alone! although her pathway salted be with fire,  
Christ unto her supplication draweth ever nigher.  
He who trod the wine-press lonely, knoweth all her life,  
Loves her tenderer than the husband even loves the wife;  
When the water-floods pass over her, she shall feel His hand—  
He shall guide her failing footsteps to a steadfast land.  
Therefore, oh, poor heart! in patience do thou wait and pray,  
Till the light above the hill-tops dawneth into day!"

All my words had been but goads; when these words were spoken,  
Like some frantic creature, hearing an accustomed token,  
Hushed, though trembling, with the sob of un hoped relief,  
That sore heart lay down all pillowed on a softened grief.

Then I looked up from my sewing, and the rain was done,  
And the world was all transfigured in the western sun:  
It was hung around with bright drops—each leaf had its own,  
And these tear-drops were but mirrors, whereon heaven shone.



## THE LEAVEN THAT LEAVENED THE LUMP.

ON the northwest border of the village of Pryme lived one Bartholomew Gilbert, in the midst of prosperity and hops. He had a daughter, and her name was Patience. She was dearer than the hop-yard to her father—folios are in that statement—and to her mother dearer than anything beside.

Faithful helpmates were the good old couple; and in their labor, fortune had favored them beyond all expectation. Industry and prudence had, in their case, brought about legitimate results. They reaped what they had sown.

Bartholomew and Nancy planted the hop-yard together in their youth; with their own hands they had arranged the poles year after year, trimmed the vines, gathered the hops, dried them, packed them, and carried them to market. Laboring for good together, they had gone on, hand in hand, from the day of their marriage, careful-minded, patient, trusting one another, decent in adversity, and, not surrendering at the severest test, decent in prosperity. It does one good to think that at this moment, far away from hoops and every corresponding luxury, thousands of men and women honor themselves and God, in as incontestable a manner.

Sitting at rest in their porch at evening, Bartholomew and Nancy could readily descry the lines that defined the boundaries of the little field they cultivated in the beginning of their labors. How that field had grown since their first humble purchase! Twenty acres were now under their ownership and care, and there were ten more close by, which Bartholomew could have any day, money down, but whether he should, and whether he would, was the abiding perplexity of his life; for both his wife and daughter discouraged his ambition, whenever it manifested itself in a banking for the land; they knew that Bartholomew was growing old, that he was not so strong as he was once, and they understood, with rare exactness, that the increase of riches is the increase of cares most vain and troublesome. So, though the ten acres was a revived theme in the cottage every spring and fall, the probability was that the boundaries of the hop-yard would always remain just where they were now.

During the season, Patience worked

with her father and mother in the field. With them she watched the tender growths of spring; with them gathered in the fruits of autumn. During the rest of the year, except in mid-winter, she went to the village school until she reached the seventeenth birth-day, and this had only passed at the time of this tale's opening.

They were the "the happy family." They lived as unconscious of the world that struggled and gasped for life, as though that world did not go hating, loving, hoping, cursing, famishing, dying, on its way. Patience had her piano, which old Whitman, the organist, taught her to play, and she had books which Bartholomew bought because he knew they pleased his daughter. These saved the family. To be sure, the piano was exhausted long before it found its way up the hill to the little house in the hop-yard, and the books would not have made a commotion in any student's library; but sounding keys, and printed pages—the poorest of their kind—may still be life-preservers, under appropriate circumstances.

Long before Patience was born, and music, and books, and money had come within the knowledge of Bartholomew and Nancy, there was something of the higher life known and lived by the pious couple.

Sometimes in the spring, in the pleasant month of May, the young wife, standing in the back door of the kitchen looking along the hillside, would quite lose herself in visions.

The fragrance of the orchard blossoms, near and far, the beauty, pink and white, that opened on the branches, or fluttered in the wind, could stir thought and emotion in the heart of Nancy Gilbert. Looking upward sometimes, at night, to the star-lit heavens, her brown eyes would kindle almost as with some inspiration. She knew no constellation's name, no star's fabled prerogative; but she could hear how the heavens declared the glory of God, and in the firmament could see His handiwork.

After Patience came, such hours of rest and refreshment became more frequent, though with her child her care and toil increased. If she had more to

do, she had, likewise, more to feel, and know, and rejoice in.

And of Bartholomew, clown that you might deem him, of him this may be said: nature might be nothing to him except as a partner in his business, he might never understand that she had anything to do with Patience; but, at the same time, when he looked upon his daughter's face, how deliciously the fragrance of the hop-vines would steal upon him, how, for a moment, he would straighten up himself with the thought of her in the midst of busiest labor, heaven and earth would become brighter in such moments, and he would fall to work again, whistling manfully, knowing well what it was to "thank God and take courage."

A good and comely face had Patience. Strong-limbed was she, strong-eyed, strong-hearted, swift of foot and hand. "Worth a dozen such boys as Handel Whitman," Bartholomew would say in his pride, and poor old Whitman in his sorrow said the same.

Handel Whitman was the grandson of the organist. Old Anthony, it seemed, would after all "die without the sight" for which alone he seemed to live; for Handel was the ark in which he had embarked all his hope, and the ark was going to prove a ruin, as all the rest of the world had, so far as the poor old man was concerned.

While there was so much happiness in the cottage on the hill, in the cottage under it was nothing but gloom and trouble. That hill of happiness was the "Hill Difficulty" which no Whitman seemed to have the faculty of climbing.

In the village church, where Anthony had officiated for more than thirty years, a woman had supplanted him. And now his grandson would complete the disaster of his life; for to Handel he had transmitted the hope of all to which he had ever aspired, and had lamentably failed to accomplish, and to receive the trust the boy seemed utterly inadequate. No grace of God or gift of nature prepared him for any such reception.

The organist had not neglected, through all his years of disappointment, to make some account to himself of the reasons of his dreary, life-long failure. It was want of time, dearth of sympathy, of incentives, of books, of every useful thing—of everything he made account, but

the real cause—want of that which men call genius, insight, courage, energy, unconquerable will, love of beauty, love of truth, scorn of flattery, that moral integrity which shuns praise, since genius never seeks applause, but only truest utterance of the truth that has been revealed to the enlightened conscience.

Anthony Whitman went into the village of Pryme when he was a young man. He went there to teach music, to play the church organ, and thus to support his wife and himself. There he had since remained. There Mozart, his son, was born. There he had watched, with fluctuating hopes, while the boy grew from infancy to manhood; but in the end Mozart had disappointed him. He was no child of music, but a son of trade; he and his wife both died young.

They left their boy, whom Anthony named Handel, in charge of the grandparents. And in his behalf the old man called into life the hope he had buried in Mozart's youth. But a wild, wild hope it was; and, it would seem, only a man in his dotage would have dared to cherish it. So Anthony in his desponding moods would acknowledge to himself. The boy, he would then say, justified not one of his imaginings concerning him; he was heavy, stupid, had no "sense of tune," was indolent and ungrateful, a born clod-hopper. This conviction was by degrees taking possession of Anthony, in spite of those days of glory which now and then came at rare intervals, when the boy, at his lesson, even in the midst of his stupidity, would dwell upon some strain, touch some chord, accomplish some combination, that made the old man's eyes flash with an amazement and expectation that more than atoned for the neglected lesson. But these upliftings of the boy and the old man were but momentary, as they were sudden, unpremeditated, and misunderstood. It seemed no willfulness, and really was none, when the youth relapsed from the instant's effort to his former indifference and unconcern. There was nothing that his grandsire could teach him, and he was unconscious in himself. The case was a hopeless one, unless the key of the treasure-house was to be found. Every mystery has its individual solution. Who had the key to this alluring, incomprehensible character, that year by

year set at defiance every expectation formed of him?

The temperament of the boy seemed fitted for the frigid zone. It was cold, clear, and still, with flashes of Aurora. A curious questioner might ask, if that granitic nature should ever be permeated with a compelling heat, what could resist its fiery tide? But a questioner less curious in speculations would smile at referring the notion to the man concerned. Such a dead calm, ay, of stupidity, as the vexed Whitman sometimes called it, seemed to control the lad.

In the church spoken of, there was a new generation of worshipers since the day when Anthony Whitman entered on his labors there. The young men and young women of the new generation had been out into the world, and had returned again, and they had discovered that the old organist did not know everything about music. And when they began to talk about their discoveries to one another, this among others became apparent, and a wave was set in motion that never rested, or stayed, until it had overwhelmed Anthony. If there is one thing in human experience more bitter than another, more difficult to endure, it is that sense which comes to the half-way man who is supplanted. One who possesses heaven and earth may endure competition with a smile, an honest smile, but only he. The artist holding art, may well disdain rivalry, but only he.

"You can go about your business," said he to Handel the day after he had been waited upon by a deputation from the church, which brought him the intelligence that his successor had been found, but that his salary would be continued in remembrance of the service he had rendered in the past, a courtesy which he indignantly rejected. "You can go about your business, if you can find out what it is—anything that suits you best Handel. It is a good thing, after all, that you don't like music." But the old man said that sorrowfully—and he would gladly have done with life when life had given him this cup to drink. "Go and learn how to raise hops of Gilbert, and make money as he has," he suggested.

"I will," said Handel promptly, and not a sign of misgiving did the old man betray on being taken at his word. It was all one—hops, or what not—the

humbler the hope, the less the aspiration, the better.

Poor old man! On the low black mantel-shelf of his sitting-room was a little picture in a cheap black frame, which was only ten years younger than himself. When a boy he had received it as a prize; through how many years of failure he had treasured it! For half a century it had stood upon his mantel, or hung upon his wall, a talisman, a promise. Poor old man!

He had told its history to Mozart, his son, but to no purpose; he had repeated it to Handel, with apparently no better result.

The pride and the ambition with which, when a lad, he had taken the head of his class, he never could forget; but in vain had he produced that unfaded memory for the excitement of son or grandson; never a prize won Mozart, and none would Handel win.

It stirred no spirit of opposition in the heart of the doting grandmother, when Anthony came out so unexpectedly in favor of Handel's turning his attention to hops. She could appreciate hops, and was not to blame for having been born without an ear, indeed, she might well have esteemed her loss her gain. She loved her husband, and understood his disappointments. He had patiently explained them to her during the last forty years, and it was not to be wondered at if the good soul had a hearty ill-will for the profession that had served him so shabbily. His music did not move her, but his failures did, so she looked at Handel with new hopes now that this tedious drilling was about to end.

"Now," said she, folding her hands with satisfaction, when Handel, more unsettled in his mind, more uneasy in his heart than any one could guess, went out to tell her that the lessons were all ended, "Now we shall have peace at last. Handel, 'tis a good choice you have made, boy. Hops is hops. And we know what music is, you and I do."

"What is it, grandma?" asked Handel with some misgiving; for he did not quite sympathize with her voice, and her look, while she was speaking.

"Humbug! though I never said it afore," she answered, with a genuine satisfaction, as if at last she had her own revenge.

"Oh, grandmother!" exclaimed Handel; but whether that exclamation sig-

nified surprise, or what it signified, the old woman neither knew nor wondered; but if she had only appreciated it, just here was an occasion for discovery or speculation; so much was there in the look and tone of the lad. Hastily he went on: "Grandmother, you don't mind about the woman that's going to play the organ?"

"That's true, Handel; but for your grandfather, I mind for him."

"But she plays better. They all say so."

"Hush, boy!" exclaimed the old woman, indignant and horrified.

"I heard her," he continued. "I can tell the difference," but here his grandmother suddenly disappeared from the room; flying out, as if treason were in the talk. That Anthony should be jealous of a woman, was clearly impossible. It was something worse than jealousy, something harder to be borne, that worked in the poor old soul. Not that he should be supplanted by a woman—but that he should be supplanted. They might say what they would, but a woman could not be his rival. If a man had taken his place, ah! then his wrath would have aroused; he would have known the meaning of jealousy; but as the case stood, he had only to retire from his profession, and endure his disappointment.

He was willing to spare Handel this last evil experience, so he put on an air of cheerfulness, as though really interested and in earnest, when he advised the boy to find some employment for himself; but he was not, after all, prepared for the ready acceptance the advice found. He had been a week musing the resolution to utter such counsel, and in an instant all was done.

He did not hear or heed when Handel left him—had no suspicion of the after words exchanged between his wife and the lad. Unconsciously he let fall from his hand the book he had been reading, and sunk into a long and dreary reverie. At length his head was slowly lifted, not with any quickened impulse, but wearily and unaware. As he did so his eyes brightened—they fell upon that one prize of his lifetime. He did not turn his eyes away, as if in that glance something met and reproached him, nor as if that which he beheld were a trifle, an aggravation now, in this time of humiliation; but rather with affection he surveyed it. It had signified something to

him once—it meant something still. Loking upon it, he became softened and calm. The picture had not been worth a copper on the counter of a pawnbroker, or in the hands of the auctioneer; but it it was precious to him, and merely looking at it, he so far got the better of all that had happened, that he went into the corner and took up his books of music, one after the other, and turned their pages for the first time in a week.

Handel Whitman, actuated by a purpose, went up that same day to the house of Gilbert. He was not thinking altogether of hops and the market, but these things were foremost in his mind, and it was his perpetual mistake, as it is that of many other persons, to suppose the thing most prominent the thing that most concerned him. The oak is long in finding out what it means—the cereus discovers it in a single night.

As he went, Handel met Patience Gilbert; she was returning from the village. With a manly directness that proved at least his earnestness, he said to her—he could say anything to her, she was as comprehensive as All-Souls'-Day—

"Patience, your father said last week he wished he had a young man to help him in his management. Has he hired any-body yet?"

"No"—Patience answered him. She guessed Handel's meaning—she knew what had happened with the organist—she answered the youth kindly, in a way that of itself must encourage him to speak out, if it were difficult for him to speak; for in her gentle heart she felt the burden that had been laid on the old organist.

"I'm going up, then," said Handel, "to see if he wants me. And if he does, I'm ready."

"He wants you," said Patience confidently.

"Did he say so?" asked Handel with eager hope, as if that situation were the one thing desirable in the world.

"He wants you," repeated Patience.

"And he knows I'm not over quick," mused Handel. "But I'll learn Patience, I'll learn."

"That's all," said she; and then, "So now you have given up music?"

"I never took it up yet, Patience," was the answer. Slowly he spoke, and sadly: "Music is not for me."

"I am so sorry!"

"So am I . . . But, Patience, I had

rather dig for my living all the year round, than have it end as it has ended with some that tried to do better."

"You don't love music, Handel, I suppose."

"That must be it," he answered—but he spoke as a lover might speak of a love that is lost to him.

Patience, wondering, listened; then she said—

"I read somewhere that nobody ever did anything yet in the best way, if he did not love to do it. But your grandfather loves music, Handel."

"I suppose it is true," he answered with a sigh.

"He has grown old—and kind o' worn out, they think, I guess—and the best men do that; but there's many that like him on the organ better, better than anybody else. No matter, though."

"Not a bit of matter, when you get at it, Patience—but it has been hard for him to get at."

"Ne'er a doubt of that have I."

"And you're the first and only one I'd say as much to, Patience."

"I'll keep your confidence," said she.

Her sympathy stirred his heart, his doubt began to grow, and as it grew, how else but clearly to her sight?

"Patience, if I loved music, would I be coming up here to look for work, do you think? Answer me truly."

"You might," said she.

No need now of another word; what she had said was better than the old organist's drilling of a lifetime to the youth.

"Sometimes I've thought I loved it," he continued, the conviction and the confession born at once. "When I came in that day of a sudden, and you sat reading music by our fire, you know, and there was nobody in but you. You remember the time. I sat down at the organ and played, and then I thought I loved it. But afterwards it went off—I forgot."

"But it came back many times," said Patience, as if reminding him.

"Sometimes I've thought it never would have gone if grandfather hadn't said I was all wrong, and kept me at his systems. No matter, I am going to work now at something substantial. You will see. My hands must go to work. I suppose I was idle all that time."

"What time, Handel?"

"When grandfather said I was only

pretending to learn. But it seemed to me I was always hardest at work when he called me idlest, working in my head, and nothing to show for it all. Never mind. Don't look so sorry."

"You love music," said Patience, with the solemnity of a conviction. "You have nothing to do up here. You ought to be at the music in your own way."

"No, no—you must be mistaken. That would be my ruin, he has often said. And they are getting old, I must work for them, and that is what I desire to do. Every one must have a teacher, he has said. Of course it is so. And I could not learn of him. It will do me good to be up here; it is what I want. This is the happiest day of my life. You used to come down to us, it's time I came up to you."

"You will know more about music, Handel, than I shall ever know," said Patience, stopping short in the path to speak these words. "I shall have other work to attend to, but that will be your work."

Then they went on in silence. What Patience had now spoken—these few yet momentous words—though the utterance of a conviction that had flashed, not grown, into her mind, had yet a familiar sound to her, as though it were the sudden proclamation of an old yet hidden thought. As for Handel Whitman, the word came to him with authority, because it was the endorsement of a faith he had cherished unconsciously for years.

"That is your father yonder in the yard," said he, lifting his eyes from the ground. "I'll go across and speak to him."

"I'll go with you, then," said Patience, and they climbed the fence together.

Ten minutes more and the whole business had been discussed, and Handel Whitman was in the service of Bartholomew Gilbert, wages and work specified—nothing more to do but patiently to plod.

So the youth went to work. Day after day, in every kind of weather, he ascended the hill lying between his grandfather's cottage and the hop-yard, and in the field, or in the room used by Gilbert for an office, he worked—and thus the time passed on.

Old Whitman, meantime, was at home, reading his books of music, working



with his pupils—the few that came to him for instruction. Though he professed himself satisfied that Handel had found an occupation, in his heart there was more sorrow than delight, that the youth should have so declined from all his hopes, to plodding, daily labor. And he waited impatiently for the time when Handel should renounce his present work, and justify his hopes. Dreaming still, the poor old man, of the eagle flying aloft, with a banner, and a name.

But with what he had found to do, the youth seemed well content. In his new employment he manifested a steadfastness and industry that were surprising—and the reward received was a sufficient satisfaction. But where was music? Every day he dwelt in the same atmospheric range with Patience; saw, heard, spoke with her. Not a day but the serene influences surrounding that little household also surrounded him. Now and then Patience would sing for her parents in his hearing; for then, it was always the father or the mother who invited her, and never Handel. As to himself and music he never named the two together, and was even trying to never think of them in connection; for his ambition seemed to have taken a total and decisive turn—it was to bring such comfort and such plenty into the cottage under the hill as he found in the cottage above.

Slowly—for his was a strong spirit, and his training had served to make him ignorant of his own susceptibility to these influences—slowly, but very surely he became possessed of the spirit of quiet—for sluggish as his nature seemed, it was perpetually in unrest—and slowly but certainly he came into real harmony with life.

The manner in which Patience Gilbert beautified her own life, and that of all connected with her, began to have its proper effect on him. The moment that his eyes were opened to perceive that beauty, he was drawn towards it in the love of it. Where genius exists, any influence that is blessed in itself must act as a developer.

Handel never said to himself, "I will learn of Patience; live like her, a beautiful, harmonious life; be in my home what she is in hers; conquer my stubbornness, be like her." But these resolutions were none the less in operation.

Witness for him what he did. He

planted a hop-vine before his grandfather's door—with care he trained it, that it might look as cheerful in the summer as that house upon the hill. He smiled, going in and out; for his heart was happy, and he knew the value of a smile. He was mindful of the work that might be done for the old people's comfort. He entertained them by his lively talk—he read to them the books which Patience lent him, and, under all this generous, faithful kind of culture, the brain of Anthony enlarged for the entrance of more than his own ideas, and the grandmother's face lost many of its wrinkles. Mindful in so many ways of their years and needs! But he never spoke of music—he had pledged himself to the doing of his duty when he beheld the home-life of Patience, and duty made him talk and think of hops, and of a hundred things that left no time for music. And—for a man can bring himself to believe anything, if he only set about it—to "believe that he believes." I should say, Handel ere long came to the conclusion that Bartholomew Gilbert understood him better than any other person when he said,

"You're like your father, sir; it's in the bone; born in you; he would have been the richest man in this region if he had lived."

So, in spite of the way his heart beat when he heard the voice of Patience singing simple songs, when he thought upon the pure loveliness of her peaceful face, when he observed her manifold thoughtfulness, Handel began to believe that he had concluded to fulfill the predictions of Bartholomew.

And yet it came to pass slowly, by degrees, that the conscious scope of duty began to enlarge around Handel. The fulfillment of his obvious obligations did not satisfy him, something more was to be wrought; and still the life of Patience was his inspiration.

Often now, than in his youth, Handel's eyes would seek that little prize, that treasure of old Anthony, the brown paper in the cheap black frame, the humble type of greatest aspiration, the soaring eagle, and the angels above, with song in mouth, harp in hand, and the name of Anthony Whitman on the banner of the eagle; and ever as he looked, the face of Handel became sadder and more thoughtful, and an unknown tenderness of act and speech began to manifest itself in his conduct

towards his grandsire. And in strange connection with the thoughts that were stirred by this picture, this memento of an expired ambition, a voice spoke, urging him, "Do with thy might what thou findest to do; for in the grave is no device—in the grave whither thou hastenest." Alas, and to such a grave and burial the poor old man had come already! And to such he also seemed to have come! for had not Patience said to him once of music, "it is your work," and if her word was true, how should he know? and when should he begin to manifest the knowledge? and who would help him, and how could he be helped?

Often, now, as he went up and down the hill, as he worked in the new ten-acre lot (for Bartholomew had bought it, and solely because of Handel), or as he sat in Gilbert's office making calculations, or as he read to his grandparents at evening, or as he lay wakeful at night upon his bed, that strange passion, that had moved him at rare intervals of his life, would stir his soul again, moving him violently, as a great temptation moves a mighty man.

But just so long as he mistook the impulse of his soul for the urgings of duty, for the claim his grandsire made through his own life-long disappointment, so long Handel would withstand the claim; so long he must; so long he did.

But there came a time when duty's voice was still; no longer to be mistaken. In the calm that followed her silence his impulse quickened, his desire grew, and then, night and morning, he had but one thought; looking down upon the village and on the little church he pondered on the organ and the girl that played it.

One night he happened to be standing near the church and saw the organist go in; quietly he followed, and he listened unsuspected while she played there in the church.

It was all over with him then. When she and the boy that worked the bellows left the house, he ascended to the organ-loft and took her place, and he never ceased till morning from that noiseless work.

That day Handel said to Patience Gilbert—

"If I should ever throw up an opportunity of making a good fortune, and take my chance in music, what would Patience say?"

"She would say, of course, that was what she looked for," answered the young girl, as one who had been a long while waiting to hear that very question. As so indeed she had, trusting still that the day for its utterance would come, though to less hopeful eyes it had seemed long since to have been postponed forever.

"Where would be the blame, then?" Handel asked seriously.

"I cannot see," Patience replied more cheerfully.

Then he entreated, "Help me, Patience."

"Try me once," she answered.

"I will."

"But when—you make one wait so long."

"Have you waited?"

"Waited! yes!"

"To-night, then, in the church, come blow the organ-bellows."

"I'll be there," said Patience instantly, as if fearful lest he might think better of this venture if she delayed co-operation but for a moment.

Then there was a brief pause, as if for the soul to rest, so suddenly had all this been said; and then Handel spoke again:

"I don't risk anything, at all events," said he, "nobody will know—nobody hope."

"And the hop-yard can't be rooted out in a day," said Patience with a laugh that was inspiring and strong enough to drive away a whole troop of fears.

"God bless you, Patience!" exclaimed Handel.

"Yes, I hope he will, certainly," said she smiling and full of trust.

"Then you wait for the blessing, too," he said, in surprise it seemed.

"Wait for to-morrow's, yes. I've had every other day's. All that's belonging to me paid up to this minute. Only it isn't pay, you know, Handel."

"Oh, Patience, if it answers—if it comes—if I can do it, and satisfy the old man who has hoped so long."

"Handel, that's worth hearing!"

"If I can only express what I think and feel; something that shall go to its place and, be known, by all that hear, for music, indeed—music, indeed!"

"God bless you for that, Handel! Bless you twice for that."

Silently that night the two walked down to the village—resolution in

their steps—a purpose in their souls. For the human help and comfort her soul gave forth that night, the harp that Patience played received a silver string; such as we may fancy angels touch in heaven.

Handel found his way up into the organ-loft, but not to grope there in the dark; not to plod. True strains and lofty found expression there under his hand. Chords which no thought but his had arranged, found a deliverance then. He read his grandsire's music as one reads the alphabet; he played it reverently, as poets sing the loves of humblest lives. And all the while, with tearful eyes, Patience listened, and, in the shadow of the organ, labored at her post.

At length Handel arose, and locked the organ doors—extinguished the lamp.

"Come, Patience," he said, and by the light of the moon they passed down the stairway, and out of the church.

"Say nothing about it," he continued, when they had gone on some distance silently. "They don't know any too much about comfort. I'll be their staff and stay as long as I live. You hear me say it. Music shall not take me from my duty."

"But it will be your duty," answered Patience; "and God will open the way."

"Do you believe it?"

"I know. Has he not given the sign?"

"Then I'll be still."

"I hope you will. So little, Handel, ever comes of being disturbed and unhappy."

"But Patience, girl! was there really anything in it? really anything? It seems, now, as if it were all so hurried and confused. Did you hear anything? Was it anything that I played? Was it, Patience? Was it?"

Again, and yet again, she could assure him, and through this life, and through all life, was strong to help him into his truest being.

"I have heard the young lady that plays the organ in the church," she said. "You said she loves music. You said she played better than your grandfather. I never heard that organ played before to-night, though. Do you think that's said because you are you, Handel? I wouldn't say it, if I could help it, because you are you. But I know when I hear. She hasn't got a man's touch, and she thinks little things. Pretty—

but not great. She makes confusion, too, as if she didn't understand, sometimes.

You said it all plain, as far as I could go. But you said some things I couldn't understand. But the fault was in me, not you. Does that satisfy you, Handel, or do you think that Patience Gilbert would say a thing that wasn't true to please any one on earth? If what I say wasn't true, I'd bid you keep on working in that hop-yard forever. It will bring you riches by-and-by; and riches are not to be despised. But, isn't there a comfort money cannot buy? Something that God gives, which cannot be had unless He gives it? I think you are rich with not a dollar in the world; but may be—I'm mistaken; and, if I am, you know it. Nobody can know it but you. You ought to know whether you have a light, and whether it's right to put it under a bushel."

Handel's voice was not quite firm when he made answer; his face was pale and troubled in the moonlight; he spoke with difficulty, but his purpose did not waver.

"Patience, help me. Help me to find out. There's your piano. I can use that. But no one must know. Grandfather must not. You must seem not to know; for, if he should hope again, and be disappointed in me, that would be worst of all."

Like a child was Handel in this speaking; fearful, yet brave, and humble, though so proud.

"I understand," said Patience, courageously. "He must wait till his time comes; and all of us must wait. Well, I think we can do that."

"And, Patience, if it should ever come to pass that I *could*—"

"Of course," interrupted Patience; "that's what you were intending to say all the time. I felt it in my soul. He will never go out of this world till he is satisfied. Handel is as good a name as Anthony for the prize. It was only a little mistake the eagle made taking up the wrong name; but your grandfather will say in the end you're welcome to the little picture in the black frame fifty years old. Oh, if it were I! If I were you, how I'd thank heaven for that!"

"I'll do my best, Patience; truly I will," said Handel, solemnly.

"Amen," responded Patience.

Well, something must come of all this, to be sure. Such preparation was never made in vain. In the course of months, a Christmas-day dawned on the village of Pryme.

The poor organist, rejoicing in the week of festival, had gone home to her mother. Patience Gilbert sent her; though the church it was that gave the leave of absence, and the church that made the gifts that were to go home to the girl's poor parents.

So great a matter a little fire kindleth! For the church—all honor to it—though it might pride itself upon its generous doing, never would have thought of that same deed, but for Patience Gilbert's activity on the occasion. She it was who originated the suggestion; she it was who collected the gifts together; she who packed the organist off home, promising to supply her place during the day of absence. The church was very gay with evergreens on Christmas-day. How Patience worked among the workers, to beautify the sanctuary, where the pine-tree, and the box, and fir were brought together! Patience was ever foremost in every good work, the people said, who saw her twining and hanging wreaths, and decorating the organ-loft with an elaborate decoration unknown to it before. How, on that Christmas-day, her heart sang *Jubilate!* For, who was it, sitting in the loft, making the old church ring with mighty music, unknown to Whitman in his prime? Patience knew.

It was to hear this musician that old Anthony Whitman had come down to the village on this festival day. In spite of his firm purpose never to cross the threshold of the church again, he was there, and could not choose but come. Patience had beguiled him. No one but herself knew how. But he had been prevailed on to take his place by her father's side, in the great lumber sleigh; and so was there to hear the voluntary, and every strain that sounded through the church until the benediction was pronounced. His voice might never attest the fact, but his whole being con-

fessed the truth: never had he known what music was; never had he heard it till now. What meant those tears—that excitement—that rapture? Who was it that roused, as by a spell, the enthusiasm of his decaying nature, and gave him a joy so strange that he could not recognize it for any joy that he had ever known before?

"We'll just stand here till he comes down. I want to look at such a man for once," said poor old Anthony to Patience, when the service ended. He had forgotten that the fact, that Gilbert's pew was next the door, was the one that had prevailed upon him to give ear to the pleading of Patience; that he had come to hear the music because he knew that he could go out again unseen of the congregation. But he had no room now, indeed, for thoughts of self, or pride; so, there he stood, while the people, unobserved, departed; and he stood when Handel came down there from the organ-loft; and there he stood when two strong young arms clasped round his worn-out nature, and a voice whispered in his ear, to him alone: "Now, father, we know each other. Now, we shall have music always. But it was Patience that did it. . . . Patience and you," he added in a louder voice. And Patience heard as well as Anthony, and smiled, as became her youth, while the old man wept for joy.

Just here my story drops—not ends. Handel Whitman may have gone into the organ-loft again, or he may not have done so. Great lives, however, do not often perish in the hour of their birth, even to human seeing. He may have labored in the hop-yard until he was able to do better. He may have loved Patience as he loved music, thinking of them always with one thought. He may have put to shame his grand-sire's aspiration. Believe this, at least, that the "leaven" had done its work; and believe never that the humblest true hope fails of its result—in the nature of things, that being evermore a fixed impossibility.

## SCAMPAVIAS.

## PART II.—A LAND SLIDE.

THE awnings of the frigate were closely tented fore and aft the spar-deck; the rain came hammering down in a steady deluging manner; a few top-men and some bare-legged mariners were pattering around the eves of the canvas roof, catching buckets of fresh water for a quiet scrub somewhere in the waist. The sentries at the gangways were moulting like wet chickens over their muskets; the old salt of a quarter-master on the look-out on the poop, wrapped in his oil-skin jacket, with a spy-glass clasped in his arms, was masticating his tobacco-cud, beneath the drippings from his tarpaulin, with all the enjoyment in life. The officer of the watch was slowly pacing the quarter-deck upon a temporary plank-road, made of gratings, to keep his feet out of the puddles of water which flowed beneath.

The ship was riding uneasily at her anchors, with heavy gusts tearing down the western gorges of the mountains, and a cross swell was rolling into the gulf. Through the open spar-deck ports could be seen the lateen fishing-boats, two abreast, scudding in from seaward, with their sails reefed down, seeking a haven in the quiet basins of Pezzano or Marola; while in-shore of us, towards the town, a small fleet of feluccas and coasting-craft were making all snug for a gale.

It was two hours past high noon when I mounted the after-ladder, and touched my visor to the officer on guard. That individual, Lieutenant Frank Bimshaw, returned my salute with a jerk of his right fore-finger upward, and pausing in his walk, made the following observation:

"I say, Gringo, if you know of anybody who has been laying by money for a rainy day, here's the place for him to come and spend it."

Mr. Bimshaw said this with some exasperation; for every few moments a squall of wind would give the awning a vicious shiver, and dash the chill October rain in his face.

"Hallo," he added, "what are you going to do with that valise I see there at the fire-rail?"

"Going ashore with it."

"What in?"

"Gig; orders," I replied.

"Oh! you are, eh? life insured, and will made, I hope!"

Bimshaw said this with real sympathy, but recollecting, perhaps, that duty was paramount to all personal considerations, he smothered his feelings and ordered a boatswain's mate to "man the gig."

The boat was soon at the gangway, and, watching a favorable lull, I jumped in, and with a bit of sail, no bigger than a napkin, we shot away like a gull towards the head of the gulf. The slim little boat tugged and strained at the main-sheet, but still she danced gaily over the rising sea, and never shipped a drop of brine during our brief voyage.

I was bound inland, and was anxious to intercept the diligence from Leghorn. No sooner had I leaped on shore, than that vehicle hove in sight, and announced its coming by a cannonade of whip-crackings from the thongs of the postillions; and shortly after, lumbering through the drenched little streets, it drew up before the post office. To my dismay, there was not a vacant place in the diligence—a wonder that had not been known for more than a century. My handsome friend, Galleazi, however, came to my aid, and there being another in the same pickle with myself, he sent for an extra voiture.

A bargain was soon struck, with the understanding that two other well-disposed youths should occupy the vacant seats.

It was getting dark as the horses were roped in; my valise was strapped on, and in we got. The voiture, from an imperfect view afforded by a lantern through the heavy rain, had a venerable appearance, and bore a striking resemblance to an old, frouzy, bonneted woman; but withal, rather comfortable we found it inside.

I lit a cigar and took my place. Of the two extra passengers, one was a good, stout, wholesome-looking Genoese sailor, who was bound on a visit to his mother, prior to his departure for California as third mate of a brigantine. The other was a sturdy fellow, dressed in a fustian



jacket with brass buttons, relieved in dogs, all of which I was able to discover by the light from my cigar. He was attended by a pointer bitch, which I at once kicked out of the vehicle. This proceeding caused some inquietude to the owner (who told me he was a marble-cutter from Carrara, and I presume had probably stolen the brute), and he never ceased keeping his neck stretched out of the window, whistling or chirping to his property.

The sailor became very masonic. He related to me his private biography in the first five minutes, and then made personal friends, by pulling out a jack-knife and a pear from his trowsers pockets, which he cut in halves and divided generously between us. In a short time we all became friendly and sociable.

The road from Spezia towards Genoa leads up the high hills back of the town by a steep succession of zigzags, until the summit of the ridge is gained, and then down we went on the other slope to the valley of Borghetto; where winding along a branch of the river Magra, with the rain still descending in torrents, bells ringing the vesper chimes, and lights twinkling through the misty gloom, we drove into the little town of Borghetto.

Here we stayed till some chickens were killed, plucked, and grilled for supper, at which repast the sailor stood treat for a three-franc bottle of Marsala—when our jehu, Guiseppe, putting his weather-beaten mahogany profile within the door, cried, "*andiam, Signori,*" and we passed out of the albergo in readiness for the road.

Before taking our places, however, we discovered a small corps of three stragglers, who it seemed were about to occupy some hitherto unknown portion of the vehicle. The general aspect of these gentry was certainly forbidding. They had a dash of real theatrical brigands, with bushy black beards and gleaming eyes, surmounted by regular robber, red caps, which hung in bags down their backs. Moreover, they were a trifle under the influence of drink, somewhat incoherent in speech, and altogether rude and boisterous in behavior. I examined them attentively by the glare of the lanterns, and though they did not strike me as being moral specimens of humanity, yet they might prove perfectly harmless. If, on the other hand, as brigands, they chose to

labor in their vocation, why it might prove a round family game, and we all could take a hand. This was the way I reasoned.

My companions, however, seriously demurred to continuing the journey; the sailor more particularly, and being in a high state of alarm and Marsalla, he positively refused to budge a step in such very suspicious company.

Meanwhile, I held a private council with Guiseppe, and as he assured me, by half a dozen saints of his especial veneration, that the bandits in question were friends of his—poor Tuscan peasants, a little the worse for wine—and that there was not the slightest danger to be apprehended from them, I then boldly encouraged my comrades. I assured them I had pistols—I meant those on board the frigate—and if the worst came to the worst, we were four to three, and we might, in case of need, assassinate the villains beforehand, or as soon as we got clear of the town. These, with other cheering reflections, calmed, for a time, the general panic, and we all resumed our places. The pointer bitch made a bolt during this crisis, to get in also, when by mistake I kicked her master severely on the shins, which he at once transferred to the brute and so kept her out. With the exception of the stout sailor, whose fears still beguiled him, we were again tolerably comfortable.

Our course lay up the mountains, the rain still beat upon the rough road, and our pace was tediously slow. Feeling myself quite happy, even amid these discomforts, I wrapped in a plaid, and resigned myself to a jolting sort of doze. Soon after midnight I was aroused by the wheels coming to a dead lock, and presently the cocherò put his old face in at the window, and implored us to descend and have a care for our several necks. The night was black as Avernus. The muttering thunder of the waves greeted our ears, as the sound came up from the sea with angry gusts of wind; and the fog and rain made the atmosphere so opaque that the carriage-lantern could hardly pierce the darkness. By the road, the mules, too, harnessed three abreast, were becoming uneasy, which was in itself remarkable, since those animals are of a phlegmatic temperament, and never exert themselves without cause.

"*Signori,*" bawled Guiseppe, "got down." "*Cospetto,*" I swore genteelly,

"a gentleman to descend in all this fog, mud, and drizzle, with patent-leather boots, when he has paid ever so many francs to be taken dry to Chiavari. Oh, no! Signor Guiseppe."

Accordingly I refused to stir, believing, at the time, that the disagreeables attending a tramp under the circumstances were greater than a reasonable biped could endure. Well, on we creaked and jolted a little while longer, when another halt occurred, and the driver again opened the coach-door. On this occasion I began the conversation by inquiring, "when he thought we should arrive, provided the wind held?" To this nautical interrogatory he promptly replied: in about forty days and nights; and that capitano had better talk to the lovely Madonna to save him from tumbling into the Mediterranean, instead of calling out for the diavolo.

Finding that Guiseppe was a wit as well as a jehu, and that I was only wasting time and breath by resisting his entreaties, I therefore alighted. My companions did the same, as they seemed somehow to regard me in the light of a leader and protector.

On getting pretty firmly planted in the mud outside the vehicle, and peering about a little in the gloom, what was my indignation to discover two of our brigand passengers stretched on top of the luggage, clasped in each other's arms and crying piteously; while the third villain was strapped on to the boot and snoring like a porpoise. I immediately took vigorous measures to dislodge the whole party. This I achieved by prying them out separately from their nests, with a sharp, iron-pointed, little stick, and requesting them to tramp in the mire with their betters. Indeed, they were so peaceable and tractable, that I had some idea of insisting upon their transporting me bodily on their backs the remaining portion of the journey. I did not, however, wish to desert my friends.

But what was to be done? We were upon the steep slopes of the mountains which fringe the Mediterranean; loose rocks and earth, undermined by heavy and incessant rains for a month past, had, in many places, swept away the track, and, indeed, the hoarse, roaring slide of these avalanches every few minutes resounded in our ears. Our best plan, however, was to get on as soon as possible. So, attended by the sailor with

a lantern, I marched ahead, while the other varlets walked by the bridles of the mules or buoyed the wheels over defective places in the road. We made slow headway; but it was the only safe course to pursue. Nor had Guiseppe at all exaggerated the peril; for, as we wound and toiled along the sheer faces of the precipices, with the noise of the land-slides around us in the valleys, the loud crash of the waves breaking with the force of the gale upon the rocky-ribbed coast, hundreds of feet beneath us, I felt convinced that Guiseppe was a friend and safe guide to travelers.

For four mortal hours, drenched to the bones with rain, fog, wind, and mud, we trudged on, until at last daylight struggled through the dense vapor; the road became more passable; we regained our seats in the carriage; the bandits festooned themselves on behind; Guiseppe swung his person into the saddle, and in due season we rattled into the city of Chiavari.

In a few minutes I sought shelter within a small café, while the torrents of rain pattered so fiercely upon the paved marble streets as to deaden the music of the matin Sunday bells. Signor Guiseppe, having disposed of his mules, stood before me. He seemed a combination of a cataract and water-rat. His huge flapped hat still poured out streams over his face and shoulders, while, at every movement in his enormous postillion boots, the mud and water jetted up to his nose. I paid Guiseppe liberal *buona-mano* for his services, to which I added a stiff mixture of rum and chocolate, having myself experimented in that compound to prevent the night-dews from striking into the system.

I took a place in the banquette of the diligence for Genoa, and, wet as I was, I enjoyed the drive greatly. The road—as magnificent a work as this part of Italy presents—leads high up the projecting acclivities of the mountains bordering upon the sea, where, for many miles, the traveler seems to overhang the beetling crags below. At the headland of Porto Fino, the sun burst forth, and the view was positively magnificent. From east to west, the eye ranges along the receding shores; the points and rocky capes indented with gothic-shaped curves, guarded by giant promontories, sparkle with villages by the margin of the sea; while towns, spires,

groves, and terraced vineyards deck the slopes above, and the Mediterranean, with its broad blue expanse specked far and near with white sails, comes rolling in with headlong impetuosity upon the iron-bound coast—dashing its foam into wild and fanciful wreaths, and filling up the glorious picture.

They make fine lace in Brussels and France, and warm colored velvets in Italy; but the sea, the sun, the sky, and a gale upon a coast like this, can put to blush the most gossamer fabrics and the most gorgeous hues ever woven or dyed by the hands of man.

Three changes of horses brought us to Genoa, where, taking a coupé corner in the Bonafous diligence for Arquata, I retired to the vestibule of the Brignoli palace, where I had my boots polished by a youth of some fifty summers, and made myself somewhat tidy—these liberties not being uncommon in the palaces of the nobility. From there I went to the café Concordia, had a decent dinner, and so on for another night in the coach.

I took my place in the huge leviathan of a diligence, and should, I think, have dozed through the journey peacefully, had it not been for a brace of velvet merchants of Genoa beside me who talked *veluti*, taking snuff and sneezing between whiles, the entire distance.

Though the rain had ceased and the weather partially cleared, yet the roads were dreadfully heavy and cut up with deep ruts. Still we were making good time, when at the turn of a bridge, where the magnificent work for the new railway was then under consideration, a large loaded fourgon got stuck in the mud directly in our way, which detained us an hour. When enabled to get on, notwithstanding rapid driving, we only reached Arquata a minute before the train started.

I was ushered into the cars with exceeding firmness and great politeness, on the part of a smart field-officer, or aide-de-camp to some distinguished military personage, as I took him to be, until I afterwards discovered that all the employés of the railway were attired in a similar manner. However, everything was exceedingly well managed; and it was, at the same time, solacing to reflect that, in the event of an accident of a serious nature, the president and directors of the company were liable to be put in the gallies for life. We glided

quietly over the level plains of Piedmont until morning, and then we were at Turin. Here I found sufficient business to occupy me until towards evening, when I again took lodgings in a diligence; this time my quarters were in the third story, up in the imperiale, or *banquette*.

I kept my eyes open as we crashed and rattled through the noble streets of the city, and even for some miles along the grand avenue of elms of the Mont Cenis road; but the last incident I remember was, the postillion on the leaders, letting off a sharp volley of whip-cracks at several clusters of Jesuit priests walking *unicorn* beneath the trees, when I went off to sleep, to be prepared for the snow-clad mountains before us.

When I awoke, I beheld a long line of horses, mules, and oxen ahead of the ponderous coach, slowly tugging us up the sides of the pass. The night was clear, cool, and bracing; the stars twinkled merrily, and, about midway up the mountain, I alighted, and walked to the top on foot. Here we cast off our sturdy oxen and spare beasts, and, again climbing up to my roost, we ran down the opposite slopes, into the valleys of Lombardy; while the glorious sun poured its rays from the everlasting snows above, down to the dancing, foaming torrents, which leaped and bounded merrily beside us.

The *banquette* of a diligence is not a place provocative of quiet repose; but, in fine weather, one has air and light, so that on occasions it is to be preferred. I was fortunate, too, in finding a place even there; for every inch of space was filled below, and another individual (who, by the way, was a sharp Yorkshire horse-dealer, returning from Parma, where he had disposed of some showy old rips to the duke) was obliged to crawl away behind me, in amidst the straw and the luggage. How he escaped suffocation, was then, and is now, to me, a mystery.

Towards noon, we stopped at the little town of St. Jean, where we breakfasted at the table d'hôte of the Lion d'or. I regret to say that I made an unfavorable impression on the mind, and especially the countenance of the strapping girl garçon who served the repast, by helping myself twice to red-legged partridges.

Rolling on from St. Jean, through a

delightful country, with the valleys widening in all directions, water bubbling everywhere, and the vintage just ready for gathering; at dark we found ourselves in Chambéry. We were approaching France. You know that by the taste of the wine, which is thin and pure, and quite unlike the bitter, husky, acrid, rotten-apple *gout* of all the thick-skinned grapes of Italy. At Chambéry the vender of horses left us; but while I was standing beside the coach, waiting for a ladder to reach my lodgings, I found his place was supplied by a person who hailed me with:

"Monseer êtes vonge Françay?"

"No," I replied, "but you are a Johannes Taurus, I rather fancy."

"Oho!" he chuckled, "and you are a Jonathan, and I'm glad to find a Christian in this country who speaks Saxon."

Thereupon, we held a council upon the stock of prog and drink we had for the night; and I discovered that my new acquaintance was amply supplied with every creature comfort, save what he called "pipes;" and, as I happened to have the articles he desired (cigars), why I took my place, and we passed the time cheerfully until we came to Pont Beauvoisin, on the French frontier.

Here, on the little bridge, we were forced to wait until our turn came to be examined by the douaniers; and when, at last, it did come, the diligence was dragged into a great building, unloaded, luggage overhauled, *plombé*, bestowed again, and all made right; then we went on a few miles further, where pretty much the same process was gone through again, before we finally resumed our journey.

At Beauvoisin, I came into possession of a corner of the coupé, which was not a bad exchange from the realms above; for the rain began to fall, and I preferred to keep my raiment dry.

One of my companions in the coupé was a slim student, in a black velvet cap and spectacles, highly scented with garlic, and indulging in a frugal repast of Bologna-sausage and brown bread. Withal he remained in the profoundest state of mental abstraction. The other occupant was a huge fat monster, with a face like a heated oven, and very unwieldy in the legs, which were carefully swathed in green baize. I soon became aware that he was the *père de famille* of a small band of six in the interior of

the diligence, consisting of *la mère*, who was built on the same model as her old *époux*, and five daughters, who had evidently been launched from the same ways.

The name of this interesting family was Cottini, who were grocers of means in Genoa, and bound on a pleasure excursion to Paris.

The senior Cottini being, as I have already affirmed, very large of girth, and heavy of limb, took up, as a consequence, his full share of room, and rather more; so that I was squeezed like a lemon for the remainder of the drive.

If this venerable parent had remained quiescent in his obesity, I should have become resigned to minor inconveniences; but every few minutes he would break out in a snort, roll his walrus-like proportions over me or the contemplative student, and roar some solicitous observations out of the window, with respect to the health or comfort of his interesting spouse and progeny in the interior.

The delay at the frontier and the inner custom-house *cordon* had belated us considerably, and, since I was extremely anxious to reach Lyons in time for the Saone steamer, I did not cease to "drink the horses," as it is termed; by giving the conductor francs at various auberges where we changed cattle; which seemed to exercise a beneficial influence upon the postillions, and the teams galloped along bravely. Daylight found us rolling rapidly over the fine level roads towards the Rhone. At eight o'clock we drew up at the outer barrier of the great town of Lyons, when the polite octroi people made the usual demand of: "*Rien déclarer, Messieurs?*"

Of course, no one ever has anything to declare; but, on this occasion, what was my horror, to hear the senior Cottini announce a cheese as big as a millstone, which he had brought from Genoa. Here was another detention, to make out half a dozen forms for a small duty of seventeen sous, when every minute was valuable. This matter disposed of, we continued slowly on through the crowded thoroughfares, until we came to the Rhone bridge, where, again, in reply to another octroi man, the truthful Cottini would declare that same cheese. I lost all patience, and promised, if he would pitch it into the river, I would get him the contract to supply the fleet when I

got back to the Mediterranean. But no! my entreaties were laughed to scorn, and I saw at once that the prettiest of the Cottini demoiselles despised me.

At last we crawled over the bridge, and descended at the court-yard of the Messagerie. I seized my valise, sprang into a cab, and, by furious driving, succeeded in getting on board of the steamer just as the paddles were put in motion. Shortly after I beheld the entire Cottini brood arrive, shrieking on the quay, "with uplift arms, and broken-hearted," but, greatly to my satisfaction, we steamed rapidly away, and left them and their cheese to fate.

All through the day in the pouring rain we paddled up the river, until, towards nightfall, we came to the luxurious railway carriages at Chalons.

From this time forth, I have a confused recollection of rushing through Paris to Havre; of there going on board a small black beetle of a steam-tug and sailing out to the good ship Humboldt, lying in the offing; of the manner in which the beetle ran into the paddle-box of that ship and butted her bowsprit short off; how in going to the port again, the passengers were regaled with our national anthem of Yankee Doodle, played by two boys with each a grinder; how, with an addition to my responsibilities of a lady and baby, I was kept in pawn by the attentive douaniers, until the trunks had been divested of cigars; how at last we glided back to Paris, where we saw the entrée of the Prince President. That was a sight of which I still retain a vivid recollection. From the *barrière* at the Lyons terminus over the bridge of Austerlitz, all the way by the Boulevards to the Place Concorde, the avenues were lined with dense masses of troops. Clouds of cavalry swept through the open space on a trot, and presently appeared a brilliant throng of generals, while, sixty yards in advance, rode Louis Napoleon. He was mounted on a superb Arabian and sat him like an Arab. He looked proud and elated, as well he might, since he had first taught the bourgeois of Paris that the departments of France could make revolutions as well as they; and this triumphal entry was the result of it.

My memory again becomes confused, and I remember nothing of consequence until we found ourselves at the city of

Lyons, in the *Hôtel Univers* at three o'clock one raw, foggy morning. It was at this unchristian-like hour that we were summoned to prepare to embark on the Rhone boat; not that the boat had the slightest intention of starting at the time designated, but simply the matter is done to make people uncomfortable. A Frenchman knows no more of managing a steamboat than of driving trotting horses. These feats he has never been able to accomplish. The whole service of the river steam navigation in France is carried on in a slipshod, careless, indifferent manner, and no mere passenger can tell where, when, or how, to reach his destination. So on the occasion I speak of, when the omnibus poked its way through the fog to the banks of the Rhone, to embark us on board the "*Parisien*, No. 46," after wading ankle-deep about in the mud between crowds of ruffianly porters, with huge loads of trunks or merchandise on their shoulders, striving to dash the brains out of quiet persons within reach, we at last by a succession of miracles contrived to get buffeted on to a slippery plank bridge leading to the steamer, and then to slide, at the risk of our necks, to the deck. Such a filthy, miserable craft—the best on the river, too—I never beheld. She was about two hundred feet long and fourteen wide. Luggage, carriages, and merchandise filled four-fifths of this space on the deck, and the passengers were huddled into the remainder. Below, in what was called, in superlative French, the "*grand salons*" were holes shaped like bread-trays, with scarcely room for two persons to sit face to face, yet it was so jammed with men, women, and children, that to move was simply an impossibility. In addition to the disagreeables below, the fog and drizzle on deck combined with the filthy jets of smoke from the low pipes, pouring their offerings just into our eyes, made the "*Parisien*, No. 46" the most abominable beast conceivable. I had but one unceasing aspiration, that of beholding the directors of the company simmering in their own boilers.

After squabbling with hotel-porters, and being extortiozied by a villain encased in a wooden box on the bridge, for extra luggage, I at last had the satisfaction of seeing my trunks plunged pell mell, like so many paving stones, down into the hold.



The "Parisien, No. 46" had been advertised to leave punctually at four o'clock, yet it was long past six before any demonstration was made at all in that direction. Then her nose was pushed out into the stream, where she lay broadside on to the strong current, reeling half over with a great top-heavy weight of freight, until I thought every instant she would roll bodily over and drown all hands. She escaped, however, and, after several trials, her head was turned down the stream; but then the fog came up and we seemed to be shrouded in wool. So, once more, we were made fast to ring-bolts on the river's bank, and waited, in all the slime, suffocation, and discomfort, for a glimmer of sunshine to enable us to begin our voyage. In another hour, the weather brightened and away we skimmed with the rushing tide. The Rhone was at a high stage of water, which rather added to the difficulties of the navigation; at all times not safe in descending. Owing to the extreme length and narrowness of the boat, she became at times unmanageable, and, when caught in the whirling eddies of the water, she would be spun like a cork out of the course, and, notwithstanding the stout helmsmen, perched high up on the steering platform over the stern, would ply the tiller ropes with all their force, the rudder could not direct the hull. Once we were within an ace of being cracked to pieces like a walnut, upon a sharp reef of rocks near the bank; and again, in shooting a bridge, we grazed one of the piers so narrowly that I thought it was all up with us; this, too, going at a speed of full eighteen miles the hour, with steam and current, would have made the chances of salvation desperate for the three hundred souls on board. In all my canal, river, and ocean experience, from a bolsa to a line of battleship, I never sailed in such a dangerous vessel as that "Parisien." This class of boats are merely long iron tubes, not braced nor strengthened in any substantial way—the plates no thicker than pasteboard—and the inevitable consequence must be, that if they happen to touch amidsthips, they will break in two pieces like a stick. To fancy one of these sheet-iron bottles filling in five seconds, and the scene that would follow. Ah!

Towards noon, the sun had killed the

fog, and had it not been for the smoke-pipes being lowered every few miles, and charging the passengers to the brim with coal soot, we might have enjoyed some transient gratification in beholding the fine country, with the cultivated fields and vineyards around us.

At intervals we touched at landings along the river, and then the confusion knew no bounds. Order or authority did not exist; but we were inundated by coarse ruffians, with short pipes and blouses, who dashed on board and seized any article they could lay violent hands on. These fellows were Goths, to be sure, but they proved to be gentlemen of the Grandison school, compared to the merry men whom we encountered at Avignon.

By the rood, the porters of this ancient residence of the holy fathers of Saint Peter are rascals of eminence!

Stand clear! Here they come. The "Parisien" has backed alongside the river's bank, darkness is over us, and here come the porters. May the Bon Dieu befriend the timid and the weak of limb, who oppose their progress! Here they are, these brutal *enfants du Diable*, right in amongst us. What is it they want? Is it pillage, rape, or murder, they have come for? No! trunks! trunks! They are desperate fellows, and will have them.

It is needless to strive against their violence, abuse, extortion, or rascality. There is no redress. They not only snap their fingers at the police, but being, as a class, wealthy, they maintain three hundred superannuated old miscreants; and all get drunk together every night of their lives, after the depredations of the day are ended.

I had sturdily refused to permit a single one of these brigands to carry off my effects, until a servant returned from seeking lodgings in the town; but, meanwhile, most of the luggage had been pounced upon, and there was very little game left. I was, however, constantly assailed with opprobrious epithets, for daring to defend my property. But at last, one venerable villain, of moderate dimensions, resolving, perhaps, to put a stop to all such nonsense, boldly seized one of my trunks. His companions were, for the moment, invisible. I had been in a tempest of suppressed rage all the voyage, and, without more provocation, I planted a blow right between the eyes of the old harpy, which

hurled him with such violence against the coaming of the paddle-guards that I reasonably presumed it would incapacitate him for plunder, and place him *hors-de-combat* for many "Parisiens" to come.

In a moment I had changed my hat and cloak for a cap and shawl, so that when the howls of my fallen adversary attracted the attention of a horde of his comrades, they could not detect the aggressor. During the evening, however, the little square in front of our hotel was thronged with porters, and a committee appointed, after due consultation, to discover, if possible, the person who had assaulted one of their honorable body. I need not say that the investi-

gation was a failure; but I believe there was not a man in that old town who ate his supper, or drank his Bordeaux with greater satisfaction that night than I did. Indeed, when rolling on the following day to Marseilles, it was with a resigned and grateful heart that I looked back to the injury I had inflicted on the Avignon porter.

After a few days of repose at Marseilles, we embarked in another nasty bed-buggy boat for Genoa, where, with a little caravan of children, to whom I caused to be administered a teaspoon-full of paregoric all round, to keep them quiet during the night, we took a coach, and the next day we were once more in secluded little Spezia.

#### THE FISHING SONG.

DOWN in the wide gray river,  
The current is sweeping strong;  
Over the wide gray river,  
Floats the fisherman's song.

The oar-stroke times the singing,  
The song falls with the oar,  
And an echo in both is ringing,  
I thought to hear no more.

Out of a deeper current  
The song brings back to me,  
A cry from mortal silence,  
Of mortal agony.

Life that was spent and vanished,  
Love that had died of wrong,  
Hearts that are dead in living,  
Come back in the fisherman's song.

I see the maples leafing,  
Just as they leafed before—  
The green grass comes no greener  
Down to the very shore—

With the rude strain swelling, sinking,  
In the cadence of days gone by,  
As the oar from the water drinking,  
Ripples the mirrored sky.

Yet the soul hath life diviner,  
Its past returns no more,  
But in echoes, that answer the minor  
Of the boat-song, from the shore.

And the ways of God are darkness,  
His judgment waiteth long,  
He breaks the heart of a woman,  
With a fisherman's careless song.

## WHAT IS POETRY?

Is it honest? is it a true thing?

AUDREY (in *As You Like It*).

Must we always be listening to this?

JUVENAL.

WHAT is poetry? A strange and rather superfluous question, one would think, to ask at this time of day. It would, no doubt, be far easier, and a more agreeable thing in general, to pick out the finer fragments of the charming science and present them, once more, with a running commentary critically suitable to the same, than to make that interrogatory—in a somewhat discontented frame of mind, too, we fear, and not so genially disposed as the theme would lead one to suppose. But there is a time for everything; and, just now, for many reasons, we prefer the note of interrogation to the note of admiration. We are for “the little crooked thing that asks questions”—though by no means partial to Alexander Pope, at any time.

Poetry has fallen into so many expressions and modes, differing from one another so much that, if some of them are true, the rest must be false and gone almost altogether out of the way. We have no recognized criticism on the subject, such as would make the matter clear to every comprehension. The poetical canons are a very uncertain set of conventional guides; and the poets themselves, in their practice and their theories, show they have not very well understood the trade which they followed; at all events, they show that they do not understand or respect one another's ideas on the subject. In this state of things, as in other cases where anything of error seems to have crept into a system, the best way of coming at the truth would be, to refer to the first principles of the poetic art—or rather, as we prefer to consider it, the poetic nature; to interrogate the oracles as they once existed, and, as we maintain, they still exist, though their utterances are but imperfectly heard amidst the conventional criticisms and cadences of the time. The poetry of the earlier ages of men was a natural poetry, and

therefore a true thing; and as such we shall appeal to it, as the fitting test and best kind of guide in this labyrinth and indecision of the modern muses and the modern critics.

The latter, as we have observed, have not been very distinct of very happy in setting forth the nature and ends of poetry. But an ancient critic, with a better understanding, has left us an excellent definition of it. Aristotle, forming his judgment on the genuine principle of a simple period, says: Poetry is the language of enthusiasm. We accept this verdict of what we consider a true criticism, and shall try to show how it comprehends the whole spirit and principle of poetry. In doing so, we shall attempt to draw or distinguish a line of division which has been for a long time trampled and confused in an arbitrary manner—the line between prose and poetry—firmly convinced with, we believe, the Master of Philosophy in Molière's “*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*,” that what is not poetry is prose, and what is not prose is poetry. We respect prose and leave to it everything that belongs to it, admitting that, in its oratorical moments, it wears a strong likeness of its elder sister. But poetry is always and essentially the language of enthusiasm—of the passions and affections—and music is its best interpreter. This is the distinction we would dwell upon in these observations, believing it the true one, and holding by the principle of nature and common sense, without any deference for the modes and canons which have encrusted themselves, so to speak, on the quality of our beautiful theme.

The Greeks pretended that, in the fresh young ages of the world, men's speech was poetry, and that one Pheceydes, we believe, was the first who ever talked prose. The meaning of this seems to be, that the history of those ages was narrated in verse till

\* Nobody has finally answered this question, not even Aristotle; and, although our contributor does not express our own views, we are unwilling to deprive our readers of his paper.—ED.

the time of the above author, who set forth their annals in plain prose. Still it is not difficult to imagine how the imperfect languages of the earlier people, together with their ignorance of the phenomena of life and the universe, would lead them into those grandiose and figurative habits of speech which, as we know, belong to the first forms of verse, and which have been perpetuated in all succeeding poetry. At all events, poetry in its origin was the language of enthusiasm—of impulse and strong feeling; its themes being worship and war, then wine, or some brewage instead, and, when the lot of men grew more soft and comfortable, love and gay scurrility. It was, at first, no tame, cold-blooded effusion; but a real "performance" of dancing, singing, and the twangling of any kind of instrument. The earliest poets could use their legs as well as their brains and lungs, and also ply their fingers musically on the reeds or the gittern. Of such was David, dancing one of his own psalms before the Ark, and showing his agility—careless of the lady-critics:

"In armor or in ephod clad,  
His pomp, his piety was glad,  
Majestic was his joy!"

The most ancient lyric in all literature is the noble war-ode of Moses, responded to by Miriam—the latter in the midst of the women, dancing and chanting to a timbrel accompaniment. The Greek Pyrrhic dance was a poem in splendid motion—to the clash of armor—the human form, in its graceful energy, inspiring the strophes of poetry, before it gave to sculpture its deathless models; while the earliest Italian lyric of which we have any account, was a vigorous *ballet*, sung round the sacred bucklers by the dancing flamens of Mars. The same mixture of dancing and wild chanting is found among most primitive peoples, and the Pow-wow is naturally related to the Pyrrhic. When not accompanied by dancing, poetry still kept the charm of music; music was the spirit and the law of poetry, and such, we contend, it should be still. All the Homeroi, great and small, sung their verses, and very probably to the lyre or gittern. The odes of Pindar were sung; and in fact, every form of verse was either sung or played by the poets

of Greece in its better ages. This may be generally and briefly stated of all other nations in their early periods. Poetry was thus necessarily the language of enthusiasm and high feeling. It was a familiar language of the Greek people; and, since their day, no poetry has risen among men to surpass it.

Thereafter, in process of time, poetry began to show a change. The element of criticism was mingled with it, in days of less vigor and virtue, and the old energetic and glowing spirit slowly evaporated. Grammarians and critics, fellows too imbecile to dance and too hoarse to turn a tune, taking the themes of the poets, began to "write poetry" on parchments and other membranes, and roll them away in volumes, for the reading of the judicious. Poetry, which was at first utilitarian, with all the grace of a popular necessity, became a learned luxury; a scholastic embroidery of language in the shade; a silent, solitary task, full of inflated fancies, affectations, and critical fopperies. Such was the case in the decline of Greek civilization, or rather Greek vigor, both in the Greek cities and in Constantinople; and it was not much better in Rome, even in its best days of intellect—its writers being only the servile echoes of the Hellenic literature, imitated in its latest and feeblest periods. There is hardly any real Italian poetry to be found in the books of the old Italian people, save in the early legends of Rome, preserved by nameless annalists, and in some passages in the works of those who wrote in the Christian and semi-Gothic days of the falling empire.

The case of most modern nations, as regards their poetry, has been pretty much that of ancient Italy—save that, in some of the former, native poetry had time to gain a certain vigor before the classic influences came to supplant it. Directing attention to the poetry of our own language, such as it has been, and such as it is, and bringing it to our Greek test, we must regard it as, for the most part, a vast, superfluous heap of formalized rubbish, and feel, also, that, if half, and far more than half, the names of our Parnassus were removed, with all their verses, we should be the richer for the remnant; one-half would be greater than the whole. If we had the power of the old Arab Caliph over our poets and their works, for a day, we suspect

we should make a bonfire which would avenge the spirits of Taliessin, the high-born Hoel, Aneurin and all the rest of them, British and Celtic, rejoicing over the holocaust in their halls of cloud. Some we would obliterate; of others we would preserve any fragments in which nature and melody may plead against annihilation. From Milton backward, we should not find very much for the blaze; from Dryden (including the mass of his classic translations, satires, and dramas) downward to the Della Cruscan day, very little should escape scorching; and the last half-century could furnish as much poetry worthy of destruction—notwithstanding some noble utterances—as the preceding century.

The Frenchified classic style of the eighteenth century presents the worst phase of British poetry. Pope is its representative man, and its inspiration seems chiefly to come from satiric morals and critical malignity. The lauded Whig revolution quelled the natural manliness and stupefied the poetry of the English. George II., being asked to patronize the poets, dismissed them, and said they were all a set of mechanics. This was a right royal truth. We have met statues of George, and are not sure but they might have been raised on this account—seeing he never did anything else deserving them. His majesty's opinion is worthy of record; for the *boets* of his time were, certainly, engaged in a very mechanical business—continued much in the same way to the end of the century—with the exception, perhaps, of Gray's *Elegy* and *ode strophes*, and a few things in Gay, Collins, and Cowper. This may be thought a very sweeping decision. But we would contend, in a general way, that what is not poetry is prose, and that many modes of verse, now ranked under the head of poetry, should be removed to the other side of the line, or, at least, independently named, as *Rhyming Rhetoric*, for instance, the *Metro Didactic*, the *Moral Inspiration*, the *Satiric Measure*, the *Metaphysical Organ*, the *Descriptive String*, and so forth. The *Essay on Man*, the *Rape of the Lock*, and the *Shipwreck*, would fall under these definitions and so would the *Traveller*, the *Loves of the Plants*, and all the rest. None of them raise the mind or meet the old test. It is a corruption of the simple and true

meaning of the term to give the name of poetry to such effusions of thought. The notions of that eighteenth century on this theme were formed after the Roman style, rather than on the better Greek models—after the dignified style of Virgil, the felicitous garden morals of the cheery Horace, and the harsh, satiric vigor of Juvenal. The British ideas cannot be better or more briefly expressed than by the title given to one of his poems by Gray—a book-made, fastidious man, who loved to weave the warp and weave the woof of his highly-ornate *lexis*, and who, wanting the native impulse of the blood, addicted himself to plagiarism, polishing, and the practice of translation. In this poem—which is a very meagre and stunted lyric on such a theme, and which, with its borrowings, reminds one of a house built with some of the materials of others—he gives poesy as a matter of progress. The *Progress of Poesy*—not a thing belonging to the blood and breast of every man, with his passions and affections, but a faculty which book-learning and imitation may create or, at least, improve to its worthiest condition—a principle passing, like a splendid epidemic of ages, from land to land. The poet might as well speak of the progress of oaks, the progress of roses, the progress of potatoes, or the progress of liberty. But, indeed, poets have spoken of this last, also—always as if the impersonation traveled by stages in the world—setting out from “early Greece,” in the first instance. Collins makes Freedom weep to see Rome—the plethoric and brutal grandeur of Rome—fall before Alaric! But the poet's ignorance in this classic respect was probably the reason he had such genuine home-touches in his poetry.

It is generally considered that, in the above century, the style of the verse-writers was improved and polished, and Pope is instanced. But it was in this style that poetry was especially wronged. Its expression became inartistic and monotonous. Pope has not the style of a poet; he is a rhetorician, a mechanic, a jeweler, an embroiderer, beaten, too, by Darwin in the elegant clock-work line. The bards of the seventeenth century had far finer ways of expressing themselves than those of the eighteenth. With all their conceits, they possess a certain raciness of



the common speech greatly enlivening their verse, while their very irregularities have a charm of their own. As regards the two centuries, the picturesque and splendid passages of poetry are found to belong to the former, as we could show in a hundred instances, if we had space to spare. Dryden caught something of the felicity of his predecessors; and his great distinction was not so much the long majestic march, as his easy, idiomatic power over his mother tongue—a charm far beyond the politeness and connivance of Pope's jingling rhetoric. It is the stolid mistake of a matter-of-fact generation that the idea is everything, and the way you set it forth of less importance. The fact is, that it is the manner which is almost everything—especially in poetry—and the matter of less importance. "Not what you say, but how you say it" was an old Greek proverb. Some truth, no doubt, is, as Dr. Johnson observes, usually pared away, to give point to any proposition like this; but enough is here left for our purpose. Language is not the mere dress of thought. It is the skin, muscle, and complexion of the same. No thought can throw off its skin and sit in its bones with impunity. A foreigner, ignorant of English, would think part of the version of a Fourth of July speech finer than the lines of Smollet translated:

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,  
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye!" etc.

And the former would probably sound as well as the other, if not better. The reason translation is seldom good is, that it annihilates original style. Style is a man's mind—the vehicle of his spirit, as Sydney Smith said and proved; and the style of a dull mind will always be like the reflection of a dull mirror. True poetry always owes its charm to its cadences and its color, things which, of course, depend on the gramarye of "words, words, words." The metre phraseology of the last century was curiously heavy mannered and prose-footed, as naturally befitted an inspiration drawn from a dead people and a dead literature. The rhymes have a wearisome sound, like the *jowling* of some old bell with a bad clapper. We have *reign plain and maintain; afar and war; breeze and trees; loved and moved;*

*sound and rebound; famed and proclaimed; breast and distress*, and all the rest of them. We can fancy Tennyson consenting to die sooner than bring *flowery plain and sylvan reign* together.

The change which had been undermining that heavy order of things, showed itself in the beginning of this century; but it was not, after all, a very radical or genuine sort of change. Wordsworth put himself forward as the coryphæus of a new style of harmony; but he was the worst person in the world for such an undertaking—a prosy, heavy, pragmatical man, more of a hindrance than a help in the business, and only going, in fact, with a current already in motion—flowing from the home ballad literature, from Germany and from the natural tendency to anything new, especially in a period of agitation. Wordsworth's mind was suited to a professorship of moral philosophy in a college; and most of what he has written might have been put forth in prose, along with the prefaces. He touches no pulse of enthusiasm, and falls far below the Greek test, so that genuine poetry owes him little or nothing. Coleridge was quite another man, with many faculties of a true *vates*—"for he on honey-dew had fed and drank the milk of Paradise." To be sure, he took too much milk at times, till his utterances grew wild, and he began modulating his metaphysics, as the lark does her ecstasies, soaring up, up, till the melody is lost in the cloud. But he has written things which will forever charm the hearts of the people on the ground. Passing by Rogers and Southey with our thumbs bent resolutely down, we must recognize the genuine *afflatus* of Thomas Campbell, whose lyrics are worthy of a Homeric audience, though his Pleasures of Hope sound too terribly like Dr. Darwin, and much of his other verse is too feeble to meet our test. Moore's songs will preserve his fame, though they are largely suggestive of task-work, in that employment of his eternal similes and points—those lyrics like "Silent, O Moyle," being the finest, that have none at all. A force of metaphors shows at all times a feebleness of true feeling. Lalla Rookh, with a silly name and elaborated with an unhappy industry, after the romances and tales of Scott and Byron, is a wearisome tissue of rhyming marquetry which can never be read a second time. Moore's style, in his lar-

ger efforts, was full of flux and a certain flippancy, and, in a poetic sense, very inartistic. But the world will keep his songs, and they are fame enough.

Byron's verse is full of poetry, because the man was greatly moved by the passions. But he was too great a sneerer, and unbeliever, and wanted frank enthusiasm. His inspiration, on the whole, is not that of the genuine bard; it is rather bitter and unwholesome. Sir Walter Scott, whom it has been the fashion to depreciate, was a true troubadour, if ever there were one. He struck a spirited and clear sounding chord, and the general feeling in his favor was unanswerable. His ballads and fragments have all the soul of the old minstrelsy, and his few songs are extremely musical and true, showing he had the finest taste along with the most vigorous bardic blood. There is no poetry in the language that thrills through one like Flora McIvor's Highland ode, McGregor's Gathering, and the Pibroch of Donal Dhu. The chiefs in the tent of Agamemnon would have struck their shields with a soldierly joy to hear chanted that noble *stour* in which Marmion fights and dies on Flodden. Scott was slighted for going back to the semi-barbarous times of the old chiefs and their moss-troopers and caterans, instead of writing a poem styled the Footsteps of Science; and among those who smiled at him were men who, instead of illustrating the past of their own countries, in the same hearty fashion, went raving and tinkling about the pachas and the palikars, the blessed glendoveers, the Guebres, and the peris of the east—things that never truly touched a pulse of our mingled northern blood. But Scott was right; for it is one of the strongest principles of our nature to turn to the past, investing it with a poetic atmosphere, especially if it be the past of our own or kindred races. Reason it as we please, we do feel more poetic interest in the rude past than in the promises of a splendid future—a greater charm in the being and doing of our ignorant cattle-stealing pilgrim or pioneer ancestors, than in our common schools or colleges, our crystal palaces, or even the conquest of Nicaragua.

Next we have Shelley, a man of classic inspiration, writing a vague, transcendental kind of poetry; the voice of one crying in a wilderness of enchantment, quite incomprehensible to

the many, and having no power over the general feelings of men. Keats was his disciple—a spirit, sensuous and delicate, swooning away in the atmosphere of fairy romance and classic legend—a bright energy, left imperfect, like his own Hyperion; but certainly showing no promise of any effective poetic renown. The eye next rests (passing over Hunt, who, though not the worst of these voices, by any means, wants vigor and is too much of a mannerist) on Ebenezer Elliot, a rough, impassioned mind, capable of the finest things, if the influences of an imperfect education and soul-corroding labor had not impaired the genuine English inspirations born with him. His heart was too much exasperated for the best kind of poetry. There was too much iron in his blood. These having passed from the scene, the chief "maker" in this language seems now to be Tennyson, a man largely commented on and largely lauded for some time past. He is the poet of the refined and critical classes; but not a poet in any large or national sense of the word. His verse, however, contains two of the best elements of poetry—pathos and melody—it is musical and has a dying fall. Some of his lyrics, especially, are charming—polished like gems. (You call the lyrics of Shakespeare or Burns, *flowers*, with all the fragrance about them.) In Tennyson you find a great many echoes of the better days of English poetry—a curious use of the idiomatic felicities of common speech, and rejection of everything that could remind you that the eighteenth century poetry was ever in existence. He has great fastidiousness and an undeniable grace. But there is a certain air of unreality over most that he has written, which, together with the elaborate artifice of his style, will prevent anything like a hearty appreciation. His inspirations are generally vague and unsubstantial, enveloped in a fine fanciful haziness, suggestive of remote legend and fairy, of old manor-houses and granges, with their parks and parterres, of moor-lands stretching drearily to the sea, and a certain light of setting suns over all—things that in themselves appeal but faintly to our feelings, and are made still fainter in effect by the unwonted kind of English in which they are commended to us. His verse is too much sicklied over by a pale cast of

affectation, and little or none of it can be ranked with those genial and earnest lyrics of others which men love to quote in their moments of enthusiasm. Tennyson, in fact, is a beautiful falsetto voice of a limited compass, and entirely without those deep and masculine cadences which interpret the feelings best and are ever best esteemed as the truest expression of harmony. He is too much like the damsel with a dulcimer, singing of Mount Abora.

In making this review of our more dignified order of verse, we have, no doubt, omitted some poetic names and things. Some? we have passed over what we consider the genuine poetry of the language. While the heavy classic imitators were spinning their mechanical rhetoric of various kinds, Allan Ramsay, Herd, and others were garlanding and publishing the poetry of the North British people, while Dr. Percy was similarly employed about the old minstrelsy of England, and Mr. Macpherson was concocting his successful gramarye of the Erse forefathers. The poetry of the commonalty, formerly "sung to the wheel or sung unto the pail"—sung at castle-gates, sheep-shearings, and love trysts, and then, after a time, winning upon the more educated in society to preserve and improve such snatches and wild airs of true feeling and melody—this poetry of the people was hailed, by every man having a just poetic taste, as the promise and suggestion of something far better than anything the merely educated writers could produce. The heavy and splenetic Dr. Johnson could sneer at it, but Goldsmith, with a far better judgment, saw clearly what it was, and it soon began to leaven the lumpish poetries of the time. Just then Horace Walpole declared, in a letter to Pinkerton, the antiquary, that there was not in the kingdom the talent fit for the making of a song—none of the poets had genius for such a thing. He regarded the book-learned school, forgetting the people, and the true sources of song, at a time, too (1783), when one of the first of lyric bards was chanting beside the Ayr. And here we come to the bright name of Burns—a man who has so admirably illustrated that fresh, democratic style of the muse.

<sup>a</sup> His was the music to whose tone

The common pulse of man keeps time,

In cot or castle's mirth or moan,

In cold or sunny clime."

Burns, in a far fuller and heartier degree than Moore, identified himself with the popular songs of his country, and on these airs and formulas, floating for generations round the cottages, his celebrity rests enduringly. Since the beginning of this century, Hogg, Cunningham, Lover, Motherwell, Proctor, Hood, Mackay, Bryant, Longfellow, Halleck, Whittier, Kingsley, and others, have made many beautiful additions to the sum of the real poetry we possess. Indeed, it is to those who are considered the minor poets, and also to those scarcely ranked with the brotherhood at all, that we must look for the most vivid and melodious specimens of English lyric poetry.

On the whole, we find that the warmest and most animated verse of our language belongs, in the first place, to the people, expressing the more natural feelings of men; and, in the next, is written on themes that address themselves most plainly to the likings of the many—love, sorrow, military daring, and so forth. If what has come from the people, belongs to them, or suits them, were suddenly struck out of our poetry, the rest—with some exceptions, ranging under those headings already given—would be a *caput mortuum*, "fashionless ase," Dead Sea apples. As regards the poetry of this country, it is in a natural state, under all circumstances. In the first place, our people never knew the conditions of idleness, pensive pastoral habits, and great national sorrow, which produce melodies like those of the mother islands; no part of our poetry has come from the toiling and rural folk. Almost all we have is, therefore, necessarily imitated by the educated classes, who, of course, would turn to the more dignified models—the fashionless ones. Still, seeing that even our highest writers must, in a country like this, touch the strong-breathing, strong-blooded class from which all vigor of inspiration must come, we are not without something distinctive, and something good in poetry. We have songs which the old Greek would recognize as coming up to his test, or near it. Respectful of the Dryads, in such a country as Attica, especially, he would accept Woodman spare that Tree, agreeing frankly with those British members of parliament; he would be touched by some of Longfellow's Psalms of Life, coming home

to every one's hearth and heart, thrill over the onset of Bozzaris, and admire Woodworth's Moss-covered Bucket. And yet, on second thoughts, we fear the old pagan would not sympathize with the cold beverage of the prudent New Englander. Wine was a true and plentiful growth, like poetry, in his country—not a vile manufactured article—and a bucket of Chian would be more in his way. He would recognize a number of true things from Whittier and others, but from the great mass of our rhyme he would turn away, thinking probably of the young lady's pocket and humming:

"Nothing in it, nothing in it,  
But the binding round it."

Glancing at the greater Parnassian names, we touched on Tennyson; and, in connection with his muse, we now come to consider another order of verse contrasting greatly with the genuine sort, and proving more than anything else the barren kind of national sentiment from which it grows. We mean the Festus Bailey style—the spasmodic school—the *Sturm und Drang* of the yearning, unsatisfied spirit. This disheveled order of verse we would rank apart from poetry, under some appropriate heading, the Extatico-psychologic, for instance—not believing it to be poetry at all, any appearance of vigor in it merely resembling the feverishness that accompanies the chills in an ague patient. At the period of the great French revolution, men's thoughts began to grow excited and inquiring, and a number of poets, with an enlarged scope and bolder ideas, gave English poetry some of the vivid complexion and tone of the times. After they had ceased to write, thirty years of peace and discontent succeeded; no more strong voices were heard, and the poetic spirit of the country subsided to the level of Tennyson. He began to sing, according to his day and generation, without any experience of men and things, from the fancies excited in him by the melody and romance of books. His mind always breathed a charmed atmosphere, removed from the "blasts of the westlin wind" and the liberal casing air, and he must have felt that, without an artistic mode, his themes would not of themselves be sufficient to interest a general audience. He has succeeded very well on his meagre in-

spiration, and has had imitators. His simple style is very graceful; but it very often approaches the borders of the namby-pamby, and falls into the slip-slop, reminding you of the discontented ways of some *blasé* careless exquisite of the world of fashion. Of course such ways are things that most provoke imitation; and a number of writers have tried to lisped and drawl in the Tennysonian vernacular. The author of the *Angel in the House*—Mr. Coventry Patmore—we thought Professor Wilson had killed him!—shows the lowest deep of that parlor-gossip style, beyond which no one can or will go. Another of Tennyson's peculiarities is his uneasy new way of stating his thoughts, as if he were dodging the temptations of some older forms of expression. It was said of Pope that he could not take a dish of tea except by stratagem. It may be said of Mr. Tennyson that he uses a certain strategy to compose the order of the shortest line.

The same influences, indeed, that formed his philosophy and style, would act on others, and lead them to imitate him; and we find the men of the Festus Bailey class following his difficult manner—jolting along over that corduroy road of the muses—but, with a curious perverseness, adopting the worst features of the model and leaving the best, taking the obscurity and leaving the pathos and the music. The jargon of Mr. Bailey—the aforesaid *Sturm und Drang*—shows how English poetry of the more prominent order had run to the wildest kind of seed. In the first place, his subjects belong to metaphysics, or other out-of-the-way matters, which might as well be expressed in the prose of Behmen or Fox; and, in the next, the language is an outrage on any form of expression by which men are expected to understand one another. The generality of us will not believe that speech was given us to conceal our thoughts, but on the contrary, to make them clear, like light, or the sound of the trumpet which is to move thousands. The beauty of the trumpet is, that it shall have a certain sound. True poetry has always the same, and we can recognize it as soon as Sir Philip Sydney. Poetry, in fact, is a matter of the finest common sense; but the Festus Bailey people make nonsense of it, with their dark twistings of language, and a dislocating gibberish that stumbles be-

between prose and verse—"some wild hotch-potch that's rightly neither." In everything that touches the natural feelings of men, this jargon is inferior to the mocking-bird rhymings of the fashion-plate magazines. The latter are often understood and have rhyme—they jingle canorously.

But that rhythmic extravagance is nothing singular in the history of poetry. Under other guises it has occurred at intervals, and apparently in the comparatively feeble times, when the real muses, like Homer, went to sleep. Aristotle, in his "Dialectics" laughs at the prettinesses of Hesiod, who says, "the provident," meaning the ant, the "house-bearer," meaning the snail, the "five-branched," meaning the hand, the "three-footed man," meaning the old hobbler with a stick. The Greeks called Hesiod the poet of the Helots, because he wrote about farm-work, and styled Homer the poet of heroes. Hesiod must have written later than the blind old man; he certainly lived after the period of those cyclic bards and Homeroi (chanters) who are considered to have come after the Homer, but who, for the most part, we are convinced, lived and sung of Troy and the other themes long before that renowned single name arose. The undervived perfection of such a mighty master is against all the traditions and precedents of mind and poetry; against what we know of Shakespeare, Burns, and other great bards, who have founded their celebrity in a remarkable degree, upon the work of their predecessors. Walter Savage Landor believes that bright poets were living before the poetic Agamemnon, and that the *Iliad* is a fragment of a lost literary world. But, as we were about to say, Hesiod must have written in some peaceful agricultural period, which left him at liberty to be didactic, ornate, and critical.

Glancing from the classic times over the last ages of the Greek empire, and the style of pompous Euphuism existing in those feeble and fastidious times, we come to the phases of literature we naturally understand best. In the crude age of British poetry, before Shakespeare and his compeers were heard, the Euphuists, imitating the Italian school of the elegant and the *suave*, addicted themselves to all possible pretty extravagances of speech; and, like the *Précieuses Ridicules* of the Hôtel Ram-

bouillet, and the Spanish writers in the time of Gongora, and other imitators of foreign styles, furnished a harvest of comedy and farce to the humorous writers who came after. These freakish fancies and neologies in verse and prose were forgotten when the better intellects began to distinguish themselves. After the Elizabethan and Jacobite swarm of good poets had ceased to sing, came another period of debility; that of the so-called metaphysical writers, Donne, Cowley, and the rest, who tried to supply the want of true power by contortions, conceits, and sentimental quirks, that had little to do with either common sense or natural feeling. Nothing was said by those ground-and-lofty tumblers of Apollo in a simple, direct way; they looked for the newest modes of saying the oldest things, and used an armory of conceits, points, similes, metaphors, antitheses, which they worked up and worried about in all lights till they had brought everything round in a highly difficult and happy manner. As for the music of their verses, those Donnes, Davenants, Crashaws, and others, gave it only a secondary attention, tumbling over their dactyls and spondees in a loose happy-go-lucky style.

"They faggoted their notions as they fell,  
And if these rhymed and rattled all was well."

A reaction followed. The style of the matter-of-fact Romans was now in the ascendant in France, and it soon became the English fashion to write with sobriety and clearness, and to polish the heroic line. Then came the heavy time of the Georges (whom Lord Mahon, in his somewhat slip-slop and gossiping History of England, compares with the Antonines!), and, as the rulers were, so were the muses of the land. Towards the close of the stupid century, the weakened system of poetry gave birth to one more fungous extravagance, or "scooterkin of wit"—that of the Rosa Matilda school, piping after the Della Cruscan style of sentiment and phrase:

"Lurid smoke and frank suspicion  
Hand in hand reluctant dance;  
While the god fulfills his mission,  
Chivalry resigns his lance."

This delicately intense school usually personified all its substantives, mingling its figures with the most picturesque and romantic order of words in the language, softened into melody by the charm of



alliteration. Yearning and melancholy were the chief inspirations of its bards and bardesses, who loved to "wreath round their airy harp the timorous joy," and who, carried away by the glow of feeling, would wrench the metaphors from their old places and play at cross-purposes with them—metaphors of war marching through the bowers of love, metaphors of the land doing fantastic duty at sea, and metaphors of the stars and meteors dancing topsy-turvy among the excited moral sentiments. Gifford, in the Baviad and Mæviad, came out and made coarse noises against these dainty men and women, and so sent them scamp-ering before "his lion ramp." Then came another poetic reign of power; after which, peace, forced trade, and discontent, and no more great poets. But in their stead we have, as we have said, Tennyson, Bailey, and their followers—the metaphysicians, the spasmodics, the agonizers, and the simpletons.

The prevalent style of our day is, in fact, but the chronic disease of English poetry, with a new feature or two. The verse of Alexander Smith and the other young men, though it has a far more human and harmonious tone than those mystic utterances, is still of that extravagant school, being partly in imitation of it and growing in a great measure, like it, from the want of any healthy national feeling. Its tenor is one of complaint, yearning or savage discontent. Smith, gifted with a fine sense of music, a noble power of melodious words, is capable of the best things. But not being able to get any inspiration from his great manufacturing country, dissuaded from those healthful themes which, either in the past, present, or future of a nation, should touch the breast of a young genius, he turns aside and throws his whole soul, like a Sybarite, agonizing on rose-leaves, into a sensual dream of love—a genial thing, no doubt, but not a fit theme to gloat over at the age of twenty, before a mixed audience—at the same time, yearning vaguely after the glories and immensities of nature and eternity, and addressing, rather disrespectfully, the great First Cause himself! He rails melodiously on his fate, because no worthy mode of life or thought seems to offer itself to his aspiring nature. His verse is not the poetry a nation loves to quote and repeat; for people are not generally in the state of wild-

ness and wonder peculiar to very young speculators in rhyme. Indeed, it could not well be poetry. True poetry comes from the mature mind—one which has known itself and the world—the world of nature and the world of thought. A young man's poetry is unripe fruit; but the poetry of a bookish young man is usually no poetry at all; it is either cold imitation or extravagance. Biographers have a very foolish habit of telling us, for our applause, how such and such verses were composed before fourteen or before twenty. They should—as Sterne would say—rather "wipe them up and say nothing about them." Our mental manhood must obey laws analogous to those of our physical manhood.

The verse of Gerald Massey and others does not meet our test of poetry. It is too crude and too strenuous, and is mostly conveyed in ill-chosen formulas—galloping, dreary modes of metre. Then those inexperienced folk praise labor and glorify it—a melancholy perversion of the poetic idea; for labor has been, and is now, worse than ever, the misery of men, whether building pyramids, canals, or crystal palaces, tilling the ground of others, or bleaching their own blood in factories. It is generally the effort of the many to support the luxury of the few; and generous poetry has nothing to do with such a debasing, demoralizing thing. We maintain the most orthodox ideas of that same labor. Regarding the whole of that uneasy "Storm and Stress" brotherhood, one would be very apt to think that those wild libertines of the muse were trying to revenge themselves, more or less fantastically, on the age which is so apparently out of joint, and which furnishes them with no worthier inspirations—playing mad fantasias and capriccios on the chords, jangling, twangling, and brangling spitefully, making peevish sport of the metres, and hurling their notions with a gesticulating willfulness at the heads of all the world about them—reminding us of old Stonyhurst's translation of Virgil—his "riff-raff roaring and thwack-thwack thurlerie bounding."

Altogether, their sympathy with the world seems as slight as their knowledge of it; and this appears when they attempt a common theme, such as the common order of minds may be interested in. We shall instance their patriarch, Tennyson, who can be as vague

and faint-colored as any of them. In Maud (the splenetic and unsatisfactory love-story, with its breaks and janglings—"light quirks of music broken and uneven, that make the soul dance upon a jig to"—the Crimea)—he justly advocates war in preference to a vile condition of society, but does it in such a hobbling, grotesque way, that very few understand him, at first. But that war was as unpropitious to the poetry as to the arms of England. It created no genuine enthusiasm, and the bards produced nothing concerning it that will be remembered—except one song, which Tennyson wrote less from his feelings than his fine taste and a recognition of the simple old popular formulas. But it is curious how, even in this, the vagueness he loves so much comes to impair his inspiration. In the first edition of the *Charge of the Light Brigade*, he had some allusions to a name and a popular belief, and these he leaves out in the second. We miss, "Take the guns, Nolan said"—and "some one had blundered." The omission of these makes the faint character of the lyric still fainter; all color is bleached out of it, and it would now answer for any cavalry charge since the discovery of gunpowder. Fancy how Scott or Campbell would have thrilled you with names. Try and fancy either of them writing *sonnets* on that war, as Mr. Smith has done!

We cannot conclude without alluding to another feature of that prevalent school of poetry—the enthusiasm for nature and her elements. This we believe to be, generally speaking, a delusion, in the first place, and, in the next, little belonging to true poetry. We mistake an acquired taste for a natural feeling. In the earliest poetry of nations, and even in the perfect classics, we do not find any of that passion for natural objects. The first observers—we instance the Greeks—enjoyed, no doubt, the many fair aspects above and below. They gave gods to the elements, to the seas, the forests, the sun and moon; but these deities were distinct from the departments they presided over. Matter was not at all spiritualized—it only received a mythologic dress, so to speak. But everything in nature was estimated as it was favorable or unfavorable to men. The poets styled death unlovely and dreadful; unlike those moderns who pretend that, in the case

of infancy and beauty and so forth, a corpse has a gracious look, which is false, as every true heart knows—death is a misery and horror. Storms caused fear and discomfort. There were no Byrons among the poets to say they were lovely in their strength, like the glances of a black-eyed woman. The sea was sung as dreary and perilous—not as a steed bounding beneath ecstasie riders; though when it was calm, the cheerful Greeks said the waves laughed immeasurably. Homer had a fine eye for the operations of nature, and a heart to moralize them, briefly and subserviently; but his shepherds (in a couple of lines which Pope has spun out to a dozen) chiefly admire the moon for the good light she gives. Lucretius and Virgil spoke of nature and the country like scientific men and farmers, and all the rest of the Greek and Roman poets loved it for its fruits, shade, and calmness.

In modern times, Chaucer talks freshly of country scenes; and the *trouvers* and minstrels of the middle ages have generally something to say of the leafy months and the sun—chiefly in the prelude of their cantos—but it is always in a sensuous way. They are fond of talking of flowers and songs of birds, which, whether a bardic affection—growing out of those somewhat fantastic things, the *Floral Games* of Thoulouse—or a true taste (it may be something of both), is a very different thing from the modern passion for all nature's scenery—the terrible and the gracious alike. Tasso and Milton describe natural scenery, but it is garden scenery; and Shakespeare, the myriad-minded, has little or nothing to say about nature, outside the charmed circle of the *microcosm*.

The new enthusiasm began, apparently, about the beginning of this century—having originated in Spinozism and the dignifying of nature and her powers at the expense both of civilized society and the dogmas. Rousseau, crying over his periwinkle, helped to bring nature into fashion—so to speak—and pensive Germany appears to have received the new modes of thought with its customary enthusiasm, while England seems to have taken the tone from the continent along with Werther, Lenore, Mrs. Haller, Goetz, Pizarro, Faust, etc. Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and their imitators were either proficient in

German, or admirers of German literature. Frederika Brun's noble ode to the scenery of Mont Blanc and Chamouni was imitated by Coleridge, and, we may add, in a curious way, by Shelley, who has colored it with his own religious philosophy. The poetic sentiment on themes of nature grew and increased in England, and, very remarkably, among those who disliked or denounced the great human world about them—Wordsworth, for instance, Byron, Shelley, Keats. The feelings of scorn or spite with which these poets turned from their fellows to sing the glories or divinities of nature, must have deadened any genial poetic inspiration within them. The muses never cordially loved the misanthropists. At the same time, in France, Chateaubriand, the poetic father of Lamartine, returning from his American and other pilgrimages, full of the love of nature in all her sublimities and beauties, introduced that new cult which soon became a bardic passion, animated, in many instances, by the melodramatic spirit so peculiar to the country. In this way has grown that poetic worship of nature and her forms which is now-a-days carried by our writers to such a wonderful pitch of extravagance and ill-regulated metaphor.

The ancients loved natural scenery as much as we do, and their philosophic writers believed that one supreme deity existed in its forms. But this doctrine seemed to them too profound for their muses; and the lively and judicious Greeks, choosing other harmonic themes, never learned to glow over it. They better knew the nature of poetry. All their feelings in the matter were genuine; and we maintain that inorganic things can furnish none of the inspiration of true poetry. The great majority of men have no sympathy with natural scenery, except as associated with something else—something involving a human interest, in one way or other; and we are convinced that new fashion of poetic thought has been greatly helped by the means and appliances of progress. The facilities of travel have sent people rambling about the world, especially freeing all English-speaking writers from their insularities, while the aids of science have insured those physical comforts and enjoyments without which very few are disposed to go in search of the picturesque or the sublime. The ocean ways, the forests, the mountains,

the cataracts, thunder and lightning are all made easy to the appreciation of those who, no longer subject to the rudeness or the rage of them, are in the favorable mood to admire them. 'Tis a true philosophy, that most of our impressions from without are colored from within. Our minds must be educated to admire the sublime and beautiful. People have been, at first glance, disappointed with Niagara and the Alps—as Byron was with St. Peter's at Rome; and some think with Lamb (is it not?) that a great mountain is a great impostor. That disappointment is common; for human imagination is greater than anything on earth. We have seen in the sunset sky, above a noble expanse of hills and waters, a scene which nothing on the ground ever equaled; and felt, when the eye sunk from the upper cliffs, mountains, and seas—those towering coast-lines and softly-splendid archipelagos of heaven—that the elements of earth were very blank and beggarly, indeed.

To the majority of men, the charms of natural scenery were little or nothing without a feeling of variety, freedom from business, improved health, social imitation, intention to print, or the pænic enjoyments of the occasion. Few ever think of going into the wilder presence of nature without a hamper or something of that sort; and we have reason to think Mont Blanc looks finest after lunch. All this is natural. The proper study of mankind is man—in poetry, too, and it is only by an educated effort a warm-blooded historic animal, like him, comes to sympathize with the trees, hover over chasms and cataracts, and interchange souls with mountain masses—schist, gneiss, limestone, or graywacke. A few can do it; but, as Giles Scroggins's ghost says—that's no rule. Dr. Arnold well expresses our meaning when he says, nothing but another deluge could leave the Alps and the Andes on an equality in point of interest. The volcanic and vegetable grandeur of the latter touches no one like the storied Alps, with their crossing ghosts of great men from Theseus to Napoleon, and the shadows of their eagles—their "weapon-birds" ever flitting over the pinnacles.

We repeat—the age is anti-poetic; and those telluric, spasmodic, flippant, dark-twisted, metre-murdering, metaphysic and slip-slop styles are but the

darnels, cockles, and colocynths of a soil barren from Dan to Beersheba. It makes us laugh, at times, to think we detect a purpose, motive or method in this metre-madness. When we have tried back and read a passage over twice, for a meaning, we have found it to be an old acquaintance—from Blair, Pope, Cowper, Shelley, Keats, or some one else. The new style has, in fact, in its wildness, great facilities for concealing the pillage of the writers—just as the Highland caterans once had for hiding their stolen cattle in the ravines and rough ways of their country. Using their strange intricate *lezis*, the former can plagiarize with a certain impunity—as Carlyle did when he took the idea of Sartor Resartus from the Tale of a Tub, and, dressing it up in the German-grotesque, passed it off as something new from the academe of Ecclefechan. Amidst such a heavy, ungenial mass of so-called poetry latterly put forth in our language, we regard Longfellow's poem of Hiawatha as an exception. It has freshness and originality, and, being clear and full of music, has met the poetic test on which we insist; for it has been recited (in part) before crowded audiences of our people, and has come off fairly and successfully. If we were a Greek archon or something of that kind, Mr. Longfellow should have the choragic tripod.

Criticism and calm thought in the closet will, of course, need and appreciate much of that didactic, sentimental, pastoral, metaphysical, and other verse—whether coming from Milton or Emerson—which lies without the pale of the real poetry. But the latter, we are convinced, must go back to its early conditions and formulas—the energetic haste of progress and the influences of science operating, curiously enough, to produce effects that first grew from the simple belief and emotions of men. The circumstances of the world require the language of enthusiasm once more, and true poetry must come in the shapes of the ballad, the song, the ode, and the hymn. The lyric will, no doubt, be henceforth the highest and fittest mode of our muses—dealing chiefly and briefly with the warm-blooded feelings, affections, and aspirations of the human heart, and easily adapting itself to the musical cadences—its natural dower and accompaniment. The time must come when a rhymers

with two thoughts shall not sit down and cover his acre of paper. The doom of succinctness will be upon him. Art will be no longer long, but short, like life. We do not overlook the drama in this question; because poetry does not, formally, belong to it. In almost every age, verse has been the bane of the drama, rendering it feeble, false, and unnatural, and still depriving it of that robust expression which best interprets the great passions and arguments of life, of which the stage is the mirror. The belief that the highest style of our poetry must yet be the lyric, is encouraged by that tendency, growing amongst us, to recite verse before large public audiences. This is a good and animating custom, and poets should be encouraged to pronounce their own odes, or get others to do so. If once our bards began to write for the *oi polloi*—for the million, instead of the critics and three or four dozen of bookish readers—our muses would soon have another story to tell. As in the times of the Homers, Pindars, and other best lyrists of Greece, our writers would be sure to catch some of the popular spirit of their audiences, and say things that, receiving the stamp and character of the present age, would be good for all ages, for that reason. In this respect it is, that we, imitators, as we have been, enjoy, really, better prospects of poetry than our island cousins, having all the elements of an enlightened democracy from which to deduce a more effective order of lyric expression. Our literature can be more easily vulgarized than any other; and we need not tell the reader of literary history the effect of the *volgar glorioso* on the intellectual renown of every country in the world. Everybody knows, or ought to know, that it is to the blood, thoughts, and feelings of the great body of the people men owe the finest productions of every national poetry. To help about this change, our independent critics should give their aid, speaking out, in Apollo's name, with frank severity—not imitating those who stoop, with a fatherly interest, over any kind of verse-babble, pick out grains of wheat from bushels of chaff, and foster a love of conceits and word-twistings, by italicising modes of saying a thing! The strength and felicity of some critics lie in the italics. But it is a "fashionless" fash-

ion, and encourages roguery in the verse-makers, who go pilfering the conceits and the word-crotchets, here and there, when they cannot make them. This is a fact.

To conclude: poetry is not poetry without form and music, things which the earlier kinds of verse produced for themselves in a natural way—just as rills wear channels for their own clear movements and melodies—and which the songs and ballads of our genuine makers and modulators can still produce, in the same way. As we have said, the tendency of the general mind is to the lyrical in poetry; people like the musical formulas; and this is shown all the world over, in a manner not to be mistaken. What poem of moral sentiment or didactic meaning ever ran the rounds like Poe's Song of the Bells—which is chiefly an artifice of words? His other popular poem is a series of cadences, in which the sentiment is conveyed in a vague, weird manner, which takes both the ear and the imagination. Tennyson's Bugle Song and his Charge of the Light Brigade—more popularly quoted

than anything else he has writ—depend for their effect on the lyric charm of the words. There is Hood's immortal Song of the Shirt, and there is his Bridge of Sighs; what would the appeal of the first be without "stitch, stitch"? What would it be in Wordsworth's pathetic metres? Kingsley's "Mary, call the Cattle Home" and other lyrics that the reader will remember, are also popular for the simple music in which they are wrapt up. The instincts of men in general protest against all sorts of dull and dilatory verse. It is only your book-learned people and critics that keep up and countenance the heavy old style of the muses, and encourage all feverish extravagances, and the platitudes of the verse-writers—people who make poetry, which is the most natural and genuine expression of the human feelings, synonymous with nonsense, and fustian, and everything laughable.

In conclusion, and cordially assenting to the sentiment of Tennyson, we would say: "Ring out, ring out these feeble rhymes, and ring the fuller minstrels in."

#### TAE PING WANG.\*

##### THE CHINESE REVOLUTIONIST.

THE chief leader in the present revolutionary movement in China is a personal acquaintance of the writer. His surname is Hung, and his name Sow-Tsuen. In 1847, he came to my house in Canton, as a religious inquirer, and I instructed him in the Christian religion and a knowledge of the Scriptures, for more than two months; during which time he maintained a blameless deportment.

When Hung first came to us he presented a paper, as was the custom, written by himself, giving some account of his family-connections, his birth-place, education, convictions, and the reason of his becoming an inquirer. Also, in this narrative, he gave a minute account of having received a book some years previous in Canton, entitled, "Good Words Exhorting the Age." He fell ill afterwards, and, during his

illness, he saw a vision which he said confirmed him in the belief of what he read in the book; and hence he became an inquirer after truth, and a more perfect knowledge of what he had learned. He was introduced to me as a village schoolmaster; rather prepossessing in his appearance. He was about five feet four or five inches high, well built, and would weigh, perhaps, one hundred and sixty pounds; round faced, regularly featured, rather handsome; a middle-aged man, and gentlemanly in manners. Hung's family trace the pedigree of their ancestors back for more than twenty generations to the time of the Sung dynasty—about the beginning of the twelfth century. Among them there always have been found men of literary attainments and renown. Hung Sow-Tsuen's ancestor, Hung Jin-Sung, of the fourth generation, with his

\* This interesting paper is communicated to *Putnam's Monthly* by the missionary, Rev. I. J. Roberts, of Canton.—Ed.



family removed to the district of Hwa Hein, to the northwest of Canton, where they settled as farmers. His father, Hung Jang, had three sons and two daughters. His parents have both been dead more than ten years—his mother first. Sow-Tsuen was the fourth child. His birth-place was in a small village called Koo-lok-pop, in Hwa Hein district, about thirty miles northwest of Canton. It is situated in an extensive plain, which is covered with rice-fields, and interspersed with numerous villages. The whole population of Hung's native village only amounts to about four hundred people, most of whom belong to the Hung family. In this village there was a school-house where every boy could study the Chinese classics, which are studied by every student in the country, with the hope, ultimately, of rising from his humble station to the highest dignities in the empire.

Hung was born in the year 1813. He received at his birth the name of "brilliant fire"—subsequently he himself adopted Sow-Tsuen—elegant and perfect—as his literary name. At an early age, he developed an extraordinary capacity for study, and was sent to school at seven years of age. In the course of five or six years he had committed to memory the four books, the five classics, the Koo-Wun, and Han-King; after which he read the history of China, and the more extraordinary books of Chinese literature. He soon gained the favor of his teachers, as well as his own family-relations, who were proud of his talents, and hoped that he would assuredly, in course of time, gain a high literary degree, or even become a member of the Han-lin college, from which the highest officers are selected by the emperor; and thus reflect lustre upon his whole family.

When Sow-Tsuen was sixteen years of age, the property of his family did not permit him to continue his studies; but, like other youths of the village, who were not students, he assisted in the field-labor. His relations and friends, however, regretted that his talents should be wasted upon mere manual labor, and, therefore, they engaged him as teacher in their own village, where an opportunity was afforded him quietly to continue his literary pursuits.

Hung attended the public examinations in Canton at an early period, when

he was only about sixteen years of age, with the hope of fulfilling the high expectations entertained in his family respecting his literary abilities; and though he ranked among the most promising scholars at the district examinations, yet he never succeeded in obtaining the first degree—*Sin-tshai*—which had to be conferred at the provincial capital—Canton. In the year 1836, when he was twenty-three years of age, he again visited Canton, to be present at the public examination; where he met a man of remarkable appearance, with large sleeves and long beard, who had in his possession a parcel of books, consisting of nine small volumes, being a complete set of a work entitled—"Good Words Exhorting the Age," the whole of which he gave Hung Sow-Tsuen, who, on his return from the examination, brought them home, and, after a superficial glance at their contents, placed them in his book-case, without at the time considering them of any particular importance. The following year, 1837, he had, while lying on his bed apparently dead, a succession of dreams and visions. In one of them, it seemed as if his mind were introduced into a large hall, the beauty and splendor of which was beyond description. A man, venerable in years, with golden beard, and dressed in a black robe, was sitting in an imposing attitude upon the highest place. As soon as he saw Sow-Tsuen he began to shed tears, and said: "All human beings in the whole world are produced and sustained by me; they eat my food, and wear my clothing, but not a single one among them has a heart to remember and venerate me; what is, however, still worse than that, they take of my gifts, and therewith worship demons; they purposely rebel against me, and arouse my anger. Do not thou imitate them." Thereupon he gave Sow-Tsuen a sword, commanding him to exterminate the demons, but to spare his brothers and sisters; a seal by which he would overcome the evil spirits; and also a yellow fruit, which Sow-Tsuen found sweet to the taste. The old man said to him: "Take courage and do the work; I will assist thee in every difficulty."

The sickness and visions of Sow-Tsuen continued about forty days, and in these visions he often met with a man of middle age, whom he called his elder brother, who instructed him how

to act, accompanied him upon his wanderings to the uttermost regions in search of evil spirits, and assisted him in slaying and exterminating them. He also heard the venerable one reprove Confucius for having omitted in his books clearly to expound the true doctrine. Confucius seemed much ashamed, and confessed his guilt.

Hung's health and quietness of mind, after this, gradually returned; and he continued his former employment of teaching school. In the year 1843, he had a school in a village called "Waterlily," about ten miles from his native place, being engaged as teacher by the Si family. His cousin Si, whilst looking into his book-case, happened upon the work entitled, "Good Words Exhorting the Age," and asked his leave to take the books home, and read them at his leisure, which was granted. After having read the books he returned them, saying that their contents were very extraordinary, and differed greatly from Chinese books. Sow-Tsuen then took up the books, and commenced reading them closely and carefully. He was greatly astonished to find in these books the key to his own visions, which he had during his sickness, six years before. He found their contents to correspond in a remarkable manner with what he had seen and heard at that time. He now understood the venerable one who sat upon the highest place, and whom all men ought to worship, to be God the heavenly Father; and the man of middle age, who had instructed him and assisted him in exterminating the demons, to be Jesus the Saviour of the world. The demons were the idols, his brothers and sisters were the men and women in the world. Sow-Tsuen now felt as if awaking from a long dream. He rejoiced to have found in reality a way to heaven, and sure hope of everlasting life and happiness. Upon his return home from Waterlily, he soon converted two of his intimate friends to his views, namely, Fung Yun-San, the present southern king, and Hung-Jin, who gave the main particulars of this information. They were both school-teachers. Sow-Tsuen removed the idols and tablet of Confucius from their school-rooms, as well as his own.

When teaching others the new doctrines which he himself had learned, he made use of his own visions, and the

books, as reciprocally evincing the truth of each other.

Sow-Tsuen and Yun-San, having renounced idolatry, and removed the tablet of Confucius from their school-rooms, found themselves, in 1844, without employment. Being, at the same time, very poor, they formed the plan to leave their native place, influenced by the words of the Scripture, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and in his own house." They resolved to travel to another province, to visit the villages and towns, as ink and pencil venders, and to preach the true doctrine, while they hoped to support themselves by the small profits of their sales. Hung having made the tour to Kwang-Si, with encouraging success in securing converts to his new doctrine, he himself returned to his native village, leaving Yun-San still in Kwang-Si. Sow-Tsuen remained at home the following two years, 1845 and 1846, not only as formerly engaged in school teaching, but preaching among his neighbors and relatives. He wrote also several essays, discourses, and odes upon religious subjects. Hung, Sow-Tsuen, and his cousin and convert, Hung-Jin, having heard that the foreign missionary—Lo How-Tsuen (the Chinese name of the writer)—was preaching the true doctrine in Canton, they determined, early in 1847, to come to our chapel and study the Scriptures with us. We received them with much pleasure; but Hung-Jin soon returned home. Sow-Tsuen presented the paper giving an account of himself, of which we have already spoken. I thought his case extraordinary, but could not apprehend such a result. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," says the Apostle, "for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." It was certainly unawares if we were entertaining an emperor in Sow-Tsuen! But, thank the Lord for such a providential honor conferred on us. He continued with us about two months, joined our Bible class, committing and reciting the scriptures, and receiving instructions for two hours daily with the class. He requested to be baptized, and join the church; a committee were appointed to examine his case, and report to the church. They went to his native village, spent several days, carefully examining, and reported favorably. He was invited before the church, publicly

examined, and we were upon the very point of receiving him, when the moderator observed to him: "There is no certain employment, nor pecuniary emolument connected with becoming a member of the church, we ought not to do so from sinister motives." Then said he, "I know not what will become of me, I am poor, have no living, and by joining the church shall be thrown out of employment." Here the process staid—he hesitated to join without an assurance of a support; and, fearing his motives, I hesitated to give that assurance. The baptism was postponed indefinitely, and I saw him no more. Nor did I know what had become of him, until informed in 1852, through the report of Hung-Jin, that he was the leader of the great revolutionary movement which commenced in Kwang-Si. This report was confirmed when the English steamer, *Hermes*, went up to Nankin, in the spring of 1853: since then his high position and public movements have excited intense interest, not only in the writer, but throughout Christendom.

At the time he requested baptism, however, he felt disappointed at not being received and baptized; as he had before been as to obtaining a literary degree. But we must believe that an all-wise Providence overruled in both instances, and a widely different issue has been the result. Had he gained his literary degree, to become a mandarin under the Tartar rule would have been his highest aim; had he been baptized, to become an assistant preacher under his foreign teacher was the object in view; but now how widely different his present position! "It is not in man that walks, to direct his steps."

The religious instruction that Hung Sow-Tsuen received at our chapel in Canton is all that he ever received personally from any foreign missionary.

Hung, notwithstanding his disappointment as to receiving baptism, and some difficulties on the way, hastened to Kwangsi to communicate what he had learned. He left Canton about June, 1847, with 100 cash given him by one of the assistants, for traveling expenses—was robbed on the way, left perfectly destitute, being reduced to the last extremity; yet none of these things moved him from teaching to others that Gospel which he himself had been taught, and so highly appreciated. As

he went he preached, and some literary gentleman who heard him, paid his way, and gave him 600 cash to help him on. Fung Yun-San had, for the past two years, been engaged in teaching at Thistle Mount-Kwang-Si, where a great number of people had been converted to the worship of God by his instrumentality. Sow-Tsuen lost no time in visiting the new congregation at that place, and rejoiced, at his arrival, not only to see Yun-San again, but to meet with many new believers, and to preach the truth of God, just learned from his holy word, in the midst of them. The worshipers of God at that place soon counted above two thousand adherents, and their number daily increased.

But persecution arose, and the two teachers, Hung and Fung, returned for a season to their own native district, Hwa-Hein. As their native villages at home were near together, they often met with each other, and others of their intimate friends, when Sow-Tsuen would read some portion of the Old and New Testament, which he had received during his stay in Canton; and then conversed about their congregation in Kwang-Si; exhorting to faith in the true religion.

Hung Sow-Tsuen left his native village for the last time in June, 1849, accompanied by his faithful coadjutor, Fung Yun-San, for Kwang-Si. He sent for his family—wife and three children, with other relations—in June, 1850. The difficulties soon after commenced. Fighting began in September following. The first battle in which the disciples were engaged, was at a place called Kum-Tien—"Gold field." The first place of which Sow-Tsuen took possession was an opulent market town, where Wang, their chief persecutor, resided. The second was a large village, called Shai-Tsuen, which had caused the death of a chief about to join Hung's army.

In the autumn of 1851, he again raised his camp, and marched upon the city of Yung-Ngan, in the eastern part of Kwang-Si, which he entered, taking possession of the treasury and public granaries. Hung Sow-Tsuen was here unanimously declared Emperor of the new dynasty, called, *Tae-Ping T'peen-Knoh*—"Great Tranquillity," "Heaven's Kingdom"—assuming as his own title, *Tae-Ping Wang*—"King of Great Tranquillity," or "Prince of Peace."

## THE FATE OF THE FARLEIGHS.

A VERITABLE EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF AN "OLD CALIFORNIAN" DOCTOR.

IN 1849, near the middle of the year, I landed at Clarke's Point, in San Francisco, with high hopes and low funds—the lowest of funds, for the three round dollars I had just paid to the gentleman's son, with the classical education and the blue flannel shirt, for pulling me and my chest ashore in his flat-bottomed dinghy, were all that were left of just ten times that many, with which I was ballasted when I launched at New York upon my El Doradward venture.

"By all means do not encumber yourselves with luggage," urged our prudential advices from the placers; and I had obeyed the injunction with exemplary literalness; for, as my sophomore wherryman tossed that imposing box ashore with a great clatter, he remembered his Virgil, whose—

*Rari nantes in gurgite vasto*

exactly described the shovel, pick, and bowie-knife contributed by my brothers, and the shaving-case, ditty-box, dust-pouch and bible, remembered by my sisters, and now all adrift within the capacious hold of that clumsy galliot of a sea-chest. To get my baggage to the Parker House, I engaged the commercial editor of the *Alta California*, who was timeously on the wharf prospecting for items. He was paid with the chest, which, considering the price of fire-wood—forty dollars a cord—was as much hire as that editorial laborer was worthy of. In less than a week, I was wholly disencumbered of luggage, the spade having gone for one dinner, and the pick for another. I had slept three nights on my shaving-case, and was shaved with my bowie-knife instead. All that remained was a pilot-cloth pea-jacket, a pair of corduroy trousers, and the bible, which, of course, was of no use to anybody but the owner. At the rate of twenty-four dollars a dozen for washing, and in view of the tenderness of my knuckles, to say nothing of some hereditary prejudice against the laundry as an occupation for a gentleman's son, I rejoiced when I had fairly got my last check shirt off my mind.

All this time I had been looking about for something to do. My profession, medicine, was an impossibility. I had brought no dispensary with me, and the last lot of quinine—the panacea in those days for all the ills that Californian flesh was heir to—had sold for four ounces (sixty-four dollars) an ounce at auction. By reason of rents—one hundred dollars a month for a dog-house—an office was not less visionary to me than a palace. Besides, my appetite was growing fearfully, and my ditty-box was not good for soup. In those days, Old Californians never darned or sewed buttons on; counting the worth of time, it was cheaper to buy new clothes, of which there was a great glut in the market. Then the free sand-hill, where I had slept at first, was fierce with fleas. My skin was scarified; between unsparing irritation and great loss of blood, my health was failing. My physician—that's me—strongly recommended a tent, a soft plank, and a Mackinaw blanket. So I must stop looking about for something to do, and set about doing something at once. To be sure, Smith, Jones, or Brown, would have been driving mules by this time, or tending bar, or peddling jack-knives for another man, or working on a lighter; but the reader must remember that I was a gentleman's son.

How to begin, then? There were my letters of introduction, neglected until now for a splendid idea of independence. There were six of them; I would try them all—and I did. Five gentlemen, friends of the family, were most happy to see me. Five gentlemen congratulated me on arriving out so early; I had fortune by the fore-lock. Five gentlemen considered this a splendid country—great openings for young men of enterprise and talent, especially doctors—half the population ill, and fees enormous—two ounces a visit—medicines in proportion—a dollar a grain for quinine, a dollar a drop for laudanum—wonderful, sir, fabulous!—really envied me—wished they were doctors themselves—of course, would send all their friends to me; in a week I should be overrun with patients—would be

happy to advise me as to investments—knew some lovely water-lots—new towns at head of navigation, only ten miles from the richest mines—sweet ranchos in the valley of San José—that is, if I was of an agricultural turn of mind—could raise potatoes at a dollar a pound, squashes and beets according—must excuse them now—very busy—getting up lumber for the new hotel—under way next week—splendid house—bridal chamber—all the delicacies of the season—come and see them—take care of myself, old fellow—by-the-by, as I was new to the place, liable to be bewildered, tempted—would just throw in a friendly hint—gambling in San Francisco universal and without bounds—all classes fling themselves madly into the giddy whirl of drink and play—doctors, lawyers, editors, judges, professors, divines—faro, roulette, rondo, keeno, monte, lansquenet, bluff—soul-absorbing, dreadful, *lasciate ogni speranza voi chi v'entrare*.—Dante. You know hell—splendid—all right—take care of myself. And that was all I got out of five of these friends of the family.

There still remained one letter, from a venerable fellow-citizen and friend of my father, to his son in San Francisco—a spirited young fellow, who, having obtained a commission in one of the new regiments at the breaking out of the Mexican war, had subsequently distinguished himself in several engagements. At the close of the war he was ordered to California, where, though still holding a military appointment, he engaged in some successful speculations on private account, and was said to have built up for himself a considerable "pile." One evening, in the Parker House, I recognized this gentleman, as much by a marked family likeness as by a certain remarkable scar by which he had been described to me. Approaching him as he stood at the bar selecting a cigar, I introduced myself, at the same time presenting my letter, the contents of which were all unknown to me; for his father had asked permission to seal it. He received me with cordiality, and, on reading the missive, drew from his pocket three gold ounces (fifty dollars), which he offered to me, with thanks. But immediately, observing my unaffected surprise, he explained that the letter contained a request that he would pay to me these fifty dollars, due for several years

to my father, who for some unexplained reason, to be found in the private relations of the two old friends, could never be induced to accept it. Nevertheless, the father wrote, the debt was a bona fide one, and its long-standing troubled him much; so he urged his son to press the money upon me, and that gentleman did so with unexceptionable delicacy.

At first I resolutely declined to accept the money, on the ground that I could not meddle with my father's affairs; he knew his own business best, and had, no doubt, good reasons for the stand he had taken in this amiable dispute. Perhaps his excellent friend was mistaken in supposing himself the debtor—in so long an account of friendly offices interchanged between two such ancient and honorable cronies, the result might easily be the other way. At all events, my father, on handing me this letter, had not named the matter; consequently I was not at liberty to run counter to his apparent intention.

But the captain treated the affair more seriously. On my side, he urged, was merely vague surmise. On his, there was the clear and positive expression of the paternal wish. His father, he said, had suffered much, and was going down hill fast. He even feared that the next mail would bring him news of the old man's death. He had been, he confessed, a willful, almost a cruel son, with some crimes of perverse selfishness and ingratitude, of which to convict himself. There was no chance that he would again behold his father alive. He therefore desired sacredly to obey his commands, in the most apparently trifling matter, and rejoiced in every opportunity to console himself so—in fine, he pressed me, on the score of kindness, to permit him to pay this money.

Still undetermined, I leaned with my back against the bar, and looked through the noisy throng of old miners and new arrivals, into the gambling saloon beyond, where players of all countries, complexions, and temperaments, were gathered, in earnest but quiet knots, around faro, roulette, and monte tables, with their dazzling banks. An idea, full of a pleasurable excitement, seized me. The cards, thought I, shall decide this amiable contest.

"Captain," I said, "I have never bet a sixpence on a card in my life. Since I arrived here, I have not once looked



on at play, even as a merely curious spectator. I do not know this game of monte, I have never known any game of cards. Now monte shall dispose of these three rascally ounces for us, more troublesome than the poet's *Giuli Tre*. I will stake them on a card; if they are lost, there will be an end of our dispute, and you can tell your father you paid me. If they win, we will divide the spoils."

"Agreed! and you will be sure to win—the devil is always kind to the green gamester."

We approached a table where already a competing throng was gathered, eagerly feeding the monster with dollars, ounces, greater or lesser pouches of dust. The table was covered with green baize, on which four equal squares were described, by means of a strip of gold braid. In the midst was a bank of perhaps twenty thousand dollars in coin and dust. Presently the used-up, listless, yawning dealer, who sat behind his bank with a revolver at his back, some brandy and water at his elbow, and a long cigar held almost perpendicularly between his tight lips—and managed, too, with a sort of skill, so that the burning end came within half an inch of the corner of his right eye, which was closed, with that extraordinary, swaggering conceit, peculiar to the soap-lock orders of the Bowery—presently this very fancy personage tossed from the pack of small Mexican cards, which he had just shuffled elaborately, four "papes" as he called them, and which he more particularly described as "el ray, shayty, sinkwee and kervaiyo"—that is king, seven, five, and horse, this last being, I believe, peculiar to the monte cards. Then "gents" were invited to "make their game," or more facetiously to "size their piles," or to "pungalee down," which the Spanish scholar will discover to be a sort of fancy Castilian, proper to the latitude of San Francisco.

Gentlemen did "pungalee down," according to their substance or their tempers, and I, with several others, for the card seemed a favorite one, staked all my three ounces on the seven. Then the dealer rapped with his knuckles on the table to call down the last bets; but no more appearing, he began to draw, very slowly, one card at a time from the top of the pack he held in his hand, and to dispose them before him alternately, on a winning and a losing pile. As a

card corresponding to one in a square fell on the right or the left hand pile, he called its name, and either paid the stake or swept it into his bank. Thus the king, the five, and the "kervaiyo" lost, but the seven won, and my three ounces were six.

The cards being shuffled, four more are thrown out, and again the seven is among them. Once more "gents" are requested to "pungalee down," and I, choosing to add a spice of vulgar diablerie to my adventure, select the seven again for all six of my ounces, and invoke the favor of witches.

Seven wins—I draw off twelve beautiful doubloons. Next deal, no seven; so I wait. And now I have it; a round dozen of ounces is my stake; I become an object of interest to the bystanders, some of whom evidently consider me, if not handsome, certainly a superior sort of fellow. Seven wins, of course. My three bothersome ounces have become twenty-four splendid doubloons—round, yellow, and heavy—fair to see and pleasant to hear—their clink more soothing-musical than the jug of many nightingales—

"Gold! gold! gold! gold!  
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
Molten, graven, hammered, roll'd;  
Heavy to get, and light to hold;  
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,  
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;  
Spurned by the young, but hagg'd by the  
old  
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;  
Price of many a crime untold;  
Gold! gold! gold! gold! —  
Good or bad a thousand fold!"

Three hundred and eighty-four dollars! and since my breakfast the day before, I had not eaten a morsel! I fairly blessed the devil; and as for the number seven, I set him up on a throne of philosopher's stone, with the crown of Midas on his head and a brimmer of vino d'oro in his hand. And the captain, princely fellow, worthy to be king of the diggings, waived his right to share with me. He had plenty, he said, displaying a pocketful of doubloons, and a nugget as big as a doughnut. New-comers were not usually suffering with a surplus, and he dared say I had not more than a few hundred dollars. I should need it all to start with; when his pile should tumble, he would be happy in holding me his debtor to the extent of a dozen ounces or so.

I condescended to accept his terms, and the same hour next day saw me flourishing a professional shingle on the broad side of an adobe house in Sacramento street, and a professional card, in the most imposing and attractive style, in the *Alta California*. I had soon a lucrative private practice; from seventy-five to a hundred dollars was not too much to earn in a day, when an exclusive pen in Howe's circus cost fifty-five dollars, when ten dollars was demanded for the plainest of dinners at Wheeler's, when stout boots cost forty dollars a pair, and potatoes a dollar a pound—to say nothing of spurious champagne at ten dollars a bottle, and five dollars for the honor of Professor Lewis Thompson's tonsorial fingers in your hair. Very soon I added to my private duties a certain official appointment, by which, between the day when I entered San Francisco without a dime, and the day when I left it, also without a dime, I was introduced to more of the pathos and tragedy of that city in 1849-50, than any other person on the spot. I have, therefore, some stories to relate, which, if not as well told as Dr. Warren's, shall be at least as true.

Old Californians—I mean San Franciscans of 1849—will not soon forget the building known as Washington Hall, which stood in the rear of the old *Alta California* office, about midway on the Washington street side of the Plaza, and adjoining the Bella Union, that worst of Californian hells, where the Withers murder was done, and a score of crimes beside, any one of them enough to startle even the steady nerves of San Francisco. This Washington Hall, opened by a circus clown, was consecrated to the high holidays of unchecked licentiousness. Bacchus reigned below and divided his realm with the Blind Goddess. On the upper floor Terpsichore had a ball-room to herself, where sometimes a party of Ethiopian serenaders were met in the name of Momus; and in the rear the Venus de Oro had her easy penetralia.

Hither I was called one night to attend a Creole girl from New Orleans, who had just been stabbed, at a masked ball in the saloon, by a jealous Chilena. I found the beautiful fury—Aglæe La Reine, they called her—blaspheming over a gashed shoulder, and devoting

the quick-striking vixen of Valparaiso to a hundred fates, any one of which vied in novelty of horror with the most esteemed inventions of Mr. G. W. Reynolds or Mr. Geo. Lippard. Her round, white, dimpled, dangerous shoulder lay, along with the black drift of her hair, in a slab pool of her own bad blood. The handsome wretch cursed, between the sharp stitches of my suture needle, at the Adams' revolver that had hung fire, and the blood that had got in her eyes. And La Reine Aglæe was in earnest; for six weeks after that, the *Pacific News* announced that the notorious Mariquita, the beautiful Chilian spitfire, had had her throat cut by a bowie-knife in the hands of the splendid Creole Aglæe, in a "difficulty" at one of those mad masked balls at La Señorita saloon.

It was many days before Aglæe's wound was sufficiently healed to be trusted to her own nursing, and during that time I usually made my visits to her early in the evening, as I returned from my professional walks about Clarke's Point, and among the Chilian tents on Pacific street, so that I found the fair frailties of Washington Hall gathered in the ball-room, and the dance proceeding to the music of much catgut, and the popping of multitudinous corks. This was well-nigh the most convenient, if not the chastest, of reunions. If you desired to consult Judge Brown in reference to your Colton titles, here was the place to meet that learned jurist; if you wished to compare opinions with Dr. Jones as to the nature of the wounds of the man found murdered on the Mission Road, you could seek in no more likely place for that eminent member of the faculty; or, in case you had an item of murder, suicide, or accidental death for the City man of the *Alta*, you would be sure to find him taking notes at Washington Hall on a ball-night.

Once, as I leaned against the orchestra railing, regarding, by turns, the deep drinking at the bar, the heavy betting at monte, and the wild license of the dance, my eye fell with a sense of refreshment upon a woman who seemed out of place in the sensuous scene, and hopefully wretched there: a tall and singularly graceful person—by no means spare, yet with the slenderest waist I ever saw—face not handsome, nor the reverse, but rather what detracting wo-

men call interesting—eyes quite lovely, dark and deeply fringed—mouth melting and pitifully weak—hands and feet especially delicate—truly a superb, and yet a most painful dancer. With what a graceful weariness she dragged her stately, rather than heavy, steps through the French quadrille! How like a corpse—grave, pale, abstracted, with cold lips and eyes unspeculative—she suffered herself to be whirled in the giddy circles of the German waltz, in the clutch of some tipsy satyr, too far gone to perceive the reproachful calmness of his partner's bosom, and the unseasonable temperature of her blood! How like the very ghost of a bacchanal, with her motions merely, but not emotions, she flung herself desperately into the brave abandon of the Spanish dance, flashing her soft white shoulders, beautifully balancing her pensile arms, proudly careering her conquering neck!

Presently an intermission, and the dancers move toward the bar and refreshment table. Only she, withdrawing her hand from her partner's arm, declines partaking of wine or viands, and retires wearily to a dim corner, away from all the rest, indifferently rebuffing, too, her cavalier, who has something sophisticated to grumble about the "old dodge" and "so like an Englishwoman." And now, I truly do see the Englishwoman in the nattily-turned ankle, the generous expanse of back, the warm companionable shoulders, the complete bosom, and well inflated chest.

With head thrown back and eyes closed, or vacantly fixed on the ceiling, she sits for a time silent, still, or only moved by a profound sigh. Here may be a clever artiste, now, I thought—a person habile and well-trained to her part. Even in that view of her, she is interesting. How much more so if, for a marvel, she be no actress at all, playing no part but her heart's! Let us see. I watched her narrowly and unobserved. Presently—hurrah! yes, by Jove, tears, tears, as I am a gentleman, with taste to enjoy them!—honest, too, I'll swear, they are so ill-timed and unprofitable! They stand for an instant, round and bright, on the verge of her long lashes, then topple over by their own weight, and roll down her cheeks, never stopping till they have fallen upon her hand. She brushes away the tracks of them impatiently

—good!—rouses herself with an unmistakably genuine effort, and hurries with an air of concealment, and even awkwardly, across the room—I following her unperceived, through knots of drinkers and love-makers, never heeding their invitations or inquiries, to the door; then through the long passage to the rear of the building, where, with a key drawn from the pocket of her dress, she opens a door, which, on entering, she locks within. I take note of the room, and accost a black-eyed Yankee witch to ask who occupies it.

"Lucy Mason, the new English girl. Do you know her?"

"No."

"No more do any of us—queer case—pity, I think—dreadful mopy; dreadful—never do here—better be dead—you dare say she wishes she was! Then why don't she go and die? But never mind her now. Come, treat, and I'll dance with you."

"Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me; I'm bound for Kaliforny with my baby on my knee."

Next day—my head, and part of my heart I hope, full of Lucy Mason—I went early in the forenoon to see La Reine Aglæ: wound much better—temper, if possible, worse. Her majesty threatens to shoot me if I even so much as tickle her in changing the dressings, and swears she'll have my heart's blood if I leave a scar on the best shoulder in California—her favorite shoulder, the one she does her archness with. I assure the fair and royal fire-eater that I take no less interest in her wounded shoulder than if it were her throat, and am even more concerned for its recovery. Whereat I leave, just in time.

In the bar-room, to my astonishment—disappointment at first, and satisfaction afterward—I found Lucy Mason drinking, flushed already to noisy merriment, clinking champagne glasses with the bar-maid, singing snatches of curious old English ballads, love-ditties mostly and all new to me—loud, communicative, reckless. Could this be my interesting mockery and moral of last night's ball? No doubt, and never more the same than at this very moment of shocking self-abandonment.

Presently, observing a flaunting portrait breast-pin in the bar-girl's bosom, she bade her stay and she would show her "a picture that was painted in heaven." Then she ran to her room and I follow.

ed her. At the door I met her with a small cabinet portrait in her hand; her face wore a triumphant look, as she was hurrying back to her comrade with the wonder. Taking her tenderly but firmly by the wrist, she staring in my face in mute amazement, I led her to a seat on a large chest, then locked the door on the inside and took my place beside her. I bade her give me the picture in my hand. She thrust it fearfully into her bosom and held her hand upon it there, her eyes wild and full of alarmed inquiry.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"A gentleman, a doctor, a friend of yours, if you'll let me prove it."

"Aglaë's doctor?"

"Yes."

"Why did you not let her die?"

"Because I was sent for to keep her from dying; that's my business."

"And her business is to unfit herself to live."

"Quite as much to unfit herself to die."

"Very likely. What do you want with me?"

"To admire you—to make your acquaintance."

"Not worth your while, and not agreeable to me."

"What ails you?"

"Nothing; not even drunk—though that's not my fault."

"Let me see your picture."

"You swear you will not touch it."

"Positively I will not."

She laid one of her hands mistrustingly on mine, and with the other held up before me—but at a safe distance, and as if ready to snatch it away on the least suspicious movement on my part—a small water-color sketch of a beautiful child—a boy, with large blue eyes and fair curling hair, remarkably like herself in every feature, especially the mouth—timid, credulous, helpless—poor child!

"This is your child."

The reader will perceive that the guess, though a bold one, was safe.

"How do you know?"

"By the pity I feel for it. Is this its birthday, and are you keeping it by getting drunk before dinner?"

She turned on me a sharp startled stare. Then suddenly covering her face with her hands, she sobbed violently, her whole frame agitated, convulsed.

"Oh God! oh God!" she groaned.

"It is, indeed, his birthday. How did you know it? Who told you? Who knows it here? What do you know of me? Where have you seen him? Almighty God! you are not a friend of—?"

My random thrust had struck home. Hap-hazard, I had reached the mother's heart. Now, I was safe to know all, and perhaps—It was always the dearest wish of my heart to recover one lost woman. I was too sanguine that time; but I do not despair yet. The chance will come.

"It was the bursting heart and the burning brain. I drank to save my senses. I should have gone mad on his birthday. Would to God it were his death-day! Oh no, sir, indeed, indeed, I swear I have not come to that yet. I am neither sot nor thief, nor ever shall be. I have provided against that. *I shall not have time.*"

"Do you wish to leave this house?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because it's the best of its kind in this city: the treatment good and visitors plenty."

"But for a house of another kind, a respectable store, a gentleman's family? I believe there is more than one door in San Francisco—which, by that same token, thank heaven! is neither New York nor London—open to such as you."

"And when you find one, such as I, who will accept the invitation to pass from this door to that, don't you trust her—I tell you, don't you trust her—she's a shameless liar and a hypocrite, and your friends will find her a mocker, and a brazen thief."

"Where are you from—England or the colonies? And how did you get here, to this city and this house?"

"For what purpose do you wish to know?"

"To help you if I can, in this house or out of it—so help me God!"

"Come to-morrow morning, and perhaps I will tell you. You are either a great fool or a great—philanthropist."

"Neither."

"How did you know that this was my boy's birthday?"

"That is nothing. I know much more about you. But when you talk to me of your affairs, and I catch you lying, I shall not let you see that I am laughing at your stupidity and bungling. For

all that, you will respect and obey me, more or less, from this time. To-morrow, then. Good-by."

Next day, true to our appointment, I called on Lucy at her room. I found her strangely improved since our extraordinary conversation. She seemed to have been wholesomely chastened, even in that brief interval—was simple, unaffected, much softened, without that forced air of indifference or defiance, modest, grateful, candid, trusting, sad but earnest. She began by reminding me that she had promised only with a "perhaps" to relate her story. She had informed herself, meantime, of my character and probable motive, and the "perhaps" was removed. She proceeded.

She was an Englishwoman, as I had perceived at first—married; her husband's name was Farleigh, an apothecary in good standing, skillful, and in the enjoyment of an honorable and profitable reputation in Australia, whither they had sailed but a few days after their marriage. In the land of promise he very soon built up for himself a lucrative business, and became the sole master of an extensive establishment with branches at all the principal ports. She herself had been a lady's companion in England; but in Australia, in spite of her youth, she entered into business and conducted a dress-making establishment, which also soon obtained character and profitable custom. Her husband, she said, was none of her choosing, but "a highly eligible," unfairly foisted upon her by a mercenary mother: a little man—scarcely up to her shoulder, awkward, and every way insignificant, stupid, too, in all matters apart from his business, in temper querulous, petulant, jealous, exacting—a fidgety person, with whom there was no rest—timid, besides, which was worst of all in the estimation of a vain, romantic girl, flattered and fed on whims. Farleigh never meant to be, and rarely was, an unkind husband; he was only a very uncomfortable and disagreeable man. Before their child was born she had never loved, but easily endured him. After its birth, she learned to feel quite tenderly towards him—it was the strangest thing, she said, but somehow she found herself, without an effort, with scarcely the wish on her part, almost loving him—but then she could no longer tolerate him; that child made them fire and tow to each other, and they

broke out in flames as often as they met over it.

At last, Farleigh made a new friend and brought him home—Harton, mate of an English packet—a handsome, bright, ardent, adventure-loving fellow, full of warm feelings and good stories, and very free with his neck when danger was to be run into. This Harton was her coming man, the very man she ought to have met long ago, and she was by no means slow to love him because he did not happen to arrive in legal time. She was notoriously turned into the street, her stock of goods sold under the hammer, Farleigh retaining the proceeds, and a sight of her child from that hour denied her. She took refuge with a fellow-sufferer. Harton lost caste to such a degree that the place became too hot to hold him; so he sailed for the land of gold, bidding her follow him in the next ship, and leaving her a sum of money sufficient to pay her passage. He would meet her, he promised, when the ship's anchor was let go in the harbor of San Francisco. She obediently followed his instructions and him; but from the day of his sailing she had never seen him, or heard from or of him. He might be gone to some new and remote places whence correspondence was difficult or impossible; he might be dead; he might have deserted her: God only knew; with all her heart, she hoped the second fate for him.

Well, she had landed without money or friends, quite at her wits' end—crazed with fear and helplessness. In those days, there were no milliners in San Francisco, no ladies' shops, no fashionable emporiums or bazaars—only bars, bars, bars, decanters and tumblers, lemon-squeezers, muddlers and straws, with here and there a bar-maid. There now, she would be a bar-maid. Harton, like many another sailor-man, was a veritable magician over a bowl. He had taught her how to do many delectable things with tumblers. And when he reappeared, he would be delighted to find that his merry instruction had served her in good stead, in such an awkward strait. Besides, in England a bar-maid was highly respectable. How precious must she be in this uni-sexed fair! Only to think, too, of a hundred and fifty dollars, £30 a month—and board, lodging and washing, all free. And what is it to be a bar-maid! Oh,



she knew all about that. It was to have a nice face and a trim waist, a quick snappy eye, sharp ears, nimble fingers, and plenty of presence of mind. Of course, she would be a San Francisco bar-maid (Heaven save the mark!), in Washington Hall too, for thirty pounds a month; and naturally—here she was.

"Well, and what did she propose to do?"

"To see her fate out" (her exact words), "and for the present to remain where she was. Gold was plenty and lovers generous. Six, twelve, twenty ounces at a time for the merest trifles. A smile was bait for a dozen minnows, and a triton was caught with a kiss. Ounces, ounces, nothing but ounces. She had a lap full, a trunk full, already—all safe at Burgoyne's."

"Did she never look ahead?"

"Often, and easily saw to the end. It was not far, and the way was paved with gold."

"Would she not accept the countenance and protection of worthy and kind people, a virtuous home, honest companionship—for her child's sake?"

"No, no, no! For her child's sake especially, no."

"How did she expect the end to be?"

"As she would shape it. At present she would answer no more questions."

Nor would she ever again. Though I often saw her, and she met me always with a cordial, beaming welcome, full of beautiful confidence and gratitude, so that her fellow-lodgers declared, she could tell my step on the stairs among a hundred, and, leaving any companion or occupation, would run joyfully to meet me—and though, in accordance with a promise I had exacted from her, she never drank again, nor was (at least not grossly) indecorous in language or manner—still she invariably parried my slightest, and merely experimental, passages of examination, sometimes with provoking jests, sometimes with adroit diversions, sometimes with undisguised anger.

At this time I was living at the Graham House, on the corner of Kearney and Pacific streets. To Washington Hall direct, along Kearney street, was but two blocks—Jackson street, exactly intermediate, dividing the ground. On the corner of Jackson street was Steinberger's market—Steinberger, king of speculators, terrible flour and beef monopolist—the great American smart

man, who would have bought the Sandwich Islands for a watering-place, charming resort for invalids—"spacious hotel, safe sea-bathing," and all that sort of thing—if he could only have seen how not to pay for them.

One day I stopped at this market-house in company with Major Field, our hotel caterer, who was receiving proposals to have his table supplied with bear's meat, sturgeon, and Monterey muscles, when a man in his shirt-sleeves and with a pen behind his ear, evidently an employé of the establishment, accosted me by name, and, referring to my public appointment, inquired if I did not fill that office. On being answered in the affirmative, he stated that he was an English apothecary, licentiate of Apothecary's Hall; that at different times he had had large dispensaries under his control, both in England and the colonies; that he had been engaged in a large and profitable business; but a great domestic misfortune having befallen him, he had sold out his stock and invested the proceeds in a California venture which turned out a wretched failure—ship and cargo both sacrificed under the hammer, and the captain off to the Atlantic states with the proceeds. He had turned his attention particularly, he said, to analytical chemistry, and had had much experience among ores and minerals. He thought he could be useful, and find his profit, in assaying specimens from the different diggings. At all events, he was most anxious to find his way back into his proper business. He had been hoping to meet with some chemist or druggist who would accept his experience and skill as a sufficient equivalent for a reasonable share in his business. His poverty was extreme, he said; he was indebted to charitable considerations merely, for the temporary place he then occupied—that of a sort of under book-keeper—and of course his pay barely sufficed to keep him alive. Would I do him the great kindness—he was sure he should justify me—to call attention to him as a competent assayer, at the foot of my professional card. Furthermore, he had a small stock of medicines, a few trifles that were left, worth in all, at the lowest estimate, perhaps forty-five dollars. Had I any use for them? Would I kindly take them off his hands? It would be a great satisfaction to him; for they would other-

wise soon be destroyed. He did not require cash for them; decidedly he would prefer not. If I would have the goodness to give him my note on demand, he could call on me for the money in case he should be ill.

What a painful, trembling, bewildered wretch!—a very small man, slender and brittle-looking, or what old colored nurses call shakily.

"You are Mr. David Farleigh."

"Yes, sir, that is my name. No doubt Major Field (I have the pleasure of seeing Major Field daily, sir) has kindly mentioned me to you."

"Yes, Major Field, perhaps—or some one else. I will comply with your requests, Mr. Farleigh."

Not Major Field, nor any one but Lucy Mason. And this was David Farleigh—living, too, almost within sight of his wife's windows!

That afternoon I went to see Lucy.

"Lucy, do you know that your husband is in town, scarce a hundred yards off, almost within sight from this window now?"

No screaming, no gasping, no fainting; but such a storm of rage! Flushed with hot passion one moment; the next, ashen pale with a deep, dangerous hate, suddenly set up, but certain to endure.

I simply describe the phenomena; I do not attempt to explain them; those who think they know women better than I do, may employ their wits upon the case, for it is at least an interesting one. Whether Lucy knew already of the neighborhood of her husband, I could never guess. He had been in the country a fortnight; but so seldom had she appeared on the street, they might easily have passed each other in the bewildering throng without recognition on either side; besides, both must have been greatly changed in attire if not in looks. But why this fierce outburst of anger against me? Was it merely because I had become too intimate with their hidden history, and that chance seemed to be making me more and more master of their secrets and themselves? Or was it that she wished to frighten me into concealing from her husband, perhaps for his own sake, her presence and identity? Either of these reasons sufficed, yet both might have been joined, to produce an excitement under which she fairly foamed, cursing fiercely and in a torrent—with flashing eyes and

thin, tremulous, white lips, with unequivocal and really alarming threats, forbidding me to name "either of them" again. She bade me follow my own plain road, and leave the blind path to her; she would find her way out of this alone.

Perhaps she was right. In those days I was an enthusiast, and enthusiasts are always bunglers and often bores.

I never met Lucy Mason alive but once after that, and then I pumped from her stomach, just in time, a quantity of arsenic, she wildly raving all the while on themes I did not recognize, and unconscious of the scene or me. Fearing the effect of the excitement into which she would undoubtedly be thrown on discovering me as the man who had thwarted her purpose in that desperate pass, and who, it might seem to her, was forever crossing her dark and dangerous path, I handed her over at once to other physicians, who, from time to time, reported the progress of her case. Her health and beauty departed at once, and together. Blood-stains were often on her lips or her handkerchief; her thoughts strayed much into dark places, and she had her seasons of appalling fierceness. But she was marvelously close with her secret. Her most constant attendants, even in her wildest passages, never caught from her lips the name of Farleigh or of Harton. Indeed, I think she was at no time quite self-forgetful, but only black-thoughted, and impatient for the end. It came soon—the natural sequel, a mere matter of course.

One day I joined a knot of people, diverted for a moment from their business-paths by a new and more interesting shape of death—the black and swollen corpse of a woman lay on some boards at the foot of Clay street, waiting to be identified. It had been lifted to the surface of the water on the weighing anchor of an up-river craft at daybreak. It was bare-footed, bare-bosomed, with loose and flowing hair; about the neck hung a small blue satin bag, containing a child's ringlet, and prettily embroidered with the initials "P. F." It was Lucy Mason. In her night-dress, and with naked feet, she had gone to one of the wharfs at midnight and taken the last dismal plunge. *She had seen her fate out.*

"Mad, from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery,

Swift to be hurld—  
Anywhere, anywhere,  
Out of the world!"

We—no matter; she had simple but becoming obsequies. There were those—rough fellows, God knows whom, a touch of nature brought together for that once, and who may hardly meet again in this world—who—

"Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffened too rigidly,  
Decently—kindly—  
Smoothed and composed them,  
And her eyes closed them,  
Staring so blindly!

"Dreadfully staring  
Through muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring,  
Last look of despairing,  
Fixed on futurity."

Where was Farleigh? Reported dead. Nearly two months before Lucy's first attempt to destroy herself by poison, he called to take leave of me. He was going, he said, to the Mariposa diggings with a company of gentlemen, who would defray his expenses in consideration of his medical services. His mind seemed healthy; indeed it was the first time I had found him cheerful, even jocose. I would have paid him then for the medicines he had sold me, but he still decidedly declined receiving the money; it would do when he needed it more, or if this adventure should turn out badly. He might die, I urged. "Why, then, let it go." He had no one to give it to. At present he had abundance. He had received an anonymous letter from "one whom he had once trusted," inclosing a check on Davidson, the banker, drawn by "John Chappell," for three thousand dollars. At the bank they knew nothing of this Mr. Chappell. A stranger, calling himself by that name, had deposited the money, stating at the time that it would be drawn out in a few days by a Mr. David Farleigh, on his check. The description of Chappell afforded him no clue. But it was all plain enough, he said; the money came, of course, from that villain, Captain —, who had ruined him, robbed him of every penny he possessed, all invested in the ship and cargo he had told me of. While he related this singular circumstance, I watched him searchingly. I am sure he did not suspect the true source from which the timely remittance came. I am sure he did not know of Lucy's

whereabouts, or the life she was leading.

That same day he started for the mines, and even if I had had time to follow his fortunes, it was not possible to "keep the run" of him. He very soon drifted out of sight and mind, along with all the human flotsam of fortune that had given itself to that untried stream. When in that "one more unfortunate gone to her death," I recognized Lucy, I sought tidings of Farleigh at Steinberger's market. They believed he was dead. The party to which he belonged had been most unlucky. They had been attacked by Indians, and robbed of everything—their wagons and oxen, horses, guns, camp-traps, and provisions; had turned back, half naked and starving; then cholera and fever overtook them, and two died—one, it was reported, being Farleigh.

A few months later I was seized with a typhoid fever which well-nigh ended me. On recovering, I resolved to make a trip to the Sandwich Islands to recruit. I reached Honolulu, after a quick and charming passage, much improved. On landing, and paying my respects to the custom-house, I walked up into the town. Seeing an apothecary's shop on the corner, I took the occasion to procure some medicine I had required during the passage for a sick passenger, and at the same time to make an acquaintance, perhaps, and hear the news. Drawing a card from my pocket, I wrote a prescription. The person to whom I handed it, to be compounded, was David Farleigh—or, rather, the ghost of him. Gracious heaven, how the poor, sensitive, trembling, helpless creature must have suffered! He cried on recognizing me, and fidgeted painfully among his spatulas and minim glasses, looked somewhat wild, and was desultory, almost to incoherence, in his talk. All the mind he had left, I thought, was not worth living for.

The story I had heard at Steinberger's, about the mishaps of his mining party, was all true, except the report of his death. He had had cholera to the last extremity. His recovery, he said, was but a part of his protracted ill-fortune. A kind friend, touched by his crippled case, had paid his passage hither, and he had fled from California for safety and rest; a little longer and his distract-

tion would have become madness. Some English merchants in Honolulu, had procured this place for him, where he found occupation for his mind, and a present bare subsistence. "Whenever, whatever the end may be," he said, "I have no wish to postpone it." He was as poor—poorer than ever; and now he would take the forty-five dollars, and give me back my note. In this interview I ventured, for the first time and very guardedly, to ask:

"By-the-by, have you any family, Mr. Farleigh?"

"None, sir. Six months ago, a little child, my last human tie, was torn away from me."

The naturalness, quite without alarm or any sort of agitation, with which the answer was given, satisfied me that my acquaintance with the blackest chapter in his history had never been suspected by the poor fellow.

About noon on the following day, having taken up my lodgings on shore, I called at Farleigh's place in the hope of taking him out for a cheerful walk, while at the same time he should be my cicerone to the sights of Honolulu. He was not there, had not been down that morning, his employer said—he might be ill, he feared; his health and spirits were by no means good—he would send to see. But I would, myself, be going in that direction, I said, and would call. At his lodgings no one knew of his movements; they supposed he had gone to his business; he was very irregular at his meals, and often left in the morning without his breakfast. I went to his room; the door was locked, and there was no answer to my knocking. They suggested that he might be walking—he often took lonely and very long walks, sometimes up the Nuuanu valley as far as the Pahri, sometimes by the plains down to the cocoa-nut groves at Waititi. I was for a stroll myself. I would take that direction; perhaps I should meet him.

In the evening, when I returned, nothing was yet known of Farleigh's whereabouts. But we agreed to let our

fears rest for the night, in the hope that he might be on board some English vessel in the harbor—several having arrived during the week—or with some of his English friends in the town. All night I was sleepless and full of fears. At noon next day, still no tidings of my poor friend. I became much excited, and urged the reasonableness of my fears from my intimate knowledge of the man's mental condition. It was resolved that the door should be broken open.

Good God! could that horrid thing in the bed be Farleigh?—quite naked, swollen in every part of him to three times his living proportions, the face and breast black as ink, the eyes staring dreadfully, fairly bursting from their sockets, the nose and ears filled with blood. On a little table in the corner lay the money I had paid him; on the bed beside him, a letter envelope, "to David Farleigh, Honolulu, S. I., per barque Petrel," the vessel which brought me over; on the floor, just as they had fallen from his hand, which hung over the side of the bed, the halves of a check in the following strange form:

"Washington Hall, San Francisco. }  
Sunday, February —, 1850. }

"Messrs. Burgoyne & Co., Bankers.

"Pay to David Farleigh, for and on account of Philip Farleigh (his child and mine), eleven thousand dollars (11,000).

"LUCY MASON  
"The lost—in her last hour."

This singular paper bore the endorsement of Burgoyne & Co. No line of explanation accompanied it, at least none was found, nor was it ever discovered who had forwarded the check.

You ask me what became of this money. You might as well ask what became of all the vigorous life, all the intellect and refined culture, all the ambition, courage, and virtue that went to San Francisco in '49.

I have a tiny volume—a child's book of bible stories, with many wood-cuts, and bound in morocco, with a flap like a pocket-book. On a blank leaf is written "Kate Farleigh to her darling, Hobart Town, Christmas, 1848."

## THE GIPSIES AND THEIR WAYS.

"I see a volume of slow-rising smoke  
O'er top the lofty wood, that skirts the wild.  
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat  
Their miserable meal. A kettle,  
Slung between two poles, upon a stick transverse,  
Receives the morsel.

Hard-faring race,  
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,  
Which, kindled with dry leaves and wood, just saves  
The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide  
Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin—  
The vellum of the pedigree they claim."

FROM this rural English scene, so well described by Cowper, let the reader transport himself in imagination to the balmy air and sunny sky of Andalusia, to a court in the luxurious capital of that ancient province. The water leaps laughingly from a Moorish fountain, and falls back in graceful jets to kiss the snow-white marble. The warbling of birds, the aroma of the *azahar*, and the breath of innumerable flowers, are too delicate and beautiful to belong to the West, and suggest the great-eyed Orient. The silvery laugh of Andalusian maidens rings upon the air, as, seated in the shade of the orange-trees, they now touch the guitar, and now, for a time, intertwine with needles the silk and gold on their tambours.

The bell rings, and to the soft *Quien es?* enters the gitana—the gipsy fortune-teller—who, with her wild looks and haggard features, resembles a Harpy suddenly descended among the Graces. Her accents are of hate, rather than of love; her movements and gestures are impassioned, and fire seems to gleam from the liquid eyes of this strange apparition, whose very presence is fascination—for it is the belief of all the maidens of Seville, that the gitana possesses the mysteries of futurity, and can unlock them to whom she will. *Ave Maria purissima!* escapes their lips but once, and a silver coin is given to the strange being, wherewith to make the sign of the cross; for without this there could be no *buena ventura*.

Then, skilled in all the arts of chiromancy, she carefully traces the lines upon those delicate hands, and dispenses—to this one, wealth; to that one, pearls; to another, what is valued more than wealth or pearls, the affection of some gallant *hidalgo*—thus realizing to them all, the rosy visions which float around the sleep of maidens of eighteen.

The scene changes again to the sylvan banks of the Danube, where, of an evening, hundreds of the Magyar chivalry are assembled to discourse with the noble dames of that heroic race, and listen to the impassioned strains of a band of roving gipsies. They are musicians of rude appearance, possessing all the physical characteristics of their uncultivated race. But, up to these wild *artistes* the Magyars look, as the conservators of the primitive music and song of their nation. They render the *csárdás*, the famous national airs of Hungary, in all their varied expression, now sad and energetic, now wild and grandiose, as the moving periods of the drama. Piece after piece is given, whose intonations, changing and full of passion, send the patriotic blood throbbing through every Magyar heart. The crowning glory is the war-march of *Rákóczi*—the *Marseillaise* of Hungary. Given with all its warmth and originality, it is responded to by the multitude, who unite in the chorus, and whose patrician dignity yields to the swelling tide of song, as the oaks of many winters yield to the stroke of the tempest.

Again the scene changes to a dusky group on the banks of the Carpathian Arangosch, whose sands rival in golden wealth those of the Pactolus and Tagus, to a silent group seated around the serpent-charmer of Egypt, or to a nomadic band on the plains of India. In all these, from the heaths of "merrie England" to the distant shores of the Ganges, we behold an *apotheosis* of the same rustic life, and meet the tawny children of a race scattered over the earth, as fallen leaves are scattered by the winds of autumn.

The ubiquity of the tsigan or gipsy race is one of the most astonishing of ethnographical phenomena. They pitch their tents on the southern slope of the



Himalayas, and along the Indus and the Tigris. I met them under the shady palm-trees of the Nile, among the mountains of Palestine and Syria, and in the shadow of the Acropolis of Athens. They are to be seen in the streets of Jerusalem and Damascus; there is a considerable colony of them near one of the gates of Constantinople; and I found them scattered thickly over eastern Europe, among the hills of Bulgaria, on the plains of Wallachia, and along the auriferous streams of Transylvania. They dwell among the swarthy tribes of Nubia, Abyssinia, and Soudan, as well as in the Barbary states. Families of them have been seen in Siberia. They mingle with the Turkomans of Independent Tartary, with the Lesghians of the Caucasus, and with the Ilians of Persia. Save China, Siam, and Japan, there is no part of Asia in which the race of Roma cannot be found. In Russia they are scarcely less numerous than in Hungary, which, after the Danubian principalities, appears to be the chosen land of the gipsies. In Italy, in Bohemia, in the rural districts of France and England, and especially in the southern provinces of Spain, the traveler can hardly avoid coming in contact with numerous representatives of this singular race. I have known of many gipsy families in the southern states of America, and they are not wanting in Mexico and Brazil.

That the gipsies should be so widely dispersed is marvelous, but by no means so singular as that they should have preserved, in so marked a manner, their distinguishing characteristics. In the Occident and in the Orient, exposed to the chilly winds of the north, or basking in the sunny skies of the south, the gipsies wear the same dress, speak the same language, and pursue, in the main, the same nomadic and precarious

life, and this, when the representatives of the race, now known under many different names,\* have been separated from each other by centuries, oceans, and continents.

Neither climate, time, nor example, have exercised their usual influence upon them. They do not become darker under the burning sun of Africa, nor whiter among the pale-faced children of the north. The gipsies of to-day are essentially the same as their ancestors, whose nomadic bands appeared centuries ago on the confines of Europe. They learn nothing from those among whom they live, and exist, an unsocial and promiscuous multitude, floating among the fixed dwellings of civilization. Not one of the waves of immigration, which have, from time to time, swept into Europe from Asia, resembles that of the gipsies. Their history is unique. Conquered provinces and cities have imposed their customs upon the conquerors; but the gipsies, coming as simple pilgrims, have imposed nothing upon, have borrowed nothing from, the nations among whom they have encamped.

In absolutist Europe, there is a large class above the law: the gipsies are, and have ever been, practically below it—so far below it, as never to have been recognized, except to feel the weight of an occasional persecution. Thus they still exist, exhibiting the strange phenomenon of a distinct people within a people—of a government within a government. Did they in reality wear the mark of Cain, which some authors pretend to find upon them, they could not be more completely isolated from civilized society. Maria Theresa of Austria caused many of her gipsy subjects to be enrolled in the imperial army, although as a race they have a predilection for tented life, and are

\* The following are the names under which the Gipsies are known in different parts of the globe:

In England, Gipsies; Scotland, Tinkers, or Caird; France, Bohemian, Egyptian; Portugal, Cygana; Spain, Gitanos; Germany, Zigeuner; Sweden, Sparking; Holland, Heiden; Denmark, Tartars; Italy, Zingari; Hungary, Tzygani and Phrao Nepols (Pharaoh's people); Russia, Tsingans; and Turkey and Syria, Chingana. In Persia they are termed Kauli, i.e., inhabitants of Kabul, Sari, or Smiths, and Karachi: while in Hindostan they are known as Nath and Kanjar. They term themselves Roma, and their language, Romany.

The following is the number of the Gipsies in the different parts of the Eastern Hemisphere, as nearly as can be ascertained:

Europe, . . . . .	900,000
Africa, . . . . .	400,000
India, . . . . .	1,500,000
Other parts of Asia, . .	2,000,000

Total, . . . . . 4,800,000

singularly averse to the rough instruments of war. The Boyards of Moldavia and Wallachia have enslaved the majority of the 250,000 gipsies in those principalities, with the idea of improving thereby their social and moral condition. These are the only attempts to reform them worthy of mention.

Even at this day, when the "glad tidings" are wafted to the most distant islands of the sea, we hear of no efforts made to improve and christianize the numerous representatives of the gipsy race.

"If the egg of the raven, of noxious breed,  
You place 'neath the paradise-bird, and feed  
The splendid fowl upon its nest  
With immortal figs, the food of the blest,  
And give it to drink from Lileibel,  
Whilst life in the egg breathes Gabriel,  
A raven, a raven the egg shall bear,  
And the fostering bird shall waste her care."

This is the estimation in which the gipsies appear to be held by the civilized world.

The gipsy physiognomy when once seen can never be forgotten. The males are slightly above the medium size, well-developed and nervous. Their bronze complexions, teeth white as ivory, and long, crisped locks of jetty blackness, impart a singularly wild and ferocious appearance to forms resembling, in many respects, those of Hottentots and Caffres. They have an aspect of melancholy mingled with pride and cunning, and the expressive gestures which characterize their conversation impart a lively interest to these picturesque vagabonds.

The females are not wanting in the browned, ruddy cheeks and swelling bosoms, so associated with gipsy charms. A rich, olive complexion, with red lips and a just proportion of the limbs, imparts to them even something more exquisite than the splendid outlines and delicious tints of Circassian beauty.

The eye is, however, the marked feature of the race, and would distinguish the gipsy in whatever color, costume, or character she might appear. It is not the small, luxurious eye of the Jewess, the oblong eye indispensable to the Chinese beauty, nor the soft, almond eye of the Egyptian, but something unique and peculiar. It is vivid, lustrous, or liquid, according to the thought which seeks for utterance. Now, it has a wild and staring expression, and then, in moments of repose, a filmy,

phosphorescent haze will gather over it, through which one looks into the depths below, as he does upon the stars of heaven, half obscured by the last ethereal rays of a flushing sunset. He has a conception of gipsy beauty, without beholding it, who has seen the fair damsels of Cyprus, where once stood the hundred Paphian altars, burning incense to Venus; or watched, on the islands of the Ægean, or in the shady villages of Asia Minor, the timid daughters of Grecian blood, collected around some gushing fountain, or bearing away its crystal wealth in graceful vases, as in the days of old:

"A gipsy maiden's sparkling eye  
Has pierced my bosom's core—  
A feat no eye beneath the sky  
Could e'er effect before."

I have often seen boys among the gipsies as beautiful as Astyanax, and young females, whose forms Phidias would have chosen for models. Now and then, in the forests of Hungary or in the wilds of Bulgaria, I used suddenly to come upon groups of these mysterious wanderers, which stood before me like a living *tableaux* from the pastoral age and country of Agamemnon. Their manner of life, *sans feu et lieu*, is, however, highly unfavorable for the retention of beauty: manhood is apt to assume a sinister and ferocious aspect, and females, made wives at twelve, generally become ugly and forbidding at twenty. With the latter, the change is as great as if the Graces had been metamorphosed into Harpies, or the daughters of Acheron and Nox. It takes an angel to make a demon.

The dress of the gipsies is in keeping with their nomadic tendencies. They occasionally dress somewhat like those with whom they live; but they are generally too proud, as well as too indolent, to deck themselves with a foreign garb, and adhere to the national costume descended from their forefathers. The latter consists of a ragged breeches and torn shirt, which, although their antiquity is obvious when put on, are never removed, for want of a change, until they fall from the body of their own accord, in a state of complete dilapidation. The children are brought up in the true Calmuc style, being allowed to run naked until the age of six or eight years, when they assume the garb of their elders.

The wind cannot blow off his hat who has none, and shoes are troublesome appliances among people whose manner of life and general economy are those of vagrants and beggars. In warm weather, they uniformly go barefoot, except when parading a pair of yellow boots and spurs, which have fallen into their possession by theft or some accident of fortune, and contrast ludicrously with a pair of breeches wanting in the ampler parts. In winter, they envelop their feet in bundles of rags, or, as in Wallachia wear coarse woollen stockings, knit by females upon huge wooden needles. The women neither spin nor weave, neither sew nor wash, and yet it cannot be said of them that they are clothed like unto the lilies of the field. They are even more picturesque in the matter of dress than the males. In Wallachia, I have seen numberless instances where the entire female attire consisted of a large piece of linen thrown over the head and wound round the body, the solution of whose continuity revealed here and there large portions of the cutaneous integument, supplied by nature, and well darkened by exposure. These Wallachian gipsies have also a dash of Bloomerism; for, in case their own wretched garments give out, they do not hesitate to draw on those of their male companions, should the latter be so fortunate as to have any *unmentionable* articles of dress to spare.

They are excessively fond of ornaments, and often wear strings of jingling piastres, or other small coins, around the head and neck. I have frequently noticed gold ducats dangling upon the naked breasts of these half-dressed barbarians. The gipsies are not, however, totally indifferent as to dress. In Spain, they occasionally assume a gay attire. The red cap is there indispensable, but otherwise green is the favorite color, as among the Turks. In Hungary, they have the greatest *penchant* for acquiring, by theft or otherwise, the cast-off clothes of distinguished personages, and nothing can be more ridiculous than to behold one of those idle vagabonds pompously parading a laced coat with silver buttons, while his head and feet are naked.

Exposed to the salutary influences of the earth and air, the gipsies, though the creatures of so many vicissitudes, enjoy much more health than is usual

with people who are civilized. Plague and pestilence appear to sweep by them in search of other victims. They are exceedingly well-formed, and the enormous adipose developments, the distorted limbs and worthless members, which pertain to the dwellings of civilization, are rarely seen in the tents of the gipsies. It may be that not so great a proportion reach the age of adults as in civilized society. That is, doubtless, the case with barbarians everywhere; but those of the gipsies who do survive the shivering and hungry ordeal of childhood, acquire thereby a hardness of constitution, upon which neither heat nor cold, neither want nor intemperance, appears to have any material influence.

The dark complexion of the gipsies, like that of the Laplanders and Esquimaux, depends upon their wretched manner of life. The dense smoke, the perennial filth in which they live, and the nameless unctuous compounds which they use, externally as well as internally, have nearly the same effect upon them in a northern climate that the calorific rays of the sun would have in the tropics.

The gipsies enrolled in the Austrian army, as well as many held in slavery in the families of Wallachian Boyards, gradually lose their primitive Ethiopian tint. I have often noticed the same thing in those who follow the profession of music in Hungary. Fortunately for them, the prejudice of color does not exist in eastern Europe as with us. One of my *compagnons du voyage*, on the lower Danube, was a huge Nubian, who, after having enjoyed various smiles and caprices of fortune in the east, had served Prince Milosch, of Servia many years as physician. On the expulsion of the prince from Servia, this sable disciple of *Æsculapius* took refuge in Wallachia, where I fell in with him. He was a decided curiosity on board the steamer, and monopolized much of the conversation and attention. Even the fascinating daughters of Bucharest did not hesitate to exchange their *jeux d'esprit* with him. I could not but congratulate him that he was traveling down the Danube instead of the Mississippi. Since the translation of Uncle Tom's Cabin into so many languages, the impression has come to prevail generally in eastern Europe that all Americans

are black, unless they happen to possess the aboriginal copper hue. On my being introduced to persons as an American, they often expressed infinite astonishment at the lightness of my complexion, and were with some difficulty brought to look upon me as an exception from the general rule.

I have already alluded to the Bedouin affection of the gipsies for the life of the tent. They prefer to have their tents or cabins near some large town; for, according to one of their maxims, "money is in the city, not in the country."

On the approach of cold weather, they withdraw to their winter quarters, or rather, like certain hibernating animals, retire to their holes in the earth. In Hungary they usually make an excavation in some sunny hillside, and complete their wretched abode by laying a few sticks across the top, or setting up a few boards, so as to meet above, which are covered with earth, or straw, leaving merely a hole in the roof, through which the smoke can escape.

In the Danubian principalities, the houses of the tsigans, or gipsies, are subterranean, as are also the *kolises* of the Wallachian peasants. A few mole-hills scattered over the plain indicate the proximity of a village of the gipsies, and, at the shout of the *surrju* or postillion, you are surprised at seeing those ethnographical wonders appearing all at once above ground, as happens when the traveler comes suddenly upon a village of prairie dogs in the west. The idea of separate apartments rarely enters the minds of those rude architects, who, for the most part, build only for a single season. But when such is the case, it is merely the partitioning off, in a rude manner, of part of the chamber, for the antiquated jade whose business it is to carry from place to place the personal effects and household gods of the family. The gipsy's horse, or rather his donkey, as they generally prefer that animal, resumes his migratory career at the first croaking of the frogs of spring; for then the gipsy betakes himself again to the more romantic life of the tent. Although his lot is not enviable, he is an animal that sees much of the world in the lower walks of life. He does not belong to the race of cloud-pawing steeds, and, under the fostering care of a gipsy master, generally consists of little

more than osseous tissue with the organs of respiration, all packed tightly in a cutaneous covering, the interruption of whose continuity, here and there, brings the system within *en rapport* with the circumambient air without. There is a certain music in the braying of that animal most agreeable to the traveler, notwithstanding his vocal efforts always appear as if they were the last wheezy and spasmodic gasps of expiring animation. I have often been startled and delighted by it in the solitudes of eastern Europe, having learned from experience that where there are donkeys, men are sure to be found, as well as the converse of the proposition, namely, that where there are men, there will be donkeys in spite of themselves.

It is in the tents and cabins of the tsigans that man and nature are most familiar friends. There, human beings and animals live and eat together, enjoying each other's breath and social intercourse. This is, indeed, an improvement upon shepherd life, beautiful enough in poetry and fiction, but execrable in experience. I have not found shepherds and shepherdesses to be the delightful creations which poets represent them to be. They are more likely to be the *idlest of the idle—the vilest of the vile*; and those poetical cottages, whose interior life is so often sighed for by the sentimental and inexperienced, are generally the abodes of filth and wretchedness indescribable. The scalpel of truth sometimes makes singular work with the fictions of poetry, and the vagaries of sentimentalism. In western Europe, many of the gipsies betake themselves to the hedges and rocks during the warm season. Chairs and tables are articles of luxury not often found in their humble dwellings. The use of knives and forks does not belong to their politeness; and these simple children of nature, in whom want appears to be productive of happiness, and vicissitude, merriness of heart, sleep sweetly upon the naked bosom of their mother earth. Their articles of furniture are of the simplest and most primitive character. To these must be added the few implements with which the gipsy pursues his particular craft: the bungling apparatus of the gold-washer; the miniature anvil and bellows of the smith; and the rude musical instruments of the wandering

minstrel. The pipe is, however, the principal household god, as their love of tobacco is exceeded only by their love of idleness. The gipsy pipe is made of wood, short, for the more complete enjoyment, and is passed from mouth to mouth, like the calumet of the American Indians. It is valued according to its age and strength, and is ultimately broken up and eaten as the greatest of delicacies. The gipsies also consume their own smoke without the compulsion of municipal regulations.

Bread is not often baked among them, since that which is stolen, or begged, is considered superior to the home manufacture. The gipsy wife has a love of oriental ease; she winds her rags around her after the manner of the orientals; when she bakes bread it is done upon expiring embers, as in the remote east; and, although it be her only article of furniture, she retains the eastern custom of preserving a single cup, which is not unfrequently of silver. The latter descends from family to family, and, when not in use, is generally buried for greater security.

Water is their usual beverage. They have, however, an inordinate love of brandy, which is preferred to all other intoxicating drinks, from the fact that it induces intoxication more speedily. The important events of life are made the occasion of boisterous revels; and in case liquor can be obtained, the mirth and glee which attend the gipsy's birth and marriage are surpassed only by the drunken orgies which mark his passage to another world.

Those of the *gitanos* or gipsies of Spain, and the *zigeuner* of Hungary and Transylvania—for the latter is the name of the gipsies throughout Germany—who have fixed abodes, are, of course, more elevated in condition. My description applies to the majority of the race, who still pursue the nomadic life of their ancestors.

The gipsies are the most perfect specimens of omnivorous animals to be found in the entire natural kingdom. Griseleni gives a long catalogue of things they do not eat, among which are beans, onions, perch, lampreys, and pheasants. I have repeatedly seen them consuming the most common of the above articles, and suppose that their abstinence from the others arises merely from the difficulty of obtaining them. Horse-flesh forms almost the

only exception to their taste, and even in respect to this, their carnivorous propensity frequently overcomes all other considerations, whether derived from prejudice or tradition. Their estimation of that useful animal may be learned from the fact that, when they meet, their salutation is not "How are yourself and family?" but "How are your horses?" Many of the gipsies could no more be induced to indulge in hippophagic entertainment, than the Brahmin of India could be induced to eat of the sacred cow. A pledge, taken by one of them over the jawbone of a horse, would be as sacred as the oath of the Hindoo over a cow's tail, or a vessel of water from the Ganges. Their predilection in one respect is decidedly abnormal. They prefer animals that have died a natural death, for the reason that "the flesh of beasts which God kills must be better than that of animals slain by the hand of man." It is rare fortune for them to fall in with the carcass of some poor creature that has given up the ghost by the wayside, and they are not over particular as to the time elapsed since dissolution. The animal is forthwith deprived of his skin, enough is boiled or roasted to satisfy present wants, and the remainder is dried for future consumption. Animals which have perished by fire are prized equally with those that have fallen victims to disease. Their carcasses are dragged from the ashes and rubbish amid the shouts and clamors of the gipsies, and made to tickle the gastronomical sensibilities of those graceless scavengers. Many stories are told of their tricks to obtain supplies of animal food, as that of poisoning animals, and then begging their bodies of the owners. Gipsy females manufacture a kind of poison called *draco*, which has a specific and fatal action upon the brains of porcine quadrupeds, but does not injure their flesh. Probably an incantation of this kind gave origin to the following ditty, often heard in the tents of the tsigans:

"There runs a swine down yonder hill,  
As fast as e'er he can,  
And as he runs, he crieth still,  
'Come, steal me, gipsy man!'"

In addition to these abnormal tastes and epicurean tendencies, the charge of cannibalism has often been brought against the gipsies. It was formerly said of them that they had a particular relish for the delicate tissues of youths



and maidens, from the ages of twelve to eighteen; and that there were those among them who did not hesitate to eat their own fathers and mothers. During the last century they were, in numerous instances, hung, beheaded, and quartered, for this offense. I should notice, however, that the same charge had previously been brought against the Jews, between whose history and that of the gipsies there are many traits of resemblance. The persecution of the zigeuner of Hungary, during the last century, was not unlike that of the witches of New England. Executions took place at Frauenmark, Kamzer, and Esaburg, in the year 1782, and many were imprisoned. An old record states: "Her majesty, Maria Theresa, not thinking it possible that the people in confinement could have been guilty of such enormous crimes, sent a commissioner thither from the court, to examine minutely into the affair. On his return, it was confirmed that they were really man-eaters, and that there are actually among them some who have killed and eaten their own fathers." Notwithstanding these relations, and the startling accounts to the same effect, given by Griseleni, the gipsies were probably never cannibals, except in cases of necessity. The persons executed in Hungary were arrested on suspicion of theft. It was inferred, from the proceedings, that they had been guilty of murder. When questioned in this respect, they confessed the act, from an idea of heroism, as was afterwards determined. They promised even to show the bodies; but on arriving on the ground, not a trace of them could be found, which fact clearly proved, in the minds of the judges, that the gipsy culprits had eaten the same, and the latter were executed forthwith, for cannibalism. In western Europe, dealing in horses and the business of peripatetic smiths are the principal occupations of the male gipsies. They are excellent jockeys, and the animals in which they deal are either stolen, or bought under circumstances precluding the outlay of much money. Now and then the gipsy possesses a good horse, but he generally deals in the sorriest of jades. He depends upon his skill in palming off the most worthless of animals upon purchasers; and that he does not speculate in vain, may be inferred from the common saying, "A gipsy

makes a dying ass gallop." It is also a maxim of their political and social economy, that the law of nature allows them to take as much from others as is necessary for their support, and some of the devices employed by them to give a fictitious value to stolen goods are not a little curious. They do not, however, generally steal near at home; for although the business is considered honorable, it is as disreputable to be caught in the act as it was with the Spartans. One of the most singular things connected with the gipsies is, that they often undertake predatory journeys of four or five years' duration, to distant regions, and return with no small amount of booty, to be foolishly squandered at the first marriage in the vicinity. The zigeuner may usually be seen at the fairs held at stated intervals in Germany. Just before appearing upon the ground with the animals of which they wish to dispose, they generally put their blind and worn-out jades through a preparatory discipline of blows, which induces an abnormal state of activity, too apt to be mistaken for natural vivacity by the purchaser. In other cases an incision is made in some hidden part of the skin, through which the animal is blown up, until he looks plump and fleshy. An application of adhesive plaster prevents the air from escaping. These roguish propensities, however, do not prevent people from trading with the gipsies—principally from the fact that they deal in cheap articles. Every Jew will cheat when it is possible, and yet the Jews have lived by trade for many centuries. The gipsies are also known throughout western Europe as the makers and venders of various rude culinary articles.

Such is their distaste for agricultural pursuits, that they prefer any other employment to that of tilling the soil. In Hungary they were, until recently, employed as hangmen and executioners, recommended probably by their assiduity and invention in torturing those submitted to their tender mercies. They still follow the same business in certain parts of Transylvania.

Demidoff gives a curious account of a public employment of the tsigans at Kerteh, in the Crimea. This place, like all eastern cities, is infested with an enormous number of dogs, who furnish an incalculable amount of bark for creatures that look so indescribably

wretched. Their only occupation, besides that of acting as scavengers in the streets, where they live and die, is to disturb the rest of weary travelers, and it is affirmed that they will even keep their jaws working long after the power of utterance has ceased. Aware of the advantages of municipal regulations, they divide each city into a number of quarters, inhabited and policed by distinct clans, and woe to the unfortunate cur who ventures beyond a given line, be it from the prospect of a stolen bone, or an unwarrantable spirit of adventure. In the city above-mentioned, the tsigans are employed to check the increase of these vagrants by an occasional work of carnage. One of their number, invested, on the occasion, with the dignity of a public officer, and consequently dressed up in some cast-off military coat, perambulates the streets, dragging after him the carcass of a dog clubbed to death the night before. In this way he visits the different wards of the city, always keeping a sharp look-out; for beneath his garment he carries a heavy bludgeon—a weapon fatal to the canine race. No sooner does this executioner show himself in the streets, than a horrid yell immediately breaks out on all sides from the republic of dogs, who recognize their destroyer, or perhaps their victim. They rush forth from the houses, from the gardens on all sides, pursuing the imperturbable tsigan with their infuriated barking. The latter proceeds steadily and quietly, until one of the enraged pursuers come within reach of his bludgeon. As quick as lightning the blow comes down with merciless precision, and a Trojan is stretched by the side of some lamented Hector. In the evening, the tsigan, after a good day's work, goes before the magistrate, and stretches out a hand stained with such or such a number of deaths. Every fractured skull brings him the sum of twenty-five copeks.

In the east it is customary to shear, partially, camels, mules, and donkeys, both for ornament and greater cleanliness. The custom was introduced into Spain by the Moors. The operation is performed upon the last-mentioned animals by the gipsies, or gitanos, as they are termed in Spain, and persons devoting themselves to this employment are called *esqualadors*.

The manner of shaving the face, still

in vogue in various parts of Europe, was also introduced by the Moors from the east, where the profession of the barber and that of the physician are united in the same august individual. I have often met with professional brethren in the orient, whose single instrument, a Turkish razor, was used alike for shaving, circumcision, blood-letting, and the removal of tumors. To increase the artistic effect, the *esqualadors* of Spain do not remove the entire capillary coat from the sides and backs of the animals, submitted to their *cachas* or shears. It is an art, and many of the gitanos earn a livelihood by roaming about the country as *esqualadors*.

"I'll rise to-morrow, bread to earn,  
For hunger's worn me grim;  
Of all I meet, I'll ask, in turn,  
If they've no beasts to trim."

Moreover, it is not alittle diverting to watch the cunning hand of one of these tonsorial artists, toiling to reproduce, upon the lateral or dorsal surface of a patient donkey, reliefs and figures that would not have been out of place on Achilles' shield.

The gipsies have their music, their songs, and dances. They are best known to the world as wandering minstrels—music being to them a source of pleasure and of profit—and it is in this light that we shall obtain the clearest insight into their character.

We can no more conceive of a race of people springing up and existing without music and song, in which to embody their sentiments, than we can of a sylvan forest without singing-birds, and it is in their songs and collateral traditions that we catch the truest reflection of their physiological and national history. The literature of ballads and traditions is humble but natural. No poet has sent them forth with his sign and seal; no jealous author claims them as his own. They belong to all who listen to them, to all who find in them a reflection of their own love or joy, or sorrow, vibrating in the air like the warbling of birds, and lodging a sweet thought where the more labored productions of the human mind sweep by unappreciated in their ambitious *essor*. Their literature, although as ancient as the human race, is neither taught in schools nor crowned by academies; the flowers of human thought, which it embodies, spring up, no one knows where, or at what hour. Its materials, as rich

and varied as those of the tissues displayed in the bazaars of the orient, have been collected and woven by unknown hands, it may have been under a Bedouin tent—it may have been in the smoky cabin of the Northman.

The literature of national ballads is as useful and beautiful as it is natural. Nature is in all time the refuge of wounded souls; and song, impassioned or subdued, of majestic strength or winning softness, leaps from the heart under a strong impression, as the living water leaped from the rock under the rod of Moses.

The printing-press, scattering its leaves of thought along all the ways of life, has, to a great extent, put an end to those social and honest pleasures of our ancestors, which had their origin in song and oral narration, their subject matter being the wild legends that had floated down upon the sea of tradition. Happy times those, when virtue was always made to triumph over vice; when devils and witches were disarmed by a single sign of the cross; when cold conventionalism had not yet frozen up the fountains of pleasure, and gold not yet imparted its yellow haze to all the beautiful tints of social life. Happy auditors, who were charmed with those naïf ideas and marvelous inventions, who could listen to the stories of maidens carried away by false knights, but ultimately brought to the arms of their true cavaliers by the miracles of the genii.

The happiest moments of my life have been spent in listening to the tales of the gipsies, or to the wild legends of the Arabs, seated beneath the trembling stars, in a dusky group of those untamed sons of the desert.

In the national song and dance are generally embalmed the sentiments and usages of ancient times; and in connection with tradition, they are repositories of historical truth not to be neglected.

Pass out from Athens on the evening of the 1st of April, along the Piræus road, until you reach the Temple of Theseus, at no great distance from the ascent to the Acropolis. Near at hand is the Hill of Mars, and the gently-rising ground, upon which the oldest temple of hero-worship is built, stretches up to the Pnyx. The open space between the Agora of the ancient Athenians is now converted into a field of wheat. I have often visited the spot, when the

silence was unbroken, and no human being was near, save the guardian of the temple, and an Albanian shepherd watching his flock on the Hill of Mars. But on this occasion, crowds of Athenians assemble there long before the sun rests upon Argina, and gilds with his departing rays the Parthenon and Erectheum perched proudly on that magnificent pedestal, the Acropolis. All Athens repairs to that fabulous spot as her citizens did centuries ago, to listen to the harangues of her great orator. You see before you a curious mosaic of all the tribes and nationalities of Greece, but none of the garlands and processions of ancient times. There are the fine forms, the classic features of Greek women, beautiful enough to have served as models for the Cariatides, and the splendid outlines of the Hellenic face, united with a bearing which no one but a Greek can assume. The aged Athenians repose on the marble seats ranged on the southern side of the temple of Theseus—the seats which are said to have once been occupied by the judges of the Areopagus. The groups of young men and maidens are threading the mazes of a dance, which is at once unique, national, and historical. Ask one of them why they came there on that occasion, and they can only tell you, that it is in obedience to an ancient custom. They only know that their fathers did so before them. But that is the ancient Pyrrhic dance which you look upon, and the *stete* around the columns of the temple of Theseus shows how the usages of a people can traverse centuries.

Let us change the scene from Athens to a city beyond the Danube, to Bukarest, the gay and luxurious capital of Wallachia. It is evening, and there are also merry groups assembled on the banks of the Domboritzza, whose waters, a Roumanian poet has said, no one can leave after he has once tasted their marvelous sweetness. They, too, are dancing, but it is the *hora romanesca* to gipsy music. There are female figures of bewitching grace and beauty; but the splendid forms and dignified bearing of their companions remind us strongly of the ancient Romans. They also speak a language that would have been understood by Cicero. The Hæmus, old Danubias, and the distance of many hundred miles intervene between fair Italy and this ancient Dacian

province. The tramp of Roman legions was once heard along the Ister, and Roman camps grew to populous cities on its banks. Seventeen centuries have, however, elapsed since the tide of Roman conquest was swept back by the waves of barbaric invasion, and yet the simple dance of these Wallachian peasants on the banks of the Domboritz brings before us the most celebrated chorographic entertainment of the ancient Romans. Youths and maidens join hands and form a large ring, in the centre of which are our gipsy musicians, called *lautari* in the *lingua romanesea*. One of the circle sings during the dance, and the songs on these occasions, termed *horas* as among the Latins, are of singular force and beauty. The ring of dancers undulates from right to left, and left to right, and when it breaks up in a feigned *melée*, the young men seize by the waist and bear away the blushing and struggling maidens, as their Roman ancestors once did the Sabine women.

Strange that the simple thoughts and customs of a people should have been so immortalized, by song and the dance, as to leap across ages and survive convulsions that have overthrown the proudest monuments of genius and art. That which is most labored and heralded forth with most pomp is not always remembered longest. In the quarries of Pentelicus I deciphered names scratched carelessly upon the marble by workmen more than two thousand years ago. The slave, who hewed from the quarry the rough block, has left us at least the legacy of his name, far more, in most instances, than he who chiseled the same to a form of beauty, and almost imparted life to the pulseless stone. The scholar need not despise the song, the dance, and the legend. There is a mine of literary wealth in them all, from the war-song and mythological epic of the Greeks to the love ditty of the Esquimaux; from the wild ballad of the Northmen to the plaintive verse of the gipsies. There is something in the condition and manner of life of the latter peculiarly favorable to the growth of a wild, poetical feeling. These cannot be more graphically set forth than in "The Gipsy Girl," by Cervantes, the most popular work of that author in his native country. It is the speech of a gitano to a Spanish hidalgo. "We are lords of the plains and of the corn-

fields, of the woods and the mountains, the rivers and the springs; the forests yield us wood for nothing; the trees, fruits; the vines, grapes; the parks, game; the gardens, pulse; the fountains, water; the rocks, shade; the clefts in the hills, fresh air; and the caves, houses. For us the keen blasts of heaven are gentle zephyrs; the snows refreshment; our baths are the rain; our music the thunders; our torches the lightning; the strong earth seems to us a bed of the softest down; the tanned hide of our bodies serves as an impenetrable armor to defend us. The fear of losing honor does not weary us; nor does the desire of increasing it keep us wakeful; we neither sustain factions, nor rise, betimes, to present petitions, nor to attend magnates, nor to solicit favors. These sheds and miserable huts we esteem as gilded roofs and sumptuous palaces, and our Flemish pictures and landscapes are those which nature affords us in the stupendous hills and snowy precipices, in the splendid meadows and tangled forests which meet our view at every step. We are rustic astrologers; for as we always sleep beneath the naked sky, we have no difficulty in distinguishing the hours of the day from those of the night. We behold how Aurora sweeps away the stars from the heavens, and how, accompanied by the dew, she comes forth filling the air with gladness, cooling the water and bedewing the earth."

They possess a marvelous flexibility of spirit, united, frequently, with astonishing power of imitation and richness of voice. The gipsy is a born virtuoso. Without the slightest comprehension of musical notes, they can execute a sonnet of Mozart, or a symphony of Beethoven, with wonderful tact and precision after having heard the same but once.

I have often witnessed performances of this kind in the capital of Hungary, where, as before stated, the gipsy performers are held in great repute. The famous Liszt, in his numerous visits to Pesth, did not disdain to collect around him a goodly number of these dusky *artistes* in order to listen to their performance of his Hungarian compositions. The Hungarians and the gipsies of Hungary have in fact the same national; music as the latter, although the children of another clime, love with passion the country of their adoption.

A zigeuner, with a violin under his arm, used to frequent the French theatre at Jassy, and, after the performance, would render the most difficult part of the overture with far more effect than the best *virtuoso* of the orchestra. Most of the Esmeraldas and Preciosas of romance turn out not to be gipsies; but there is no doubt that as a race they have a remarkable talent for music. The names of Sucewá, Barba, and Chiari are familiar in Wallachia and Moldavia, and Milhaly is known as the Magyar Orpheus.

It is said that after one of the great performances of Catalani at Moscow, a gipsy girl stepped forward and enraptured every one present with bursts of angelic melody. The noble Italian threw her arms around the neck of the rustic songstress, and drawing from her own shoulders a magnificent cashmere shawl, a present from the Pope of Rome, she compelled her to receive it, as belonging to the queen of song. The best performances of the gipsies are imitations; but their own verses, which are generally improvised, are often replete with meaning and sentiment.

"The river which runneth with sound,  
Bears along with it stones and water."

The wooing lover thus addresses a weeping gipsy maiden:

"Extend to me thy hand so small  
Wherein I see thee weep;  
For, O, thy balmy tear-drops all  
I would collect and keep!"

A guilty mother beseeches her little infant:

"Pray, little baby, pray the Lord,  
Since guiltless still thou art,  
That peace and comfort be restored  
To this poor, troubled heart."

These snatches of rustic song are also expressive of the melancholy temperament which is peculiar to the gipsy race. Under excitement, however, there is a wildness and incoherency of manner and expression equally characteristic, which is admirably brought out in Goethe's song of the gipsy, of which I give but a single verse:

"Im Nebelgeriesel, im tiefen Schnee,  
Im wilden Wald, in der Mitternacht,  
Ich hörte der Wölfe Hungergeheul,  
Ich hörte der Eulen Geschrei.  
Wille wau, wau, wau!  
Wille wo, wo, wo!  
Wito hu!"

The great simplicity and flexibility of gipsy music render it peculiarly appli-

cable to the dance. This is especially the case in Hungary and Poland. The rustic gipsy band is called in requisition at every festival, and enlivens the pleasures of every holiday. One often sees the tears coursing down their sunburnt cheeks during the execution of some favorite air. "Call the gipsies," is a common saying in Russia, when society is becoming tedious, and entertainment is wanted. Russian officers are quite as distinguished for their achievements in the ball-room as in the fortress and the camp. During their numerous visits to Wallachia and Moldavia, they have always preferred, for the dance; the music of the gipsy bands of Bucharest and Jassy to that of the superior bands connected with the Russian army. The appearance of a corps of these wandering minstrels at a Wallachian village is the signal for a dance and general oblivion of business and pleasure, save that connected with tripping "the light, fantastic toe."

Even a single gipsy *artiste* is able to set an entire village in motion with his fiddle-bow, "his eye in a fine frenzy rolling;" and, at the first note, those grave and rustic peasants will begin to caper as nimbly as the rocks and trees did to the fabled music of Orpheus.

The musical instruments employed by them in the Danubian principalities, where the gipsy population is greater, proportionally, than in any other portion of the globe, are the cobza, nalu, and tamborine. They are also masters of the violin, and perform with great excellence upon the mosholu—the syrinx of the ancients. This instrument consists of seven reeds arranged side by side, and is of great compass in the hands of a skillful performer. The brother of the Shah of Persia was sent as ambassador to Napoleon I. in 1810, and on his journey home he spent some time at Jassy, the capital of Moldavia. The instrument above referred to has been in use in Persia for centuries; but the Persian was surprised to find it infinitely more powerful in the hands of the uncultivated gipsies of Moldavia.

Of gipsy dances there is a great variety, from the picturesque *romanesca* along the lower Danube, to the fandango and bolero of Spain. In this respect, they are apt to adopt the customs of those among whom they live, but exhibit, notwithstanding, something peculiar and national. The first instruction



that the gipsy girl receives from her mother, and, in fact, the only instruction, is to execute certain graceful but lascivious movements. The gipsy mother, who has lost every trace of grace and beauty, must obtain a livelihood by her wits—by averting the effects of the "evil eye," or telling the *buena ventura*; but as the gipsy girl subsists by her heels, the higher the excellence she can attain in the Terpsichorean art, the greater will be the pecuniary reward attending her exhibitions. We shall revert hereafter to the social life of the gipsies, and show that there is far more chastity and virtue within their rude tents than in the palaces of civilization. Their movements and exposures in the dance, however, are not of the most modest character. They are not unlike those of the famous ghawazee of Egypt, who are, at the same time, courtesans and *artistes*, and whom the traveler Niebuhr has mistaken for gipsies.

The national dance of the gipsies, when seen by night in an encampment of squalid tents, has a wild and startling effect. The group is seated around the fire which has cooked their evening meal, and whose flickering rays reveal the picturesque features of those simple children of nature. They listen silently to the music, which is their perennial entertainment. Presently a wild female form darts forward to commence the dance. She is scantily dressed, and the rags drawn around her bosom envelope an infant of tender age. Placing her hand upon her lips, she moves quickly right and left, advancing and retiring in a sidelong direction. The music becomes quicker, her movements increase in rapidity, and the clapping of hands and cries of her dusky companions rouse her to a frenzy of excitement. Her gestures are impassioned,

her eyes fiery, and the hair stands erect upon her head. She utters rapidly strange words of an unknown tongue, to a tune still more strange and uncouth. The tawny infant seems to be inspired with the same fiend, and cries, and foams at the mouth, like the mother. The dam snatches the infant from her bosom, throws it in the air, and allows the creature to fall into her outstretched arms. Her voice falters, her movements become less rapid, and, overcome by exertion and excitement, this unearthly song and dance terminate amid the frantic shouts of her companions.

Theft, generally on a small scale, is so peculiar to the gipsies, that it takes, perhaps, the highest rank among their employments. Though having no knowledge of the Greek verb *kleptein*, they conjugate and decline it in all possible moods and tenses. The reason given by the gipsies for their remarkable proclivity to theft, is as follows: The impression prevails throughout the east, that it was the gipsies who crucified the Saviour. Their account of the affair is, that a gipsy assisted on that sorrowful occasion. Four iron nails were brought to Calvary for the purpose of attaching our Saviour to the cross. The gipsy, thinking that it might be done equally well with three, stole the remaining one, and since that day the tsigans have been notorious thieves. Music, with all its refining influences, has not cured them of this predilection.

*Par parenthèse*, "the melody of sweet sounds" appears to have but little moral influence, however much it may soothe the feelings in respect to things both good and evil. Rome burned to the tune of a violin; and Lorenzo, who so apostrophized the sweet power of music, did not hesitate to give "many vows of faith, and ne'er a true one," to pretty Jessica.

## EMERSON ON ENGLAND.\*

THE position of Mr. Emerson in our literature is so well-defined and established, that it no longer excites to controversy. His characteristics, as a thinker or writer—his peculiar points of view—and his method of conveying them—his keen insight—his utter want of logic—his limpid, racy style—his occasional obscurities—in short, his merits and defects, whatever we may think of them, are known, and demand no further comment. We say that he is Emerson, and have described him. Now and then, a half-crazy dyspeptic, like Gilfillan, fires off a pop-gun at him, but no one hears the report nor cares for it, and the unconscious object of it still walks forward with his serene and lofty smile.

This position of Emerson, it is worthy of note, he won soon after his first appearance, and has steadily maintained, without material increase or diminution, up to the present time. His little book on "Nature" revealed to discerning minds all that he has since done. He is to them no greater now than he was then. His last and seventh volume is no better than his first. There is more richness and mellowness of style in it, perhaps, but otherwise it is the same. Nor does this seeming want of growth argue any defect of genius. Quite the reverse. Goethe used to say of Schiller that if you separated from him for a week you would be astonished, on meeting him again, by his prodigious strides in advance; but the reason was that Schiller did not begin as a master. He presented himself as a pupil, and you afterwards saw the steps of his progress. Mr. Emerson, on the other hand, slipped into the arena with a native control of his powers and resources. He did not have to learn the use of his tools by using them: he was born to their use. His intellect, from the outset, appeared so clear, so penetrating, so fresh and so capable, that it promised everything that it has since performed. It prepared us by its immediate qualities against future surprises. Of every new manifestation of it, we feel that it is just what we expected. Some minds suffer a kind of ebb and flow in their inspira-

tions—are now dull and depressed, and then glowing with life; and there are others which possess a steady, permanent action, like crystals which are brilliant in every light, or like stars which shine forever. Our author's is of the latter sort.

In this work on England, we see Mr. Emerson in a new field and in a new atmosphere, but it is the same Emerson. His theme is a much larger one than he has before tried, but he treats it in the old vein. In the language of the arts, we may say, that what he has hitherto tried in kitcat and cabinet sizes, he now essays in the broader historical style. The old manner is, however, retained. The practical, concrete life of England is described, but it is described from the high region of philosophy. It is painted (for Mr. Emerson is an artist as well as a philosopher), but it is painted for the thought rather than the eye. We do not mean that there is any want of color or warmth in his picture, because there is an intense reality in it; but it is a reality for the intellect more than for the senses, which the brain touches more than the hand.

John Bull has often sat for his portrait, but never before to a limner so coldly clairvoyant as this. Puckler Muskau and Von Raumer, Philarete Chasles and Bulwer, to say nothing of innumerable lesser artists—Italian, French, German, American and native—have attempted likenesses of him, have given us sketches, more or less exact, of his head, face, and looks; but here is one who dissects him after another fashion; who turns him inside out, exhibiting such bowels as he has, and more than that, trepanns his brain for him to show what texture it is of, and thrusts his hand into his chest to measure the power of the life-pulses. His country, his origin, his achievements in enterprise, and literature—his character and religion—his greatneses, which are many, and his littlenesses, which are no less, are daguerreotyped with a perfectly free hand, and yet with the utmost sincerity.

Few men in this country were better qualified, in many respects, to approach this subject than Mr. Emerson. As a

scholar of wide and various reading, familiar with the results of all the older civilizations, he was already furnished with materials for a wise comparative judgment. Never having been engaged in actual life, whether political or mercantile, he was free from the prejudices which the details of affairs are apt to engender. By habit and training accustomed to the formation of general opinions, seeing things in their broader relations, by the pure light of the intellect, he was not liable to be warped by his immediate observation, nor to gaze through the discolored mediums of passion. At the same time, a man eminent in his sphere, he was eminently received among men. The most secluded circles of cultivation were open to him, in their friendliest aspects; he saw what he saw in its best guise, but he saw it undazzled by accessory splendors; while he was free to move, in lower everyday walks, himself unobserved, yet observant of all that it was pertinent to note. These were his advantages as an observer; but to opportunity, to sharpness and alacrity of vision, to susceptibility and insight, he joined the ability of utterance. A rare command of the subtler forces of language—a racy, idiomatic, sinewy, yet polished and graceful style, render his methods of expressing himself as charming as they are trenchant and impressive.

But, it should not be disguised, that, in other respects, Mr. Emerson was not precisely the man that the world would have chosen to take the gauge and measure of England's success. As an abstract philosopher, more profoundly moved by the deeper relations of thought and sentiment than by the practical everyday life of men, it was to be doubted whether he would seize the peculiar genius of the most practical of all the nations. It was to be feared that he would dwell more upon the inward springs and sources of their characters than upon their real achievements. The English people are not so much a people of thoughts and sentiments as of deeds. They are the most *institutional* people on earth, and, to be comprehended rightly, they must be studied, in their laws and governments as well as in themselves, and in their manners, literature, and religion. Whether Mr. Emerson has done this, we shall, perhaps, inquire in the sequel.

The problem, which our author proposes to himself, after a brief record of an early visit to England, in 1839—during which he saw Coleridge, Landor, Carlyle, Wordsworth, etc.—is, Why England is England? What are the elements of that power which the English hold over other nations? If there be one test of national genius, universally accepted, it is success; and if there be one successful country in the universe, for the last millennium, that country is England. What is the secret of it?

This is a broad question, and in proceeding to answer it, Mr. Emerson first glances at the land itself, in which there is a singular combination of favorable conditions. The climate, which is neither hot nor cold, enables you to work every hour in the year. The soil abounds in every material for work, except wood—with coal, salt, tin, iron, potter's clay, stone, and good arable earth. The perpetual rains keep the rivers full for floating productions everywhere. Game of every kind animates the immense heaths, and the waters spawn with fish. As an island, it occupies the best stand; for it is anchored just off the continent of Europe, and right in the heart of the modern world. A better commercial position is not on the planet, affording shelter for any number of ships, and opening with the markets of all the world. Yet as a nation, conveniently small, disjoined from others so as to breed a fierce nationality, and still communicating with others, so that the people cannot depress each other, as by glut, but flow out into colonies and distant trade. It is this insular smallness which has influenced the internal culture. For more than a thousand years, the Englishman has been improving his little comfortable farm. The fields have been combed and rolled till they appear to have been finished with a pencil instead of a plow. Every rood of land has been turned to its best use. It is covered with towns, cities, cathedrals, castles, and great and decorated estates. Every corner and crevice is stuffed full, like a museum; every structure is solid, with a look of age, every equipage is rich: the trades are innumerable—and the whole country is a grand phalanstery, where all that man wants is provided within the precinct. Only the skies are very dull, heavy with fog and coal smoke—contaminating the air and corroding the monuments and buildings.

Next to locality, Mr. Emerson refers to the question of race. He does not give in to the modern theory, so ver-bosely expounded by Knox, and Count de Gobineau, of the superior energies of the pure races, but inclines to think that the composite, or mixed races, are the best. The simplest organizations are the lowest—a mere mouth, or jelly, or straight worm; but as organizations become complex, the scale mounts. As water, lime, and sand make mortar, so certain temperaments marry well. The English, at any rate, derive their pedigree from a wide range of nationalities. They are of the oldest blood of the world—of the Celtic, which has an enduring productiveness, and gave to their seas and mountains names which are poems; \* of those Germans, whom the Romans found it impossible to conquer, strong of heart as of hand, and of the fighting predatory Norseman, who impart to them animal vigor, prompt action, steady sense, and wise speech, with a turn for homicide, the composite result being a hardy, strenuous, enduring, and manly tribe. Having all these antagonistic elements in its veins, it is full of blood and of brain; full of fight and of affection; of contemplation and practical skill; of aggressive freedom and fired law; of enterprise and stolidity—with whom "nothing can be praised without damning exceptions, and nothing denounced without salvos of cordial praise."

The Englishman of the present day Mr. Emerson found a capital animal, well preserved, ruddy in complexion, with voracious appetite, and excellent digestion; handsome, when not blotted with over-feeding, combining decision and nerve in the expression of the face; devoted to bodily exercises, to boxing, running, shooting, riding, and rowing; living in the open air, yet putting a solid bar of sleep between day and day; possessed of vast constitutional energy, yet domestic, honest and humane. "The island was renowned in antiquity," he says, "for its breed of mastiffs; so fierce, that when their teeth were set, you must cut their heads off to part them. The man is like his dog. The people have that

nervous bilious temperament which is known by medical men to resist every means employed to make its possessor subservient to the will of others. The English game is main force to main force, the planting of foot to foot, fair play and open field; a rough tug, without trick or dodging, till one or both come to pieces."

From this brief study of their locality and origin, our author turns, by a sudden transition, to a description of the present characteristics of England. His principal chapters are so many essays on "Manners," "Truth," "Character," "Wealth," "Aristocracy," "Religion," "Literature," and the "Times"—added to which is one chapter of personal reminiscences. As essays, they run over with nice observation, sagacious remark, quaint yet pertinent quotation, the most telling truths condensed in a phrase or a metaphor, dry humor, and placid good-nature. Out of every page, we might extract, for the entertainment of our readers, some novel and striking passage, which should contain either a remarkable image, a pleasant fancy, a stroke of wit, or a profound principle. But we shall not follow Mr. Emerson through his kaleidoscopic gallery, where the same materials are ever presenting some new wonder of form, or some new brilliancy of color, contenting ourselves with a few phrases descriptive of his general results, which we gleaned in reading. Speaking of the hard manner of the English, he says: "A sea-shell should be the crest of England, not only because it represents a power built on the waves, but also the hard finish of the men. The Englishman is finished like the cowry or the murex. After the spire and the spines are formed, or, with the formation, a juice exudes, and a hard enamel varnishes every part. The keeping of the proprieties is as indispensable as clean linen. No merit quite counter-veils the want of this, whilst this sometimes stands in lieu of all. 'Tis in bad taste,' is the most formidable word that an Englishman can pronounce. But the japan costs them dear. There is a prose in certain of them, which ex-

\* Which is only true to a small extent. The Celts have had about as much to do with the destiny of England as our Indian tribes have had with that of America. A few of the names of the streams and mountains in England are Celtic, but the large majority of all the names are Saxon, at least nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand. Of ancient and pure Celtic words retained in our vocabulary, only thirty are enumerated, and these relate principally to female and domestic uses.

ceeds in wooden deadness all rivalry with other countrymen. There is a knell in the conceit and externality of their voice, which seems to say, *leave all hope behind.* In this Gibraltar of propriety, mediocrity gets entrenched and consolidated, and founded in adamant. An Englishman of fashion is like those souvenirs bound in gold vellum, enriched with delicate engravings, fit for the hands of ladies and princes, but with nothing in it worth reading and remembering."

The great virtue of the Englishmen, in Mr. Emerson's estimation, is their veracity. They are blunt in saying what they think, sparing of promises, and require plain dealing of others. Of old time, Alfred, the typical Englishman of his day, was called by his friend Asser—*Alfredus Veridicus*—the truth-speaker. The mottoes of the ancient families are monitory proverbs, as *Fare fac*, say do, of the Fairfaxes; *say and seal*, of the house of Fiennes; *Vero nil verius*, of the De Veres. The phrase of the lowest people is "honor bright." Even Lord Chesterfield, with his French breeding, declared that truth was the distinction of the gentlemen. They, consequently, love reality in wealth, power, and hospitality; they build of stone, and they have a horror of adventurers. Connected with this love of truth is a certain grave and heavy demeanor, which disinclines them to light recreations. "*Ils s'amusaient tristement*," said old Froissart, "*selon le costume de leur pays.*" They are very much steeped in their temperament, like men just awaked from deep sleep. They are of the earth, earthy; and of the sea, as the sea-kinds; attached to it for what it yields them, and not from any sentiment. They are headstrong believers and defenders of their opinion, and not less resolute in maintaining their whim and perversity. Their looks bespeak an invincible stoutness. They stoutly carry into every nook and corner their turbulent sense, leaving no lie uncontradicted, no pretension unexamined. The Englishman is a churl, with a soft place, however, in his heart. He says no, and serves you, and your thanks disgust him. "Here was lately a cross-grained miser," adds Mr. Emerson, drawing an illustration from Turner, "old and ugly, resembling in countenance the portrait of Punch, with the laugh left

out, rich by his own industry, skulking in a lonely house, who never gave a dinner to any man, and disdained all courtesies, yet as true a worshiper of beauty in form and color as ever existed, and profusely pouring over the cold minds of his countrymen, creations of grace and truth, removing the reproach of sterility from English art, catching from their savage climate every fine hint, and importing into their galleries every tint and trait of summer cities and skies, making an era in painting, and, when he saw that the splendor of one of his pictures in the Exhibition dimmed his rivals, that hung next to it, secretly took a brush and blackened his own."

It is this love of reality, joined to an intense confidence in the power and performance of his own nation, which makes him not only incurious about other nations, but repulsive to them. He dislikes foreigners, but he is no less disliked by them. An English lady on the Rhine, hearing a German speaking of her party as foreigners, exclaimed, "No, we are not foreigners; we are English; it is you that are foreigners!" The English have not only a high opinion of themselves and a poor one of everybody else, but they are given to brag, often unconsciously, of their own exploits. "The habit of brag runs through all classes, from the *Times* newspaper, through politicians and poets, through Wordsworth, Carlyle, Mill and Sydney Smith, down to the boys of Eton. In the gravest treatise on political economy, in books of science, one is surprised by the innocent exhibition of unflinching nationality." In a tract on Corn, an amiable and accomplished gentleman (William Spence) writes thus: "Though Britain were surrounded by a wall ten thousand cubits in height, still she would as far excel the rest of the globe in riches as she now does, both in this secondary quality, and in the more important ones of freedom, virtue, and science." Bull is apt to make his heavy fun over the national vanity of Jonathan; but Jonathan is only a distant imitation of himself.

Meanwhile, one of the finer sides of their strong nationality is that love of the domestic circle, which has rendered the English home proverbial for its sanctity, its purity, its sweetness, and its comfort. "Born in a harsh and



wet climate, which keeps man indoors whenever he is at rest, and being of an affectionate and loyal temper, he dearly loves his home. If he be rich, he buys a demesne and builds a hall; if he be in middle condition, he spares no expense on his house. Without, it is all planted, within, it is wainscoted, carved, painted, curtained, hung with pictures, and filled with good furniture. 'Tis a passion, which survives all others, to deck and improve it. Hither he brings all that is rare and costly, and with the national tendency to sit fast on the same spot for many generations, it comes to be, in course of time, a museum of heirlooms, gifts, and trophies of the adventures and exploits of the family. He is very fond of silver plate, and, though he have no gallery of portraits of his ancestors, he has of their punch-bowls and porringers." "England produces, under favorable conditions of ease and culture, the finest women in the world; and as the men are affectionate and true-hearted, the women inspire and refine them. Nothing can be more delicate without being fantastical—nothing more firm and based in nature and sentiment, than the courtship and mutual carriage of the sexes. The sentiment of Imogen, in Cymbeline, is copied from English nature; and not less the Portia of Brutus, the Kate Percy, and the Desdemona. The romance does not exceed the height of noble passion in Mrs. Lney Hutchinson, or in Lady Russell."

Among other qualities of the English on which Mr. Emerson dilates, is the absolute homage they pay to wealth, which they esteem a final certificate of all worth. In exact proportion is the reproach of poverty. Sydney Smith said poverty is infamous in England. The ground of this pride in wealth is the prodigious labor by which it has been accumulated. The Englishman sees in it whole centuries of invention, toil, and economy. He derives from it an ideal perfection of property—the vastest social uses—miracles of luxury and enjoyment. Yet there is, also, an increasing danger lest this servant should become his master. The wealth of England has led to an intolerable despotism of expense. Not the aims of a manly life, but the means of meeting a ponderous outlay, is the end placed before a youth, emerging

from his minority. A large family is reckoned a misfortune. At the same time there is a preposterous worship of aristocracy in England, though the aristocracy, which has not been without its uses in disciplining manners and fostering the fine arts, is now decaying. The old Bohuns and De Veres are gone; but lawyers, farmers, and silk-mercers lie *perdu* in their coronets, and wink to the antiquary to say nothing. As to the Established Church of England, Mr. Emerson considers it pretty much a sham, having nothing left but possession, where people attend as a matter of good-breeding, but with no vital interest in its proceedings. The literature of the nation, however, is stronger and truer, showing the solidest sense, the most earnest labor, the roughest vigor, and the readiest mechanical skill. But, excepting the splendid age of Bacon and Shakespeare, English literature has not attained the loftiest heights. It is too direct, practical, hard, unromantic, and unpoetic. It has accurate perceptions, takes hold of things by the right ends, but it must stand on a fact. A kind of mental materialism runs through it. Plain strong speech it likes better than soaring into the clouds. Even in its elevation, its poetry is common sense inspired, or iron raised to a white heat. "The bias of Englishmen to practical skill has reacted on the national mind. They are incapable of an inutility, and respect the five mechanic powers even in their song. The voice of their modern muse has a slight hint of the steam-whistle, and the poem is created as an ornament and finish of their monarchy, and by no means as the bird of a new morning, which forgets the past world in the full enjoyment of that which is forming. They are with difficulty ideal; they are the most conditioned men, as if, having the best conditions, they could not bring themselves to forfeit them. Every one of them is a thousand years old and lives by his memory; and when you say this they accept it as praise. Nothing comes to the book-shops but politics, travels, statistics, tabulation, and engineering, and even what is called philosophy and letters is mechanical in its structure, as if inspiration had ceased, as if no vast hope, no religion, no song of joy, no analogy existed any more." "Squalid contentment with conven-

tions, satires at the names of philosophy and religion, parochial and shop-till politics, and idolatry of usage betray the ebb of life and spirit. As they trample on nationalities to reproduce London and Londoners in Europe and Asia, so they fear the hostility of ideas, of poetry, of religion—ghosts which they cannot lay; and having attempted to domesticate and dress the blessed soul itself in English broadcloth and gaiters, they are tormented with fear that herein lurks a force that will sweep their system away. The artists say 'nature puts them out; the scholars have become an ideal.' Poetry is degraded and made ornamental. Pope's verses were a kind of frosted cake; Sir Walter Scott wrote rhymed travelers' guides to Scotland; Tennyson is factitious, 'climbing no mount of vision.' Hallam is a learned and elegant scholar, rich and wise but retrospective; Dickens prepares London tracts, generous but local; Thackeray thinks we must renounce ideals and accept London; and the brilliant Macaulay explicitly teaches that good means good to eat or good to wear, material commodity. The exceptions to this liminary tone of thought are Coleridge, who was a catholic mind; Wordsworth, whose verse was a voice of sanity in a worldly and ambitious age, and Wilkin- son, the editor of Swedenborg, in the action of whose mind is a long Atlantic roll, not known except in deepest waters."

We should like to go on thus culling fine and sharp things from Mr. Emerson's pages; but if we should, it would leave us no space for the few words that it is necessary to say, in the way of a general estimate of his performance. As a collection of apothegms on England, of which each one has a species of diamond clearness, and value, his book is exquisitely rich. Never in history have so many discriminating sentences been uttered about any people. But, as a whole, it does not entirely satisfy us, for the want of a certain gradation, or proportion in the parts, which gives harmony. The author's mind, being essentially instinctive, and not discursive or logical, he sees things absolutely rather than relatively, and in their kinds and not in their degrees. This is evident in the very form of his book, which has no organic structure, but is a miscellany of remarks on one

topic. Whether you begin at the last chapter or the first—at the bottom of the page or the top, it is almost equally intelligible and equally interesting. There is no progress or march of thought in it—no rising and falling of the flood—no grand or rapid modulations—in a word, no growth—but an incessant succession of discharges as in a *feu de joie*. Each paragraph has its own independent validity, and would be just as good elsewhere, and in another chapter. As in *staccato* passages of music, each note is pointed, distinct, and of equal value, and when long continued gives the ear a painful sense of a want of variety and contrast. Mr. Emerson tells us an infinity of truths about John Bull; but he does not furnish us what the Frenchmen call an impression *d'ensemble*. He has anatomized him, but forgotten to organize him afterwards. He is like a painter who should make a most careful study of the several parts of his subject on different pieces of canvas—a head here, a leg there, and a torso in another place—and then fail to bring them together into one. Each study may be perfect; but what we want to see is the complete man. We want to see him as he moves and breathes in his multiplied relations. Mr. Emerson writes memoirs to serve, and not a biography. He nowhere lays hold of the central idea of English life. It is too vast, he confesses—a myriad personality. In the absence of this organic unity, not a few of his representations seem to contradict each other, because they are not qualified one by the other. His Englishman is more than a compound of antagonistic elements—he is a bundle of confusions. He loves truth above all things, and yet willingly immerses himself in fictions. He is a pink of propriety and full of freaks. His individuality is intense, and he cringes to aristocracy. He detests humbug, while he gladly worships a humbug church, a humbug nobility, humbug laws, and humbug newspapers; and his mind is an arrested development, though it sprouts in the greatest men that the world has seen for five hundred years. It is difficult, we admit, to penetrate the spirit of a nation, as if it were a single hero; but it is not impossible to a mind which is able to generalize as well as discern. There are in every nation, as in every race, some traits which are

central, and others only circumferential; some which are leading and determinative, and others which are merely superficial, and these, we presume, may be easily separated and combined into a living whole. In this regard, we may say, that "*English Traits*" answers admirably to its name, but it does not so completely answer the question of the opening chapter—Why England is England? It hints innumerable answers, but leaves the reader undecided as to which one or which dozen of these is the master-key of the problem.

What strikes the casual visitor to England most deeply, is the prodigious and compact activity of the nation, and the wealth which it has thereby accumulated, taken in connection with the extreme brutality and degradation of the more numerous classes. We remember, for ourselves, that a great deal of the anticipated pleasure of a tour in the old country, was dashed, on the evening of our arrival at Liverpool, by the sight of the multitudes of stolid and hopeless poor, who seemed to crowd every alley. Nor was it otherwise in the manufacturing towns, or even in the agricultural districts. We were charmed by the rural beauty, we were dazzled by the urban opulence—but behind those trim hedges we could not help seeing the pale and skulking forms of the wretched cotters, and from beneath those munificent piles of masonry we heard the groans of the toiling millions. We found afterwards plenty of misery and indigence in the cities of France—plenty in Italy—and plenty in Germany—but nowhere did it seem so utterly miserable, and so imbruted in its misery, as in England. In the nations of the continent it is relieved by a gay vivacity of temper and by a greater picturesqueness of costume and custom; but in England, it is a sombre, stolid filthy sub-animal debasement. But among these classes Mr. Emerson does not appear to have tarried. "Cushioned and comforted in every manner," he says, "the traveler rides as on a cannon ball, high and low, over rivers and towns, through mountains, in tunnels of three or four miles at near twice the speed of our trains—reading quietly the *Times* newspaper," and we can, from his book, readily believe that such was his method of progression. We doubt whether he laid his ear anywhere to the great heart of the people, to hear what

they might have to say of the greatness and glory that was round about them. In fact, society as such, the relation and conditions of its several components, did not occupy much of his attention—though the social organization of England is one of the most peculiar and profoundly interesting of human phenomena.

A larger experience of this society would have saved him from some very singular misjudgments. When he commends the personal independence and freedom of Englishmen, for instance, when he says that each man walks, eats, drinks, shaves, dresses, gesticulates, and in every manner acts and suffers in his own fashion, he must draw his inferences from a narrow circle of intellectual men, and not from the community at large. Next to the extreme squalor and stupidity of the lower classes in England, what impresses the stranger most painfully is a certain despotism of opinion, which produces the utmost conformity in manners and conduct. In Paris, Vienna, Rome, and even New York, one does feel that he can do pretty much as he pleases, except to talk against the *peculiar* despotisms of each; but in London—wilderness as it is—you must dress, walk, and talk by the card, or you are either nobody or a notoriety. A friend of ours, who in his continental and Egyptian campaigns had sedulously avoided the barber, arrived at Dover in his hirsute condition, and, from the moment that he landed until he stepped on board of the Pacific at Liverpool, was as conspicuous an object as a traveling menagerie. At the eating-houses he was stared out of countenance by the wonder-smitten insulars (and it takes a great deal to make John look up from his dinner), and in the streets he was run after by the little boys, who called to their companions to come and see the Frenchman. This was before the Great Exhibition had made the beard somewhat familiar, and a long agitation of the subject, by the newspapers, had modified the prevailing prejudice. Another friend, a merchant who had long worn a mustache in New York, having some business to transact in "the city," was careful to remove every vestige of hair from his lips, lest it might damage his credit with the plutocrats of the great metropolis. These small incidents we use to show the utter intolerance of eccentricity in England. Rich men and

the privileged classes who step beyond the prescribed limits of propriety, are endured, but anybody else who might do so, would become instantly an object of the most unpleasant remarks. There are no greater slaves to fashion in the world than the English. You must live in a certain style, and dress in a certain mode, and be acquainted with certain people (generally belonging to the aristocracy), or you are neglected, if not despised. It is this obsequious deference to a peculiar standard which has given rise to that peculiar order of apes, which the slang literature denominates, snob. It is an order so numerous and so powerful that much of the best modern wit, from Thackeray and Jerrold down to Punch, finds its chief nutriment in the exposure of it. Of course there are snobs everywhere, but London is their warren and city of refuge. Elsewhere they are vagrant and exceptional instances; but in London they are quite the rule. They are bred in the highly artificial structure of society there, and feed upon it like grubs.

Whatever the defects of English character, however, there is one thing to be said of the nation—that it has acquired a more durable and substantial civilization than any other of the Old World. Composed essentially of the same races as the northern continental nations, and beginning in the middle ages with essentially the same institutions, it has developed itself into a nobler strength. We wish Mr. Emerson had gone more deeply into the historical causes of this difference. There is no more interesting speculation now attracting the study of philosophic genius. Any one who will recall the condition of Germany, France, and England, during the great transition period from ancient to modern society, from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, inclusive, will be struck by the remarkable similarity of their laws, customs, maxims, and morals. There was, of course, a vast diversity in details—but the general arrangement, the general spirit, the general tendency was the same. Government was managed on the same principles—society was divided by the same classes, and there were kings, nobles, clergy, commons, people, and slaves, everywhere—with identical distinctions, as to privileges, rights and oppressions. In other words, feudalism was the prevailing and organic law; and, as De Tocqueville has lately

remarked, in the fifteenth century, the social, political, administrative, judicial, economical, and literary institutions, were more nearly akin to each other than at the present time, when civilization is supposed to have opened all the channels of communication, and to have leveled every obstacle. Even as late as the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Henry VIII. was monarch of England, and Francis I. of France, and Charles II. of the German Empire, there was a marvelous analogy in the condition and prospects of these several powers. But from that time, how diverse the development? Germany, in which the great reformation of thought opened with such signal glory, has attained to no more than a feeble political life. France, after swaying hither and thither between the shocks of successive sanguinary revolutions, is still destitute of any genuine constitutional freedom, while England alone, with few revolutions, and these neither protracted nor bloody, has reached something like freedom and prosperity. What have been the causes of this?

It is not our intention to attempt the answer, merely suggesting it as the life-task of some as yet unknown Guizot, or Hallam; but we may remark, that none of the English speculators themselves, who ascribe so much influence to the mirrored character of their government, seem to us to have adequately stated or treated the problem. The artificial equipoise, which it has maintained between the several estates or orders, has been a fact of prime importance; but they have not always recognized the real ground of its importance. Or, in other words, the importance of that fact rests upon another fact contained in it, which is the larger infusion of the democratic element in English institutions than in those of the continent. The popular life which has ever and anon forced itself into the government, has kept the political atmosphere sweet and wholesome. It is owing to this that the absolutism of the monarch has been restrained, the selfishness of the nobles withheld from an extremity of corruption, and the middle classes lifted into wealth and intelligence; but it cannot be concealed, at the same time, that the lowest classes in England are so debased and forlorn, because they have not yet been made partakers of the com-

mon political life. England has prospered more than other nations, because, more than they, she has recognized the humanity of her people; but in so far as she has failed to recognize it, she has been smitten, like others, with barrenness and evil. Her mixed constitution has proved itself a better device than despotism, not because balances and counterpoises are the ultimate or perfect form of government, as many Eng-

lishmen suppose, but because of the element of freedom in it, and the true inference is, that a larger measure of that element would prove itself better still. In the transition from feudalism to freedom, a mixed government affords an easier and safer passage than any absolute form; but a mixed government can never be anything more than a transition, while democracy alone is final.

### DONE FOR.

#### A FRONTIER BALLAD.

A WEEK ago to-day, when red-haired Sally  
Down to the sugar-bush came to see me,  
I saw her checked frock coming down the valley,  
Far as anybody's eyes could see.  
Now I sit before the camp-fire,  
And I can't see the pine-knots blaze—  
Nor Sally's pretty face a-shining,  
Though I hear the good words she says.

A week ago to-night I was tired and lonely—  
Sally had gone back to Mason's fort;  
And the boys by the sugar-kettles left me only—  
They were hunting coons for sport.  
By there snaked a painted Pawnee,  
I lay asleep before the fire—  
He creased my two eyes with his hatchet,  
And scalped me to his heart's desire!

There they found me on the dry tussocks lying,  
Bloody and cold as a live man could be;  
A hoot-owl on the branches overhead was crying,  
Crying, Murder to the red Pawnee.  
They brought me to the camp-fire,  
They washed me in the sweet white spring—  
But my eyes were full of flashes,  
And all night my ears would sing.

I thought I was a hunter on the prairie,  
But they saved me for an old blind dog;  
When the hunting-grounds are cool and airy,  
I shall lie here like a helpless log.  
I can't ride the little wiry pony,  
That scrambles over hills high and low;  
I can't set my traps for the cony,  
Or bring down the black buffalo!

I'm no better than a rusty bursted rifle,  
And I don't see signs of any other trail;  
Here by the camp-fire blaze I lie and stifle,  
And hear Jim fill the kettles with his pail.  
It's no use groaning. I like Sally,  
But a Digger squaw wouldn't have me!  
I wish they'd never found me in the valley—  
It's twice dead not to see!



## FOUCAULT, THE ACADEMICIAN.

GENIUS is indeed power: knowledge may be so or not, according to the possessor's character; but true genius, if exercised at all, must be prolific of good or evil. The ruling agencies of man's future, intellectual, and social condition must, first of all, lie coiled in the brain of genius. In looking back, it is easy for us to see how the steam-engine, which is to-day shaping the entire external existence of millions, and indirectly affecting nearly the whole human race, once brooded like a dream over the minds of Papin and Savery, and like a rude reality over the nobler deeps of genius in Black, Watt, Fulton, and Stevenson. What myriads of life-industries were born from the intellectual gestations of Newton and Huygens, Whitney and Arkwright, Guttenburg and Finiguerra, Galvani and Oersted, Senefelder and Daguerre, Jacquard and Perkins, Morse and Spencer. One man may know all existing knowledge without adding the least iota thereto; another may add most potential contributions to knowledge with comparatively a slender outfit of learning; the first merely accumulates the old, while the second creates the new or gives a second human birth to God's wisdom in nature. The power to beget or give birth to new intellectual, emotional or spiritual vitalities, is, if exercised in strict fidelity to its divine legation, the richest source of beneficent influence which can be lodged in human nature. It ranges through many degrees of power and glory, from the mere mechanical inventor to the sublime majesty of Newton or Shakespeare. To genius of whatever grade, when faithful and true to its own inherent laws, let us take heed to render, as is our bounden duty, appropriate reverence and reward.

Leon Foucault, member of the Mathematical and Physical section in the Academy of Sciences of the French Institute, has genius and has used it well. Not genius of the first order, but, if we may judge by what he has done, we should say of the second or third order. While he will never contest the laurels of Laplace or Cuvier, he is clearly entitled to a place of honor among the most accomplished of modern physicists. With his private life and personal char-

acter, we have no purpose to meddle, and, indeed, we know nothing of them. It is as a cultivator of science that he deserves especial notice, and concerning this phase of his career, we have somewhat to say. Four times in the last five years, has this physicist entered the Paris academy, bearing *spolia opima*, and twice has he made apparent to all eyes that Galileo's Parthian arrow against Inquisitorial bigots, "*e pur si muove*," was winged by eternal truth. Such exploits belong not alone to academicians, but every intelligent mind knows how to enjoy and appreciate them.

It seems a strange enigma that the French nation, so prone to fashion, fancy, and frivolity, as to be, by general consent, the acknowledged leader of modes, milliners, and manias, should also be the most mathematical in its genius and culture. D'Alembert, Lagrange (half Italian and half French), Laplace, Biot, Poisson, Monge, Poncelet, Cauchy, and many scarcely inferior names, constitute a mathematical roster, far transcending in real achievement that of any other nation. Even more does the French mathematical culture surpass that of other nations. In all departments of literature, art, and science, a mathematical precision of ideas and expression with a tendency to definite system, are eminently French traits. Who but a Frenchman would have said of a fat woman, "She cubes a metre!" A thousand indications testify that from Biot to the humblest peasant, the entire national mind is radically imbued with the mathematical quality. No method of instruction in geometrical or analytical science, can compete with the French system in educational success, or in the lucid and logical character of its text-books. No series of academic memoirs or transactions is so rich in systematic special dissertations and exhaustive analyses of the leading subjects of mathematical and physical research as is the long array of volumes constituting the *Histoire de l'Academie*, the *Memoires de l'Institut*, and the *Comptes Rendus* of the French Academy. Compare these with the London Philosophical Transactions or with the *Commentarii*, *Acta* and *Memoires* of the St. Petersburg Academy, and how strongly do

English crudity of method and Russian reliance on foreign aid (especially Euler) contrast with the clear, self-sufficient opulence of the Paris academicians!

It seems to us that this enigma of an apparent duality of French nature, finds its solution in the national vivacity of perception. French follies and fancies, no less than Leverrier's mathematical coil wherewith to lasso that great celestial perturbator, Neptune, are distinguished by a certain characteristic vivacity or piquancy, a perfectly clear definition of outline and a strict exclusion of all points not systematically pertinent to the case. A Frenchman generally says precisely what he means to say, and leaves nothing unsaid which can be perceived from his point of view, though, unfortunately, this is seldom the highest. The Englishman gives his meaning in some uncouth and imperfect shape, and is prone to leave out essentials and introduce non-essentials. The German is so busy with first principles and the related erudition that it is fortunate if he keep his real subject matter from evaporating into clouds. The Italian, with enough of fire and vivacity, mainly lacks the Frenchman's systematic grasp. Perspicuity of perception is closely related to logical abstraction. Hence not only are Frenchmen mathematical, but they are abstractionists in politics. The very clearness with which systems of political organization are theoretically apprehended in France, leads to an incorrigible neglect of the manifold matter-of-fact obstacles in the way of political renovations. To grow slowly into a desired organic shape, is not endurable when the shape itself is so clearly apprehended. Hence, efforts to obtain new constitutions are in France spasmodic and unsuccessful, while in England and with us, they are of slow but sure growth.

These remarks are illustrated in Foucault's scientific character, which is purely French in its type. Though not distinguished as a mathematician, he owes most of his successes to the mathematical guise under which he perceives his subjects of research, and the French vivacity with which he grapples them. Whatever subject he chooses for investigation, must yield him some fruit. First defining it clearly to his own mind, and well knowing what has already been discovered concerning it, he is almost certain to find something new.

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The qualities of a thorough physicist unite in him. He has not only the geometrical mode of conception, but a tolerable command of the implements of analytical research. He not only duly apprehends mechanical principles, but he steadily applies them. He has clear conceptions of physical forces. In one point, he specially excels; for none better knows how to form and combine the various mechanical contrivances required in physical inquiries. To this add the skill of an excellent experimentalist and that unrestrained devotion to scientific pursuits which is the academicians' happy lot, and our analysis of Foucault the physicist is completed.

Modern science owes the discovery of its great principles to intellectual magnates like Newton, Huygens, Young, Laplace, Fresnel, Humboldt, Gauss, Bessel, Davy, Dalton, Liebig, Airy, Cauchy, Cuvier, Owen, and Agassiz. Scarcely less are its obligations to the long array of men, less princely in their intellectual endowments, but more prone to ingenious experimentalism. Subtle in observation and ingenious in devising new combinations of physical conditions, they are incessantly evolving minor facts and phenomena, which afford bases for the higher search after principles. A third class, far below these thinkers and devisers, is that of observers. A good observer is a true promoter of science, by furnishing correct elements for generalizations of natural phenomena and modes of action. Observers constitute the rank and file of the great discovering legion, and as such are indispensable. They do not need genius and they rarely possess more than a limited special knowledge. But it is also true that the highest scientific capacity is often allied with the keenest skill of observation. Thus we find the cultivators of science constituting three great classes: mighty men, ingenious men, and men of the senses. Near the dividing line, between the first and second classes, is Foucault. Like Faraday, he communes too freely with ultimate principles, to be esteemed a pure experimentalist, and yet experiment is his constant implement of success. Superior to Wheatstone or Hare by his rigorous subordination of contrivance to principle, he is, doubtless, less remarkable as an experimentalist than Regnault.

To give an idea of all the researches of Foucault is not our purpose: this would scarcely be possible here. His last four experimental successes have, however, such general interest that we are warranted in attempting a brief statement of their nature. We pass by his joint researches with Fizeau on the interferences of red rays traversing very unequal routes, and on the action of red rays on daguerreotype plates; also one with Regnault on binocular vision. His clock with a conical pendulum, and his arrangement for an electric light, must, with many others, pass unnoticed.

It was reserved for Foucault to conduct to a successful conclusion the *experimentum crucis* of optical theory. Newton, in his *Queries*, threw out the elements of that theory of the nature of light, known as the emission, corpuscular or Newtonian theory. This hypothesis holds light to consist of infinitely minute material particles, which are supposed to be projected with the velocity of light from all luminous bodies. Each color is assumed to be represented by a special kind of particle with its own special velocity of projection. These particles are supposed to be attracted by ordinary masses of matter and thus the bending down or refraction of rays, incident on denser transparent media, is explained, and the law of refraction is deduced. The dispersion or unequal refraction of the different colored rays, is ascribed to the unequal attractions of the refracting mass on each colored component of the white beam.

Huygens originated the undulatory or wave theory of light. In this, light is regarded as consisting of waves in a subtle æther or elastic fluid filling all space; just as sound consists of waves in the air or other medium. The laws of wave transmission, though beset with the greatest difficulties in their mathematical analysis, could be easily studied in the familiar case of water undulations, and the far more analogous case of sound transmitted through the air, and thus a firm foothold was obtained for comprehending the mechanism of light on the wave hypothesis. Huygens with great skill applied this hypothesis to the explanation of ordinary refraction and the far more difficult case of double refraction, or the formation of two refracted images of any object,

when observed through Iceland spar. He failed entirely, however, to account for the different refrangibilities of the different colors, though the difference between colors themselves was admirably explained by the different wavelengths experimentally found to belong to each. The solar spectrum and the rainbow resisted all the powers of explanation of the wave theory.

Thus the emission theory seemed triumphant. But Dr. Young gave it a fatal blow when he made his wonderfully sagacious discovery of optical interferences. It was well known that two sounds may produce silence, when two equal sound-waves are so superposed as that the dense part or crest of one wave corresponds to the rarer part or hollow of the other. Dr. Young, adopting the undulatory theory of light, proved that two luminous rays in opposite phases of undulation may, by their superposition, so *interfere* with each other as to produce darkness. A vast fabric of irreproachable explanations of optical phenomena was reared by Young, Malus, and Fresnel, on the basis of this theory of interference of different rays. Its resources seem unbounded, and it has completely and quantitatively unraveled the most complex cases of diffraction, colored fringes, colors of soap-bubbles, and the general colors of natural bodies. Malus discovered that light, by reflection in certain modes, becomes polarized, as it is termed; that is, the beam refuses to be reflected on one particular side, if a mirror, making a constant angle with the beam, be turned as it were around the beam as an axis of revolution. Now this is understood to signify that the waves of a ray of light are transverse like the vibrations of a string. When all the rays of a beam are vibrating in parallel planes, it is polarized. In common beams these planes of vibration intersect each other at all angles. Through all the vast range of phenomena thus indicated, the wave theory has given a firm basis of explanation, while the emission theory seems utterly to fail of effecting a rational grouping of the facts. Until quite recently, however, each had its adherents, though every new fact has militated against the Newtonian and confirmed the Huygenian view.

The corpuscular theory only lacked the *coup de grace*, and this was fairly

given by Foucault in 1850. There was one important point on which these rival theories led to directly opposite conclusions, and in 1839, Arago proposed this point as the basis of an *experimentum crucis*. According to the emission theory, light would traverse dense media more rapidly than it would air or vacuum. The wave theory gives as a result, that light, in traversing dense masses, must be retarded. This antagonism was positive and one theory must be erroneous. But which one? To answer this query, Foucault devised an ingenious apparatus, based on Wheatstone's revolving mirror. Two similar beams of light, in the same vertical plane, were made to pass, one through a long column of water, and one through the air, so as both to fall on the same vertical line of a plane mirror, so attached to a vertical axis as by its means to be made to revolve in horizontal circles with extreme rapidity. Now, the light of both beams starting simultaneously would reach the mirror at successive instants, if one beam were accelerated or retarded, and thence the two reflected flashes would be seen, not vertically above each other, but one would seem in advance. If the water-beam be accelerated, it will be first reflected, and if it be retarded, it will be last reflected, and so would seem to be carried around with the revolving mirror. Foucault tried the experiment in various forms, and the result always indicated an unmistakable retardation of the beam in the water. Hence, the emission theory mathematically leads to a false result, and must itself be erroneous. That the wave theory is a true generalization is now conceded by all competent authorities. It rests on proof of the same nature as does the Newtonian law of gravitation, and this proof has now accumulated to such an extent as to make the demonstration irresistible on all the main features. The unequal refrangibility of the different colored rays alone resists, and, despite the profound researches of Cauchy on this point, we think the truth is not yet all told. Henceforth, however, no man has better reason for advocating the emission theory than for arguing that one plus one make eleven.

We now come to Foucault's famous pendulum experiment, by which he set all the world to bobbing. The elephants and tortoises had long been re-

tired from active duty as earth supporters, and the sky had been lifted from the shoulders of Atlas. That the earth revolved about the sun and its own axis was no longer a heresy punishable by roasting alive. Among those professing science, no danger to mill-ponds was apprehended from their being daily turned bottom side up. The demonstration of the earth's rotation lacked nothing of completeness to such as could follow the proof. Yet, that the earth revolved had not been experimentally made a separately visible thing, and, perhaps, there were some doubting Thomases, who must needs see before believing. Foucault's pendulum experiment must convince even them; for it makes the steady rolling of the earth around its axis, a visible phenomenon, minute by minute, even as the clock-hands indicate the flight of time. First privately, and then at the Paris observatory, Foucault tried his experiment. Finally, the 220 feet pendulum at the Pantheon, with its majestically slow sweeps, exhibited to enthusiastic Paris that the earth turned under the fixed arc of vibration. Thence, throughout the world, a pendulum mania extended, until a monster pendulum threatened to become essential to every respectable household.

We may, perhaps, aid in giving a clear idea of the rationale of this experiment by a simple exposition. Suppose a circular railroad of a hundred feet radius, around which a car is uniformly traveling, on which car, a heavy beam, supported, at its centre of gravity, like a compass needle, is left otherwise wholly free. This beam (if friction and air resistance be nullified) will, instead of turning with the car, remain all the while parallel to itself, simply because no force of rotation would thus be applied to it. To an observer in the car, it would seem to revolve once for each circuit of the car. If this beam be replaced by a pendulum, suspended to the top of the car and vibrating in a given plane, then all the succeeding planes of vibration will be parallel to this plane, because no force would be applied tending to whirl these planes of vibration with the car. Had we an indefinite plane surface, towards which gravity acted perpendicularly, and a circular railroad of any radius thereon, all the above appearances would present themselves unchanged. Suppose this ra-

dus equal to the horizontal tangent line, passing due north from our position on the earth to the point where this line cuts the earth's axis—i. e., equal to the cotangent of our latitude. Suppose, now, this circle cut out of the plane, and split along one of its radius lines to the centre. Proceeding as if we were about making a huge cone for *bon-bons*, suppose the cut radius edges overlapped and closed in till the radius of the base of the cone thus formed bears the same proportion to the railroad radius that the sine of our latitude bears to the earth's radius. This cone will be precisely like the tangent cone to the earth along our parallel of latitude. Now, in this rolling up of our railroad into a circle on a cone, we suppose the action of gravity always perpendicular to the surface at each point of its area; hence no change is effected in the mechanical conditions of the pendulum, but it will still operate the same, relative to a fixed line in the car, or its plane of vibration will still seem to a passenger to be whirling. But in going once around the cone, it will only go partly around the original railway circle—the proportion being as the sine of the latitude to the earth's radius, which is also the portion of a complete revolution that the plane of vibration would seem, to a passenger, to make during one circuit of the parallel. This reproduces the essential mechanical conditions of our daily revolution around the earth's axis; for, obviously, the forces acting on the pendulum have nothing to do with the earth's rotation, except as that transports the pendulum. Hence, the plane of vibration of a freely suspended pendulum must appear to revolve around the vertical through its point of suspension, at a rate equal, daily, to one revolution multiplied by the sine of the latitude. At the pole, where this sine becomes equal to the radius, a complete daily revolution would take place; but at the equator our circular railroad would have an infinite radius and no rotation of the vibrating plane would appear. Such is the simple rationale of the famous pendulum experiment.

Innumerable trials have vindicated this theory and have verified the law of variation with the sine of the latitude. Many modifications of this pendulum device have been proposed, and one of much beauty has been successfully tried. It occurred to Bravais that the

gyrations of a conical pendulum, or one whirling like the arms of a steam-engine governor so as to describe a cone, would be affected by the earth's rotation, and on trial he found his theory correct. The second pendulum at Paris, revolving conically, would lose three seconds a day, when whirling from right to left, and would gain the same when whirling from left to right. No result of the pendulum crusade possessed more elements of interest than the discovery made by the excellent and ingenious Prof. Horsford of Cambridge, relative to the diurnal movements of Bunker Hill monument, due to the successive heating actions of the sun's rays on the different sides. Daily, the summit of that proud pile was found to trace an approximate elliptic orbit of about half an inch major axis, offering thus an homage to the great luminary, far more grand than the moaning wail of the old Memnonian statue. It is as if Webster's eloquent apostrophe had entered the very stones.

We have next to mention Foucault's device called the *gyroscope*; another distinct and admirable method of making the earth's rotation visible. Nearly all are familiar with the gimbal mounting of ship's compasses, to keep them level and steady during the rolling of the vessel. Foucault arranged a heavy torus disc or wheel with an axis of revolution through its centre of gravity, as illustrated in an ordinary grindstone. Having, by a separate arrangement, given a very rapid rotation to this disc, it is transferred, without checking its whirling, to a delicate gimbal mounting, where the rotation continues a long time. This disc is free from the usual constraining forces of common bodies, and there is nothing to prevent its plane of rotation from maintaining the same species of parallelism as the pendulum planes of vibration do. Hence, to an observer, the disc seems to turn on its mountings at a rate varying with the sine of the latitude; and this apparent motion indicates the real rotation of the earth on its axis. An understanding of the mechanical theory of rotations must precede a full comprehension of gyroscope actions; hence this method of exhibiting the earth's rotation, though more subtle and perfect than that by the pendulum, has achieved less notoriety.

Foucault's last announcement in September, 1855, makes known a truly



elegant and significant discovery. It trenches on the most recondite fields of investigation, and gives unlimited promise of future results. The facts are exceedingly simple, but the deductions reach beyond our present imaginings.

On placing the disc of the gyroscope between, and in close proximity with, the poles of an electro-magnet, and giving to this disc a rotation of from 150 to 200 turns per second, it is found that immediately after closing the electric circuit and bringing the electro-magnet into action, the rotation becomes restrained by a constant resistance, as if an invisible friction-brake were applied, until the rotation is entirely checked. So far the discoveries of Arago and Faraday had virtually extended. But now Foucault has found that if force be applied to restore the motion, *there is a steady development of heat in the disc*, dependent on the action of the electro-magnet. This elevation of temperature was so marked that the hand readily perceived it, and, indeed, it ranged from 16° centigrade as high as 40°. The current used was only that from six of Bunsen's couples. By enlarging the battery, and increasing the rapidity of rotation, the results can, doubtless, be intensified quite considerably. In this experiment, we have but to break the circuit and the heating effects disappear.

The significance of this discovery lies in its indication of close relations between the electric current, heat, and mechanical force or labor. They seem to be absolutely convertible into each other. Faraday has succeeded in changing the plane of polarization of light, by subjecting a polarized beam to intense magnetic action. Each year is bringing to light new illustrations of the correlation of all physical forces or agencies, none of which, however, is so remarkable as this last development by Foucault. It possesses special import-

ance, at this time, in its bearings on the doctrine of *mechanical equivalents of heat* which has recently engaged great attention. In its broadest statement, this doctrine declares all natural forces or agencies to be a true unity, and teaches that, when heat, electro-magnetism, gravity, elasticity, friction, muscular action, or, indeed any type of active or passive force is transformed into any other type, it is changed into a certain equivalent amount of the new force, which amount is definite and constant, and that all these force equivalents are in mutual correspondence. The analogy of chemical equivalents may serve to illustrate this formula. Joule has developed the whole doctrine experimentally, and Prof. Tomson has given its analytical exposition. Prof. Barnard of Alabama and Maj. Barnard of the U. S. Engineers, have with signal success applied this theory to the discussion of the caloric or air-engine, especially as combined by Ericsson. A clear apprehension of this fundamental view, might have saved all concerned their forlorn descent from the towering pinnacle of promise to the humble vale of achievement. The production and application of mechanical power are governed by laws too rigorous to permit of legerdemain. Whatever will improve the economy of generating, transferring, or applying motive power may achieve success; but rash ventures in schemes based on the "higher law," are little to be commended. Foucault has contributed much to the proof that all force has a unity of nature, by this simple experimental conversion of electro-dynamic action into heat, itself resulting from mechanical or muscular force. We hail in it the twilight of a better philosophy concerning those subtle agencies which underlie all the workings of nature, and which, by eluding our senses, appeal to the nobler mind within us for their better interpretation.

## MARIA AND HER STORIES.

AT the same house where I lived at Florence, on the same floor, in a room further down the passage, lodged a girl of eighteen or nineteen, slender, generally pale, but with flashing black eyes, and features that were, on the whole, rather pretty. She called herself Maria, was a native of Sienna, and followed the trade of seamstress. As I saw her nearly every day for over three months, we had plenty of opportunities for the exchange of ideas, and I found her an invaluable mine of Italian idioms and Italian credences. For, be it known that Sienna is the place, of all Italy, where the language is the purest; and not only this, but it is a retired little city, somewhat away from the great lines of travel and thought; so that old opinions and superstitions still possess there a perceptible degree of vitality. I collected a small museum of ghost-frights and witch-adventures from Maria's conversation; although such was her timidity and fear of ridicule, that she would only relate these wonders by dint of being delicately coaxed and managed.

She was the most bashful girl that I ever saw—bashful with a kind of nervousness, bashful even to disease—and to the last, she never looked me full in the eyes for more than a lightning-like glance. Her face bent down so as to be half hidden by its own shadow, or by one hand lifted partially over it, she used to prattle Florentine gossip, or relate her astonishing histories. If I looked incredulous, above all, if I laughed, she would stop and declare, with a comical pettishness, that she never would tell me another word.

"Witches? O yes! to be sure there were witches. Why, her mother had told her how—" and here catching a smile upon my face, she came to an indignant stop. "There; now you are laughing at me. I knew you would laugh; I knew you would not believe it. I will not tell you anything more. You shall not laugh at me."

"No, no, Maria. I am not laughing now. Tell me all about it; perhaps I shall believe it. Just tell me the story, and let me see what I think of it."

Then came a most ridiculous narration, how her mother, when a girl, was

very handsome, and thus attracted the evil eye of an old woman of Sienna, who had the name of being a witch. This old woman offered her mother an apple, and pressed it upon her so urgently, that, against her better judgment, she accepted and ate it. Consequently, her mother fell sick, and pined away in such a manner as very much astonished her relatives, until they learned the adventure of the apple, when they immediately understood the cause of her illness. Then her father and brothers went to the old woman's house, and, surrounding her with their knives drawn, said: "Thou hast bewitched our daughter and sister, and deservest to die; but cure her and thou shalt live, and we will promise secrecy concerning thy crime."

So the old woman, in a great fright, went to the chamber of the invalid, and anointed her with some species of ointment which she caused to be prepared for the occasion; after which she kneaded her from head to foot, as you would knead bread, and so brought her out to the family, as smooth, and sound, and handsome as ever. The father and brothers kept their agreement of silence until the witch died, when they felt at liberty to repeat the tale, which had ever since been a current thing at Sienna.

There was a better story of a poor woman who fell partially into the power of Satan through an evil wish. The night following this crime of thought, she was awaked by a tap on the window; and, looking through the glass, she saw a goat which motioned her with one of its fore-hoofs to come out. She was under the influence of some terrible charm; for she neither dared wake her husband, nor keep her place; and so, rising, she slipped noiselessly through the door, and stood before the strangely potent animal. "Wilt thou harm Christ's earth, or his followers?" said the goat.

"I will harm the earth," said the woman, who already repented of her sin, and had no desire to injure her fellow-creatures.

"Then mount on my back," replied the goat. The woman was so constrained by some mysterious power to obey,

that she instantly bestrode the animal, unable to take any other precaution than to cling to its long hair. Immediately the goat went off with the swiftness of wind; springing along the bending surface of the cornfields; leaping from festoon to festoon in the vineyards, and galloping madly over the top of the trees. Wherever his feet struck, they ruined everything; crushing the grain to earth; tearing the vines in pieces; splintering to the roots the strongest olives and mulberries. The miserable rider was bruised and wounded by the crashing branches; her thin robe torn from her in shreds, and her strength exhausted by fatigue and terror; until, after an hour of this fearful aerial gallop, she was brought back to her own door and flung violently from the infernal animal's back. There she lay breathless, unable to move, and with a fearful enchantment upon her of which even she was unaware.

Morning came, and the husband, not beholding his spouse, first called her, then hunted the house over, and finally sought her out of doors. He saw a huge unsightly toad on the threshold, and indignantly kicked it into the bushes. No wife being anywhere discoverable, he hurried to the neighbors and told them of this incomprehensible disappearance of his rib. Of course the poor man's hearth was soon inundated by an assembly of curious gossips, among whom was the pious old priest of the village. As the holy father trotted about the house, peeping into the most improbable localities for finding a woman, he happened to spy, nestled among the bed-clothes, a toad of extraordinary magnitude; so prodigious, in fact, and so abominably ugly, that, in his amazement at the sight of it, the good man incontinently said a *benedicite*. The moment the sacred words were pronounced, the toad changed shape and became the mistress of the house, who immediately proceeded, with many tears and faintings, to tell her lamentable story. She was still dreadfully scratched and pounded from her midnight ride; and had a large bruise on her cheek, caused by the heavy toe of her husband's shoe; so that they were constrained to leave her. The wise father immediately took all the necessary precautions against a second visit from the devil; blessing the house, sprinkling holy water copiously about the grounds, and holding espe-

cial service in the parish church that afternoon. These vigorous measures were, by the favor of the Madonna, perfectly successful; and the fiendish goat never troubled the family thereafter with his nocturnal visits.

Another of Maria's stories struck me as really pleasing, and as affording a subject for a pretty night-picture. She said that a pious, poor man of Sienna went into the church of San Francisco to say his evening prayers; and, being very tired, sat down on a bench against the wall, where he presently fell asleep. The vespers ended; the worshippers passed out; the sexton closed the dim church; yet the sleeper remained at his post. He was awakened at midnight by a glare of light falling across his eyelids. Greatly astonished to find himself napping in so holy a place at such an hour, he was still more amazed at seeing the altar-candles alight with a halo like that around the head of Christ in pictures, while before them a priest, in white robes, was in the act of commencing a mass. But, being a man of pious disposition, and, also, not a little awed by the circumstances in which he found himself, he very reverently joined in the service, making the usual responses, and bowing his knees at the proper time. The priest recited with extraordinary fervor; and our Siennese felt unusually edified and uplifted by the holy words; more so than had ever been the case with him on any previous religious occasion. The mass being ended, the priest noiselessly glided to the sacristy, and entered it, without drawing the curtain, or even shaking it by his passage. The spectator hesitated some time between respect and curiosity, but finally stole to the doorway, and, cautiously pushing aside the drooping linen, peeped into the sacerdotal precinct.

At that moment the priest rose from his knees, with a countenance full of unearthly joy, and turned towards him. The Siennese would have drawn back; but when the other in a low, sweet tone bade him enter, he obeyed, and stood trembling by the door.

"My son," said the priest, "thou art anxious to know why I celebrate this service alone and at this unusual hour. Know, then, that I am a spirit just liberated from purgatory, and by thy means. When I died I had one grievous sin on my soul; and that was

that I had neglected a mass for the repose of one dead; neglected it, too, that I might pass the time in worldly mirth. So Christ condemned me to remain in suffering until I could repeat it in this place, with some faithful Christian to render from his heart the just responses. But until this time no one came; and thus I labored in vain for many years. But now, thanks to thee, and thanks above all to our merciful Lord, I have done my work, and am free to ascend to paradise. The blessing of a purified soul, and the blessing of God be with thee! Amen."

So saying he vanished; leaving his listener wonder-struck, trembling, but, as became a man of his piety, exceedingly joyful at the good which he had been the means of accomplishing. He retired to his bench, and, falling calmly asleep, remained in a gentle slumber until the sacristan discovered him in the morning.

"Did you get this out of a book, Maria?" I asked when the girl had finished her tale.

"No, no. Not out of a book. All the children tell it at Sienna. Everybody knows it at Sienna. And it is true, perfectly true. O, yes!"

Another story of Maria's had been related to her, she said, by a very learned lady of Sienna; from which circumstance I have some fears that it may have already appeared in Italian print. It referred to a night-adventure of a young Siennese musician named Martino, son of sober and devout parents, but a youth of very undutiful, vicious, and irreligious character. Being a great spendthrift, this same scampish Martino not only got rid of all the money that he could earn himself, but of all that he was able to beg from his over-indulgent parents. Late one night he came home from a wine-shop where he had been carousing with ungodly companions, and demanded a score of florins, or some such enormous sum, of his mother. The good woman showed him her empty purse, and remonstrated with him on his evil and prodigal ways; upon which the graceless youth got into a rage, and, catching up his violin, ran out of the house, swearing that he must have money, and that to get it he would play the devil's own tune.

It was late now—the wine-shops were shut, the streets were empty—and Martino found himself alone in a

city of slumberers. He walked on moodily until he came to the Piazza of the Duomo, where he halted in the shadow thrown on the moonlit pavement by the marble walls of the fine old Palazzo Saracini. All the other buildings of the square were dim and silent, as usual at that hour; but the windows of the palace were bright, as if with some ball or other revelry of extraordinary splendor. As he stood before the great portal, a cavalier—a tall dark man, whom Martino had never seen before—emerged from the archway and advanced towards him. He, of course, wore a cloak and a slouched hat. Who ever heard of a mysterious cavalier at that hour of the night, who did not wear a cloak and a slouched hat? But he had a noble port, and a degree of magnificence in his costume which very much imposed upon Martino's eyes, as he came up and faced him.

"Are you going to a revelry at this hour?" said the stranger, pointing significantly to Martino's violin.

"I hope so, in the name of all the saints!" replied the Siennese; "but I very much doubt it. I am a poor man, signore," he added, after another glance at the cavalier's costly cloak. "I would be glad to earn a little money; perhaps your excellency could put me in the way of it."

"Perhaps I could," said the stranger, laughing with a tone which Martino thought rather disagreeable. "Well, come with me. Do exactly as I bid you, and I will give you more money than you ever saw. What do you say?"

"Agreed!" responded Martino, slapping his violin as if he was to take oath upon it. The cavalier gave a sudden stamp on the pavement; the earth and the midnight air seemed to vibrate with a violent shock, and before Martino could cross himself he found that he was inside of what seemed to be a splendid palace. He was astonished at his rapid change of locality, but not unreasonably terrified; for a confused notion came across him that by some legerdemain he had been jerked into a hall of the Palazzo Saracini. The cavalier having disappeared, he amused himself by staring about to see what kind of a place the interior of that famous old family mansion might be. It was magnificent enough, certainly; for there were bronze columns, curtains

of cloth of gold, and all kinds of splendid furniture and ornaments. But it was oppressively warm, so close, indeed, that he found it difficult to breathe; and the floor was heated to that degree that he could feel it unpleasantly through the soles of his shoes. What puzzled him most was to see this brilliant receiving-hall deformed by long rows of curtained bedsteads, from each of which came, now and then, low groans, exactly as if the place had been an hospital crowded with suffering invalids.

"This is odd," muttered Martino, "who ever knew that there were so many sick people inside of the Palazzo Saracini? But, doubtless, I have been brought here to divert them with a little music. I wish it was cooler, though. Who the devil can play a violin in this heat!"

Presently he walked on tiptoe to one of the bedsteads, and took the liberty of drawing the curtains a little to enable him to look within. He was not surprised to discover a man stretched there; but he was very much astonished, indeed, to recognize in him an old acquaintance, a certain graceless elf, named Carlo Dinaccio, who had been drowned in the Arno two years before.

"Why Carlo, friend Carlo!" said he, as soon as he could get breath to speak, "what does this mean? We thought you were dead. How came you in the Palazzo Saracini?"

"Ah, Martino," replied the other in a lamentable tone, "Are you, too, here? Have you, too, left the land of the living and come to these abodes of torture?"

"Left the land of the living!" responded Martino. "Not a bit of it! I am as much alive as possible; and so, it appears, are you."

"This is a great mystery," muttered Carlo with a groan.

"Ay, ay!" said Martino, "you are surprised at my having found you out."

"Martino," resumed the other, "do you know where you are?"

"Exactly, old fellow! I am in the palace of the Saracini in Sienna."

"No, Martino; you are in the palace of Satanasso in hell."

Martino made a great jump into the middle of the room, and came very near knocking out his brains or breaking his fiddle in a sudden fit of desperation. Resuming courage as he looked around

on the splendid hall, he came back to the bedside.

"But, my dear Carlo, supposing things are as you say, hell is not so bad a place after all. You seem to be very comfortable here. It is a little warm, to be sure; but quite endurable, notwithstanding."

"Put your hand into my bed," replied Carlo, "and see if I am so very comfortable."

Martino did as he was directed, and twitched out his fingers considerably scorched. "In the name of God! my dear friend, my dear Carlo, who was that cavalier that brought me here," he screamed, "and how am I to get out of this place? Oh dear me, how hot it is! Oh! I did not know it was half so hot. Oh! for the sake of our old friendship, Carlo, tell me how I am to get out of this place."

Carlo, for a wicked man and a lost spirit, was wonderfully obliging, and gave his friend the best advice, probably, that he was able. "Be quiet," said he, "you cannot escape by force. If you have promised to play at the devil's ball, as I suppose you have, you must fulfill your agreement. But, when he offers to pay you, refuse; at all events, only accept so much as he himself puts in your hand. He who stoops to pick up the devil's gold inevitably drops his own soul."

Scarcely had these excellent admonitions been uttered, when Martino heard himself called by a voice which he recognized as that of the false cavalier. Casting a parting glance of terror and pity on his lost friend, he sprang to the door and met his spiritual guide and discomforter. The devil led him silently through a suit of long halls, magnificently adorned, but all pervaded by the same stifling atmosphere. They entered a vast saloon, crowded with people, and mounted a platform on which the cavalier took a seat, motioning his companion to another. The guests were of both sexes, elegantly dressed, as if of the highest rank; but the most mournful, melancholy set of revelers that Martino had ever imagined. At a signal from the cavalier, they ranged themselves in parties for dancing; and at another signal the miserable musician struck up a joyous tune on his violin. The ball opened, and the woeful-looking guests whirled away with a mad rapidity of



step, which contrasted strangely with the utterly disconsolate expression of their faces.

"Faster," roared the devil. Faster went the fiddle-bow over the strings, and the dancers' feet over the floor. "Faster! faster!" shouted this energetic master of ceremonies, and each tremendous command extracted new rapidity out of the violinist's elbows and the doleful revelers' knees. Martino's body ached to the end of his nails, but he played on with the perseverance of desperation, until the dancers, one after another, fell exhausted and seemingly senseless on the floor.

When the last one was down, and it was evident that there was not a kick left in the company, the devil patted Martino on the shoulder, and bade him follow and get his pay. He then led the way into another room, one-half of which was piled from floor to ceiling with shining gold pieces. "Take what you want, fill your pockets," said he with a wicked smile. Martino was prodigiously tempted, and resolved inwardly to accept at least all that the devil would hand him. "May it please your excellency to pay me yourself," said he. "Do not be afraid," repeated the infernal cavalier, "no squeamishness! Take all you can carry."

Martino again objected, and a long contest of invitations and refusals ensued between them. At last, the devil, out of all patience, snatched up a handful of the gold and thrust it into the musician's hand. "A thousand thanks," said Martino, "infinitely obliged; and now, if your excellency would only have the kindness to send me home."

"Go!" shouted the devil; and gave a tremendous stamp on the pavement which made the gold roll down like a yellow avalanche.

In the same instant Martino found himself lying in the street at the door of the Palazzo Saracini. It was almost morning, and the working people were beginning to glide about the city to their avocations. Martino had a distinct recollection of what had passed; and his arms still ached with his extraordinary artistic exertions in the infernal ball-room; yet he could not persuade himself but that he had been dreaming, until he put his hand in his pocket, and found there thirty or forty pieces of gold still warm from the fiendish sub-treasury. Then, in a delirium

of terror and joy, he rushed home and told his story. It is said that he immediately broke up his spendthrift habits; put his money into business with great success; became a famous usurer; got extremely rich, and finally went to perdition in the ordinary way.

But I should fill two or three chapters if I told all the stories and superstitious beliefs with which Maria amused me. I must observe that she did not relate the above tale in the jesting style which I have given it, but quite gravely, as if it were a very serious history which might be true, notwithstanding certain improbabilities. In fact, she believed firmly in the horns and tail, and had what might be called a very saving faith in the devil.

One fancy of hers deserves notice, as it was nothing less than a desire to have a bible. She never had read the book, and was curious to see what it contained. I undertook to gratify this wish, and visited every book-store in Florence, in a vain search after that anti-papal publication. There was one edition of it to be had, indeed; but it consisted of six large volumes, both too bulky and too expensive for any but the rich. Every day when Maria met me, she inquired if I had found her bible. My barber at last relieved me from further search by telling me that he could get me a copy of a small size; and, coming, a day or two after, to my room, he opened his cloak, and showed me a pocket Italian bible, printed at Malta, by the English Bible Society. He refused to tell me where he had obtained it, and never ceased to implore me not to mention the affair to a living soul. It would be a great annoyance to him, if it were known, he said; and might ruin the friend from whom he had obtained the book.

I gave it to Maria, supposing that she would soon be tired of it; but, on the contrary, she read it like a story-book, night and morning, at every leisure moment. She had some novel on hand at the time; but the human romance seemed to lose all value by the side of the divine history, and was thrown aside only half perused. The historical parts interested her extremely, as might have been expected; but she also read the prophecies, and the epistles of Paul, with a vague understanding and a timorous anxiety to catch their full import. She had no doubts on any doctrine or

assertion; no suspicion as to the full and awful inspiration of the book. The passages about eternal condemnation, and especially those about the power and malice of the devil, frightened her horribly; and she almost cried with fear, as she read them to me, seemingly with a vague hope that I could contradict them, and save her from their terrors. At the same time there was a childishness in her interest, and a novelty in some of her comments, which occasionally made me smile. "Povero

Gesù!" (Poor Jesus!) she said, when she had finished the story of the crucifixion.

I left the bible in Maria's hands, with a promise from her that she never would give it up to a priest. I should like to know the future history of that bible; for there are not so many in Tuscany but that the adventures of one of them might be of some particular interest. Maria carried it away with her when she left Florence; and it is probable that I never shall hear of either again.

### THE COCKLE-SHELL.

I CAME from the greenwood, I came to the sea,

But found on my table no cockle for me!

There were bills from the butcher, and billets from girls,

Things common as pebbles, and precious as pearls;

There were volumes of poetry, volumes of prose—

By fifty new poets, whom nobody knows;

There were things fair to look at, and things sweet to smell,

Engravings and nosegays—but devil a shell!

Now, my lady, I teased her, with many a prayer,

When she went to the ocean, to *think* of me there,

And to write me a letter at Sudbury Oaks—

A page full of gossip, and all the best jokes:

This, indeed, she denied me—but whispered, "Write me,

And then I will *think* of you, down by the sea."

"Oh, think of me *everywhere*, lady—farewell!

But to show that you think of me, send me a shell!"

Then I went to the greenwood—I slept in the shade

Of the midsummer branches, that sang serenade;

There I breathed the fresh meadows—I drank the warm vine,

I tasted the perfume that weeps from the pine,

And I lay by the brook-side, a listening the bee,

And was lulled by the locust—but thought of the sea;

I picked the green apples, by chance as they fell,

And I fed me with berries—but sighed for my shell.

Back and forth to the wood, with no song on my lips,

Back and forth to the city, to gaze on the ships—

To eye the tall vessels, and smell of the sea,

But scallop or cockle comes never to me!

I wander at day-break, I sit late at night—

And I think many things, but have no heart to write;

No heart, dear, to speak of, 'tis mute in its cell—

Could Apollo make music, deprived of his shell?

## MILITARY ARRAY OF NEW ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THE old Puritan founders of New England were, in no respect, non-resistants. They prided themselves on being the soldiers of the Lord, quite as ready to fight his battles, "God calling the colonies to war," with carnal as with spiritual weapons. They read their own history in that of the children of Israel. In going forth, a second chosen people, in search of a new promised land, they stood ready to repel, by force, if need were, any attempt from England to reduce them again to bondage. Nor were they less ready to maintain, with the strong hand, the possession of the country which the Lord had given them, against the insolent and "murderous" "pagan savages"—for so they thought and spoke of the original and native inhabitants of the country. Massachusetts bay, though preceded in point of time by the smaller colony of New Plymouth, and by several fishing stations on the eastern coast, may justly be regarded as the metropolitan and model settlement of New England. In the plantation of this colony: military discipline, organization, and instruction, were not less carefully provided for, than was the establishment of churches after what was esteemed the true apostolic pattern, and the institution of government on a republican theocratic model, in which the rights of Englishmen and the institutes of Moses were curiously intermingled.

By an organization coeval with the great emigration under Winthrop, which resulted in the foundation of Boston and the now suburban cities and towns of Charlestown, Cambridge, Roxbury, Lynn, Medford, Watertown, Dorchester, etc., each town in the Massachusetts bay had, besides its local municipal government for town affairs—in which by an early law none but church members could have any share; and besides its church, which, in the New England sense, signified not a mere structure of timber or stones, but a body of faithful and elected brethren compacted together for mutual worship, watchfulness and edification—besides these civil and ecclesiastical institutions, each town had also its military company, in which, to carry out the theocratic system on which the whole social arrangements of the colony

were based, none but church members could hold any post of command. For the proper discipline and instruction of these companies in the use of their weapons and in all warlike postures and manœuvres, Winthrop's ships carried out two experienced soldiers who had seen service in the Dutch wars, and who, for some time, were paid an annual stipend out of the public treasury. Afterward, the companies had the privilege of choosing their own officers, subject to the approval of the council of war, so long as the council existed, and after its discontinuance to the approval of the governor and assistants. The occasion upon which was established the council of war, above alluded to, affords a striking illustration of the martial spirit of the original colonists of Massachusetts, and of their readiness to take up arms in defense of their rights, however great the odds against them might seem to be. We are inclined to think that, had Lord North been thoroughly well read in the early history of Massachusetts bay, he would have hesitated before bringing into parliament his famous bill to modify the charter of that province.

The history of the infant colony shows that, even within five or six years after its first settlement, the great-grand-fathers were ready to do precisely the thing which, in Lord North's time, the great-grand-children did.

The founders of the colony of Massachusetts bay had obtained a charter from King Charles I., who, however, could have had no idea of what they really intended, if indeed, at the time of the grant of that instrument their intentions were fully developed, even in their own minds. Upon this charter the colonists rested their claim to establish a government and to make laws of their own; but their titles to the soil, and, indeed, the very grant of their charter from the king, depended upon a patent previously obtained from the "Council of Plymouth," consisting of certain lords and gentlemen to whom James I. had granted, under the name of New England, the whole of North America, from the fortieth to the forty-eighth degree of north latitude. Various petitions and complaints respecting pro-

ceedings in Massachusetts having been presented to the king, and referred by him to the privy council, the council of Plymouth, as lords paramount of the whole territory of New England, were called upon to make answer to the complaints thus alleged against their grantees. But instead of stepping forward to the defense of the Massachusetts company, of whose superior success in colonization they were, perhaps, a little jealous, the Council of Plymouth urged against them new and still more serious charges. The Massachusetts company, so they alleged, "had surreptitiously obtained a grant of land, previously conveyed to others, whose tenants and representatives they had violently thrust out;" and it was true that a part at least of the lands, included in the Massachusetts patent, had previously been conveyed by the Council of Plymouth to other persons who still insisted on the prior grants to them, but to which the Massachusetts grantees were little inclined to pay any attention, considering, perhaps, that their royal charter superseded all these patents. But even with respect to that charter the Council of Plymouth set up that it had been obtained "without their privy," and in derogation, as they would seem to imply, of their prior rights of jurisdiction, and they bitterly complained that the Massachusetts patentees, under cover of this charter, had wholly withdrawn themselves from the authority of the Council of Plymouth, and, in the words of their representation to the king—a curious and important historical document—"had made themselves a *free people*, and so framed unto themselves both new laws and new conceits of matters of religion and forms of ecclesiastical and temporal orders and government, punishing divers that would not approve thereof, some by whipping and others by burning their houses over their heads (the allusion here is to the famous Morton, of Merry Mount), and some by banishing, and all this partly under other pretenses, though, indeed, for no other cause save only to make themselves absolute masters of the country, and unconscionable in their new laws." Professing themselves to be wholly unable to rectify these wrongs and grievances, the Council of Plymouth referred the whole matter to the privy council—a reference which resulted, shortly after, in the formal surrender to the crown, by the coun-

cil of Plymouth, of their charter, but not until the proprietors had distributed the whole territory among themselves, divided into not less than twelve provinces.

Already, before this surrender was formally made, the king had proceeded to constitute a commission with full power over the American plantations, to revise the laws, to regulate church affairs, and even to revoke charters; and what made this proceeding still more alarming to the Massachusetts colonists, was the fact that Archbishop Laud, the hated and dreaded head of the British church, was placed at the head of this commission. There might, indeed, be a serious question whether the charter granted to the Massachusetts company would at all justify the proceedings which had taken place in Massachusetts bay under color of the authority granted in it. That charter had evidently contemplated a corporation exactly like the existing Hudson's bay company or East India company, to have its seat in England, though with certain powers of legislation and government over the country embraced within its charter. But the governor and a majority of the assistants and freemen of the Massachusetts company, having emigrated to America, had carried the charter along with them, thus transferring the corporation, bodily, as it were, from England to Massachusetts bay, and changing an English trading company into a semi-independent American state. Even supposing that this proceeding could have been justified under the charter, and admitting that the power the company had of determining who should be members, or *freemen* of it, as the technical term was, might extend to the exclusion of all such as were not also members of some Massachusetts church, yet the governor and company being restricted by the charter to the enactment of laws "not repugnant to those of England," how could they justify the prohibition of worship according to the liturgy of the English church, which liturgy had been expressly sanctioned and established by act of parliament? The Massachusetts leaders were, indeed, themselves conscious of a little weakness in this part of their case; for they opposed the repeated calls of the freemen for a body of written laws, on the ground, that as many of their institutions were hard to

reconcile with the laws of England, it were better to introduce them silently by usage than to endanger the charter by making this non-conformity too manifest by means of precise and specific enactment. Nor, indeed, was any such code enacted till after all apprehensions from England had ceased. The colonists of Massachusetts bay had not gone so far, and risked and suffered so much in search of a spot on which to carry out their own ideas, political and ecclesiastical, to be willing tamely to surrender the advantageous foothold which they had succeeded in gaining. The members of the Massachusetts company still resident in England, and especially Craddock, the first governor of it—who, just previous to the great emigration of 1630, had given up his office to Winthrop—had been summoned before Laud's new commission, and had been required to give up the charter. Craddock had written to Massachusetts to have it sent over; and, along with this letter, came another from Morton, who had been one of the chief complainants against the colony, addressed to an old acquaintance there, and stating that the king was about to send a governor-general to New England. Immediately upon the receipt of this news, the governor and assistants, with most of the "elders"—by which term, during the early colonial times, the ministers were denominated—met at Castle Island, at the entrance of the inner harbor of Boston, and agreed upon the erection of a fortification there, and to advance the means themselves until the meeting of the general court. Such was the occasion and original commencement of that famous fortress which long formed the sole, and is still a principal, defense of the harbor of Boston, which harbor, as it may be well here to note, includes the whole of Massachusetts bay, as that term was originally understood.

The general court came together shortly after, now for the first time, by another questionable deviation from the letter of the charter, consisting, for purposes of legislation, not of the whole body of the freemen, as that instrument had provided, but of delegates from the towns. Money was readily voted for the fort on Castle Island. Another fort already built in the town (probably on Copp's Hill) was ordered to be furnished with guns, of which, about this time, a present was received

from friends in England. A "cannoneer" was appointed, and "overseers of powder and shot;" military watches were ordered to be kept in all the towns; forts were ordered to be commenced in Dorchester and in Charlestown, power being granted to impress labor for that purpose. Still further to be prepared for martial resistance, Dudley, Winthrop, Haynes, Humphrey, and Endicott, all famous names in the history of Massachusetts bay, were appointed commissioners "to consult, direct, and give command, for the managing and ordaining of any war that might befall for the space of a year next ensuing, and till further order."

At the meeting of the general court, some nine months after, in May, 1635, several members were added to this commission, which was thenceforth known as the *council of war*. To this council was entrusted the entire control over the military array of the colony, with authority to make war, either offensive or defensive, and to imprison, or, in case of resistance, to put to death "any that they shall judge to be enemies of the commonwealth," a dictatorial power, wisely limited to the next court, but renewed at several successive sessions.

The governor was to have a guard of six men with halberds and swords—predecessor of the company of cadets which now acts as a guard of honor to the governor of Massachusetts, but which was not instituted, at least under that name, till a century later. A beacon, to be fired in case of alarm, was ordered to be set up upon the highest point of the triple-headed hill which rose in the centre of the peninsula of Boston. This beacon became also a fixed establishment, continuing to be maintained down to the close of the revolutionary war; and, though it has been since supplanted by the State House, the memory of it is still preserved in the name of the hill, and of one of the principal streets of the city.

If we were to judge the past entirely by the present, the idea of resistance to the power of England on the part of the few thousand colonists who had recently planted themselves on the shores of Massachusetts bay, and who were entirely dependent on the mother country for the most necessary supplies, might seem little short of madness. But, when we look at things as they



were, the expectation of a successful defense, on the part of our valiant ancestors, does not seem so unreasonable.

It was the king of England, not the people of England, whose attack the Massachusetts colonist had to dread; a king, at that time, without a single company of regular soldiers, and, if he had a few ships of war, without money to fit them out for any distant expedition.

The king's ships, at that day, were seldom, if ever, seen at any great distance from the English coasts. The ship-money, which the king was then busy in extorting, was needed for other purposes beside expeditions to Massachusetts bay.

All the naval expeditions of Elizabeth's time, by which Hawkins, Drake, and others, had gained so much reputation, and had laid the foundation of the maritime fame of Great Britain, had been fitted out by private enterprise; and no other means seemed now to offer itself for the subjection of the stubborn men of Massachusetts in rebellion almost against the king and mother country. The proprietors of the twelve provinces, into which the original New England had been divided at the time of its surrender to the crown, agreed to provide a vessel and to furnish each, ten men, and supported by this force, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, one of their number, and long zealously engaged in projects of colonization, was to sail with the king's commission as Governor-General of New England, to put things in order.

The vessel in which Gorges was to sail broke in launching—an accident regarded in New England as a special providence—and the expedition thus delayed, though it continued to be threatened, was finally abandoned. Had Gorges actually arrived even with a much larger force than had been proposed, it would be safe enough to conjecture that he would have had no better success than the commissioners of Charles II. had some thirty years after, or General Gage in the next century; for already the disposable military force of Massachusetts was not less than a thousand men. The next year, the companies composing this force were arranged into three regiments, one for each of the counties into which the colony was divided. The

command of the several regiments was entrusted to sergeant-majors appointed by the governor and assistants, a board which, under the ancient polity of Massachusetts, acted, not only as a part of the legislature, but as a court of law and an executive council. A Commander-in-chief was soon after appointed with the title of Major-General; and such continued to be the military organization of Massachusetts so long as the first charter continued in force. New Hampshire, during the period of its annexation to Massachusetts, and Maine, after that province became annexed, each formed a distinct county, and had each its separate regiment. The military, as well as the civil and ecclesiastical organization of the sister colonies of Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven, was much after the same model with that of Massachusetts, except that these colonies, as their population was less, had but one regiment each.

Of the military array of the colony of Massachusetts, some fifteen years later, about 1650, we have a full and graphic account from the pen of Edward Johnson, himself captain of the Woburn company, as well as author of "The Wonder-working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England," a work—the first printed history of the planting of Massachusetts—whose labored and rhapsodical style exhibits a taste not without votaries in New England even at the present day. Boston is described by Johnson as in form "like a heart, naturally situated for fortifications, having two hills (Copp's Hill and Fort Hill) on the frontier-part next the sea, the one well fortified on the superficies with store of great artillery, the other having on its descent a very strong battery built of whole timber, filled with earth, betwixt which two strong arms lies a large cove or bay, on which the chiefest part of the town is built, over-topped with a third hill furnished with a beacon and loud babbling guns, to give notice by their redoubled echo to all their sister towns. The chief edifice [he means most of the buildings] of this city-like town is crowded on the sea-banks, and wharfed out with great industry and cost; the buildings beautiful and large, some fairly set out with brick, tiles, stone, and slate, and orderly placed with comely streets, whose continued enlargement

presageth some sumptuous city." Here is a prediction which fairly entitles our Puritan captain to the character of no mean prophet, yet could the ghost of the grim old soldier see Boston and the adjacent country as it is now—say from the dome of the State House, or what better might suit a soul so warlike, from the top of the Bunker Hill monument—prophet though he was in his day, his ghost would, we imagine, hardly be able to believe its eyes, but would be strongly tempted to regard the scene spread out before it as a mere spectral illusion—perhaps a piece of witchcraft.

Besides the fort and battery in Boston, and another in Charlestown, commanding the inner harbor, Captain Johnson makes mention, also, of the castle, to the origin of which we have already had occasion to refer, which he describes as placed on an island eight acres in extent, and three miles below the town, in the track of vessels approaching from the sea, very advantageously situated, "to make many shots at such ships as shall offer to enter the harbor without their good leave and liking."

As there was no lime in the colony, except such as was made of sea-shells, this fortress when first built had been constructed of earth. Having fallen to decay, it had been, when Johnson wrote, lately repaired, at the expense of the six neighboring towns, and it was held by a small garrison in the colony pay—an arrangement which continued down to the time of the Revolution. "The forts are well contrived," says Johnson, "and batteries strong and in good repair, the great artillery well mounted and cleanly kept, half cannon, culverins and sackers (twenty-four, eighteen and six pounders), and also field-pieces of brass, very ready for service." The colony forces consisted at this time of twenty-six companies of foot, besides a "very gallant horse troop." They were drilled to the use of arms eight days in the year, each exercise commencing with prayer, by the captains. "None are exempt," such is Johnson's account, "except a few timorous persons who are apt to plead infirmity, if the church choose them not as deacons, or they cannot get to serve some magistrate or minister; but assuredly the generality of this people are very forward for feats of

war, and many, to further this work, have spent their time and estates." Each soldier was required to keep by him, "powder, bullets and match." Each town was also required by law to have a magazine of its own—a law only repealed a few years since—the origin of those powder-houses, perched on some lonely hill, now fast disappearing, but which formed till lately so prominent a feature in the New England landscape. Besides these town magazines, there was also a general magazine for the colony, the whole being under charge of an inspector who had, according to Johnson, "a sharp eye to see them well supplied." "There are none chosen to office in any of those bands," so Captain Johnson tells us, "but such as are freemen, supposed to be men endued with faith in Christ Jesus;" and he adds thereupon this weighty caution, not perhaps wholly unworthy of attention, even at the present day: "Let all people know that desire the downfall of New England, they are not to war against a people only exercised in feats of arms, but men, also, who are experienced in the deliverances of the Lord from the mouth of the lion and the paw of the bear. And now woe be to you, when the same God, that directed the stone to the forehead of the Philistine, guides every bullet that is shot at you. It matters not for the whole rabble of anti-Christ on your side, the God of armies is for us a refuge high. Selah!"

The change of affairs which brought Laud, and, soon after, his master Charles to the block, had effectually, for that time, relieved Massachusetts from any dread of coercion from England. Indeed, some of her warlike sons, relieved from the necessity of defense at home, had gone to England to join the armies of the "godly parliament," against "the man, Charles;" and some of them in that service, and others, afterwards under Cromwell, rose to high commands. But the military prowess of New England, as chiefly tried in the wars with the Indians, fills a curious and interesting, as well as instructive chapter in colonial history, too long to be entered upon here. We shall close this article with some account of a controversy in which the gallant and godly soldiers of New England were deeply interested, a matter, in several respects, extremely charac-

teristic of New England, which may set up, against the unquestionable preeminence of Virginia as the land of abstractions, the no less unquestionable and kindred claim to be preëminently the land of crotchets, scruples and quibbles. In the very earliest days of the military array of the colony, perhaps, at the very first company training, some scruples began to be felt about the red-cross, so prominent in the English colors, and which many of the emigrants to New England could not help regarding as a popish, indeed, an idolatrous emblem.

Your ultra-zealous people, it is to be observed, as if to set all worldly policy at defiance, always insist upon choosing the most unseasonable and inconvenient moment for making a practical application of their principles. It was precisely in this spirit that Roger Williams—type of a large and powerful class of New England minds—at the very moment of the threatened invasion from England, persuaded the enthusiastic Endicott, then captain of the Salem company, to cut the cross out of his colors, as being “a relict of anti-Christ”—an emblem under which no true Christian man could possibly march and much less fight. This proceeding was greatly complained against by the more prudent, as looking too much like a repudiation of the authority of the mother country, and threatening greatly to increase the danger which already existed of interference and coercion from that quarter. As such the matter was brought to the notice of the governor and assistants, who, after consulting about it with the “Elders,” referred the determination upon it to the General Court. But in that court, too, the question proved too difficult for immediate solution, so by order of the council of war, all the colors were, meanwhile, laid aside.

As always happens in such cases, there were many who would willingly have swallowed their scruples in silence—if Williams and Endicott would only have allowed them to do so—whose consciences would yet hardly permit them, the question being distinctly raised—directly to approve that questionable cross—a state of feeling which made itself sufficiently evident, both as respected Endicott and the cross, in the action which was presently taken.

A joint-committee, to which the conduct

of Endicott had been referred, consisting of four assistants and one delegate from each town, selected by the freemen assembled at the court of elections, reported that Endicott “had offended many ways, in rashness, uncharitableness, indiscretion, and exceeding the limits of his authority,” and upon the strength of this report he was sentenced by the General Court to be “sadly admonished” and declared as incapable of holding office for the year ensuing. But while the inconvenient Endicott was thus punished (and the turn of Williams soon came), the question about the cross in the colors remained undisposed of, and even untouched. It was proposed to substitute the white and red rose instead; but final action was delayed to await the opinion of certain of “the most wise and godly in England” to whom the ministers proposed to write.

The disuse of the colors pending this inquiry, threatened, however, to involve the colony in new difficulty. The danger from England was as yet by no means over, when the young Henry Vane commenced, as governor of Massachusetts, his afterwards so distinguished political career. His accession to office was saluted by a salvo of artillery from some fifteen English ships which lay in the harbor of Boston, having lately arrived with passengers and goods. But the sailors, observing that the king’s colors did not fly at the fort on Castle Island, under the guns of which the ships lay at anchor, took great offense at this omission, which they regarded as strongly indicating a rebellious, or at least disloyal disposition on the part of the colonists. A mate of one of the vessels, having given free expression to these suspicions, was arrested and required to sign a retraction, whereupon the masters of the vessels took up the matter, requesting the magistrates to remove all ground of suspicion—especially as the story, carried to England, might lead to inquiry there—by ordering the king’s colors to be spread at the fort.

Here was a dilemma, indeed. Vane and all his assistants were strongly inclined to the opinion that the cross in the colors was an idolatrous emblem. Between conscience on the one hand, and apprehension of disagreeable consequences on the other, they were driven to practice a little finesse. Vane endeavored to evade the request of the

ships' masters by the answer that he had no colors; to which they promptly replied by an offer to lend. Thus met at all points, after a long and serious consultation with the elders, it was finally agreed by a majority of the assistants that as the fort was the king's, his colors might be spread there at his own proper risk and peril, and without involving any responsibility on the part of the colony. It is true that by the theory of the English law, the fort, like all other places of arms, within his dominions, was the king's fort—but this was a sort of prerogative which the colonists were very seldom inclined to recognize, being generally disposed to set up a special property in themselves, under the charter; nor, indeed, does the determination arrived at appear to have been altogether satisfactory to Winthrop, to whom we are indebted for our knowledge of this whole curious affair.

The hot religious controversies in which the country was soon after involved, growing out of the heresies of Mrs. Hutchinson, the alarming war with

the Pequods, and the commencement, first in Scotland and then in England, of the first struggle against episcopacy and the king, seem to have drawn off attention from the question of the cross in the colors—the doubts and scruples about which appear soon after to have died out. Whether these doubts and scruples were satisfactorily resolved by the "wise and godly" in England, to whom it had been proposed to apply, or whether they were dissipated by the example of the "godly parliament" which did not hesitate to display the red cross at the head of its regiments, and to fight and beat the king under his own colors, certain it is that, before long, they entirely disappeared, and that the Massachusetts troops became able to march and fight with a safe conscience under the ancient English flag. Superfluous ribbons, long hair, and gaudy apparel were, long after, enumerated as among the causes of judgments on the colony; but among these causes we find no mention of the cross in the colors.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

### AMERICAN LITERATURE AND REPRINTS.

—MR. J. S. C. ABBOTT (we drop the *Rev.*, as he does not himself use it on the title-page) continues his virtuous attempts at the canonization of Napoleon. Having given us a history of his deeds (a good deal of it romance), and a history of his words at St. Helena (a good deal of it rhodomontade), he now gives us a history of his heart (which supposes that he had one). The *Confidential Correspondence of Napoleon and Josephine* completes the triad of his literary ovations.

In the preface, Mr. Abbott says that there is still "great diversity of opinion as to the character of Napoleon—a diversity so great, as to excite, in many bosoms, much angry feeling." This is true, however, only to a certain extent. There is no diversity of opinion as to his intellectual character, as to his prodigious military genius; there is no diversity of opinion as to his consummate ability as a man of affairs—as the typical man of business of his era; but there is—though we think there ought not to be—the diversity of which Mr. Abbott speaks, as to his moral character, and the

ends and value of his policy. We say there ought not to be, because no man, to whom truth, justice, disinterestedness, and the love of his fellows are virtues, can fail to perceive that Napoleon's career was often a deliberate and systematic violation of these. We say there ought not to be, again, because any man, who has carefully reflected upon history, and estimated the meaning of that stupendous revolution, in which Napoleon was born, must see that his policy was a retrograde departure from the greatest ideas of that event, a suppression of its uses, and a revival of the worst spirit and the whole nonsensical superstition and absurd forms of the ancient régime. In whatever depended on energy of will, in whatever depended upon practical sagacity and rapidity of judgment, as well as activity of movement, Bonaparte was stupendously great. There has been but one man in history who can be compared to him, and that was the Roman Cæsar. Alexander, Charlemagne, Charles XII., Frederick, were, in these respects, little more than pignies by his side. But our

admiration of him must stop here. His ambition, with all the grandeur of its extent, and with all the intensity of its force, was vulgar in its tone. It was personal, selfish, and reckless of means. He no doubt intended the glory of France, but he intended it through himself; he was himself to be the apex of her magnificence and power. Like Louis XIV., he conceived and executed almost miraculous conquests for her, but he conceived and executed them because he believed that he was himself France. *L'état c'est moi* was the secret animation of all his efforts. And in the prosecution of his plans, he was never a man of principles or of ideas, but of expedients, of vulgar marching, of mere external bombast, parade, and force. His illustrious nephew has published what he calls the *Idees Napoléoniennes*—but the singularity of the proceeding is, that there are no such things in existence. Napoleon himself, in his letter to his executors for his son, says: "I have implanted new ideas in France and in Europe." We should like to know what they were, outside of the military art. In what he dictated to the Council of State, and in his conversations at St. Helena, he uttered many wise things—mostly afterthoughts—but we see in them no evidence of his having apprehended the real condition and wants of his times. At the outset of his career, he had certain noble inspirations, derived from the Revolution—but these were soon merged in his personal schemes; and from the time that he was First Consul, to his undignified retirement at St. Helena, he wandered more and more widely from anything like a high, disinterested, and truly great policy. He became the chief of a disastrous reaction. His friends praise him for having extinguished the Revolution (though he himself boasts of having saved it)—he did extinguish it; not as an outward manifestation, however, for as such it had already nearly exhausted itself; but he extinguished what there was of good in its results. It was in his power to have regenerated France, and through her Europe—for all the old obstructions had been burned up in the fiery furnace of the Revolution—but he only galvanized them. His organization of the state, instead of being new, was an aggravated form of that which it had cost thousands of lives, and the most terrible popular outbreak the world had

ever seen, to remove. The disease of old France had been centralism, and Napoleon cured it by—centralism. His reconstructions were no more than revivals, under other names. For feudal abuses, he substituted military abuses. At the close of that fearful and bloody agony, in which poor France had suffered for the world, he found himself at the top of power, and he used his position to restore, as far as he could restore it, nearly everything that was detestable, iniquitous, and base, in the old system. He revived the absolute monarchy in his own person; he revived the effete and tawdry aristocracy, which had been dying, painfully of inanition, for two centuries; he revived the church, which had so long sat as an incubus upon the people; he revived the odious administrative dependence of all parts of the nation on Paris, which had caused nearly all the woes of his country; and he surrounded himself with tinsel courtiers, and flimsy rhetors and sophists. Thiers, in the midst of his profound admiration, tells the whole truth, when he says that Napoleon conducted his wars by his genius, and his policy by his passions. Thus, he mistook his relations to his age, and lost his country and himself in the old meshes of wrongs, and lies, and delusions. During his imperial management, some flashes of his native genius broke through the restraints of a prevailing selfishness; but what could these avail against the systematic folly of trying "to plaster up a decrepit age?"

As to his influence on Europe, he boasts that he overthrew the old kings; he did so, for a time—but as soon as they could, they came back. The reason was, that while he warred on the monarchies as facts, he acknowledged and confirmed them as principles. He drove them off their thrones, but he did not drive them out of the superstitious respect of the people. Because he put them down by the sword, he supposed he had put them down effectually—which was the mistake he made in all other things, not conceiving well of moral force. In reality, he strengthened monarchy by his petty desire to strut before the world as himself a king, and by conferring kingdoms upon his *mediocre* brothers and his depraved sisters. Never were greater opportunities betrayed by more contemptible weaknesses. We do not mean to say that



a man of the prodigious intellectual power of Napoleon was utterly sterile of profound, statesmanlike thoughts, but what we do say is, that his civic career, as a whole, was retrograde, and by no means equal to his opportunities and his genius. During the first consulship, the organization he enforced may be defended as a provisional arrangement, till order should be established, and something better introduced. But that something better did not come. He passed from that to something worse—to the imperial despotism and imperial charlatanism. He arrested the free respiration of the people; he stifled their souls; he intoxicated them with false glories, and he degraded the dignity of the nation. His practical influence unfitted them for internal self-evolution, which is the ground and source of all real political freedom and progress.

But, not to dwell upon his general career, let us turn to the volume of Mr. Abbott, in which he proposes to show us "the heart" of this man "in all its intense and glowing affections." What does it prove? Why, that Napoleon was never sincerely, passionately loved by any human being but one, and her he sacrificed, in the coldest calculation of chances, to a heartless dynastic ambition. His marshals acquired an enthusiastic attachment to him, magnetized by his superior military genius; the people were dazzled into a kind of idolatry by the brilliancy of his exploits; but Josephine alone appears to have loved him heartily as a man. Nor is there any doubt that he was as ardently attached to her as he could be to any one; but it was an attachment which, in spite of the frequency and warmth of his expressions of affection, as given in these letters, always ending "entirely thine," did not prevent occasional infidelities. Mr. Abbott, in exhibiting the heart of the emperor, says nothing of "the beautiful Genoese," as the Duchess D'Abrantes calls her; nothing of Madame Foy, in Egypt; nothing of "the Polish lady;" nothing of the actress, and others—forming a list, not so long as Leporello's, but long enough, we should think, to damage his acceptance as a saint. Rachel, the German authoress, defines constancy as "always being in love with some one, or somebody else;" and inconstancy as not being in love at all; and, in this sense, Napoleon was constant, in his way.

But it is a singular logic which selects his relations to Josephine as the proof of "intense and glowing affections." His treatment of that noble creature seems to us one of the saddest tragedies on record. It was alike despicable in its motives, and cruel in its manner. Had he chopped her head off at once, as Henry VIII. did Anna Bullen's, his conduct would not have been worse than it was. He repudiated her, degraded her from the throne, for the sake of another, and still maintained his intercourse with her. The magnanimity and woman-like self-devotion with which she forgave his crime, and clung to him in the midst of her grief, only heightens our sense of the atrocity of the deed. It only shows in clearer light the impenetrable nature of a selfishness which could so wantonly set aside the holiest and sweetest affections, and the sternest laws of God. The great emperor must have heirs—the great emperor must found a dynasty of his own blood; and, therefore, the great emperor, at his own will and pleasure, annuls the immutable statutes of heaven! What morality is that? "Yet," says Mr. Abbott, "admitting the sin, Napoleon thought that he did right." Perhaps he did; but in that case the apology means, that in the inveteracy of his self-seeking, he had lost the perception of truth. It is a defense which aggravates the accusation. The difficulty with most of the writers about Napoleon is, that they are determined to find either all good or all bad in him, forgetting that great men, like little men, are mixed characters, swayed by an immense variety of impulses, partly forming themselves, and partly formed by circumstances, and never absolutely good, or absolutely evil. The blessed heavens do not wholly desert us, however we may strive to make Satans of ourselves.

—The rage of a great pestilence in a city reveals a hundred unsuspected heroes. A devastating war makes hundreds of men famous, whose names would otherwise have perished. Mankind have agreed that fame is an epitaph for which the individual may well suffer and die contented, and the interest of history, for the lover of the race, lies in this, that he sees there recorded the lives of those whose saintly and heroic characters are the earnest of the immortality of great principles in human life. But while we read history

and ponder such lives, the same qualities that make the page beautiful are displayed by our sides, and we do not see. There is no man in history so great, but his greatness is hereditary, and his mantle has fallen upon other shoulders. There is never a low-tide in the ocean of the divine bounty. Every man who wishes to find some living example of the traits that command his love and homage among the dead, may find it among his friends. Thus the literature of friendship is already a part of universal literature. In English literature, especially, the elegiac strain is almost the sweetest of all. Milton's *Lycidas* is in Milton's truest vein, and Tennyson's *In Memoriam* is, with perhaps one exception, Wordsworth's *Ode upon the Intimations of Immortality*, the greatest modern poem. But neither Mr. King nor Mr. Hallam is personally known to the world. We say, instinctively, however, the men of whom such poets write such poetry, were of the noblest type; and if they were unknown, how many men, how much excellence, there must be in the world of which we never hear, but which make the world better worth living in. There is, therefore, a great service rendered to all of us, a more kindly faith is fostered, a sweeter charity, a larger sympathy, whenever the record of a private life, which was adorned by the excellences and graces that make public lives worth contemplating, is given to the world. Such is the little *Memorial of the Life and Character of John W. Francis, Jr.*, which has recently fallen under our observation. He was born in New York in 1832, and died there in 1855. With occasional excursions from the city, his whole life was passed there. Son of the distinguished physician whose name he bore, he early devoted himself to his father's profession, and fell a victim to his conscientious application and his sense of duty. With singular purity and simplicity of nature, his character was moulded by that early wisdom which has been always a sad presage of early death. An untiring industry seconded the efforts of a mind remarkable for its clear and calm ability, so that his professional accomplishments were at an early age full of peculiar promise for his future career. But his large and sympathetic nature did not restrict itself to the demands of technical scientific cultivation, and his proficiency in many languages,

ancient and modern—the range of his reading, the grasp of his memory, and the facility of his composition—all graced and expanded that character which severer study had trained. Idolized in his home, loved by his friends, honored by his companions, and everywhere esteemed for the integrity which sprang from his healthy, manly nature, he was just ready to take his share of the heavy burdens of the gravest profession, when he went to attend a poor boy, sick of Chagres fever, while he was himself not yet fully recovered from an attack of illness, and died—too soon for that home and those friends, but not too soon for himself, nor for his young countrymen who shall read the story of his life. For, that life was pure, and noble, and complete. He died a hero and a martyr. The jewels of a nation's renown are such characters, such lives—such deaths.

"Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,  
Whose loves in higher love endure;  
What souls possess themselves so pure,  
Or is there blessedness like theirs?"

—*It is Never too Late to Mend*, is the rather unpromising title of the new novel by CHARLES READE, author of *Christie Johnstone* and *Peg Woffington*, and published by Ticknor & Fields. It is a long, solid story, curious to read after rising from Emerson's *English Traits*; for while the philosopher speaks mainly of the actual achievement of England, showing us the flower of its accomplishment in every department, the novelist takes us where Dickens has so often taken us, into the cellar and garret of the palace. In other words, this new story deals with the life of small farmers, and "pattern" penitentiaries in England, and bush life in Australia. It is written very earnestly and with a serious purpose. Mr. Reade's *Clouds and Sunshine* showed his power of dealing with this class of subjects and his peculiar sympathy with homely life. The new novel is less striking, less epigrammatic, less brilliant, and with much less study of effect than the two which are so popular. But on the other hand, it is a much graver work, much more elaborately treated, and with a very decided meaning. Like Dickens's stories, it opens upon a special form of the misery of official mismanagement and routine which have brought England to shame in the Crimea. It attacks the silent penitentiary system,

with as much ardor as Dickens assaults any of his favorite abuses, and shows with him the operation of the circumlocution office. But this, although in a manner episodic, is yet enough to reveal the details of the system, with the scorching truthfulness of *Uncle Tom*. The characters of the story are drawn with dramatic skill, and are admirably individualized, and the tale is quite invaluable as a picture of certain aspects of English life. It is not likely to be popular in England, where they love good venerable abuses, but its completeness of interesting detail and its real talent, must make it much liked by us. Mrs. Marsh has written a novel, too, as she does twice a year. But why should anybody read Mrs. Marsh's novels? If you want a story of great power, skillfully told, and with a pervading air of truthfulness, to relieve guard with *Little Dorrit*, send for *It is Never too Late to Mend*. Unfortunately, it is too late to mend the poor title. It was to have been called *Susan Merton*, which would have been a better name.

—Mr. WILLIAM T. PORTER, the well-known founder and editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, the only sporting paper of any importance ever published in the country, has commenced the publication of a weekly journal of the same character, called "Porter's Spirit of the Times." It seems to be the unanimous verdict of all sportsmen, that Mr. Porter is the man for such a paper, which not only supplies all kinds of sporting intelligence, but is enriched with literary contributions and correspondence from all regions. Hence, we prize all lovers of horses and dogs, of hunting and fishing—and they are men everywhere and in all professions—that in "Porter's Spirit of the Times" they will hear every week of the fastest horse, the biggest fish, and the rarest bird.

—Among the best, as it is, we believe, the oldest of the foreign magazines, is the *Gentleman's*, which is now to be had in this country at the same office in which ours is published. The *Gentleman's Magazine* has a historical character. It has been connected with English literature for so many years, that it has become quite an authority in many respects. Its peculiarities are its careful record of events, its antiquarian researches, its elaborate obituaries of distinguished men, and its independent literary criticisms. Other magazines have taken the

lead of it in vivacity and boldness; but, for genuine culture and valuable instruction, it maintains its original place.

—Professor Loomis's *Recent Progress of Astronomy* is a succinct but clear and instructive account of the modern discoveries in the heavens. No science has advanced more rapidly within the last twenty years than astronomy; and it is especially gratifying to find that the progress in the United States has kept pace, both in regard to facilities of observation, and the number of observers, with that of older nations. It is but twenty-five years since the first telescope exceeding those of a portable size was imported into the United States, and the introduction of meridional instruments of the larger class is still more recent. Now we have one telescope which acknowledges no superior, and we have several worthy of a place in the best observatories of Europe. We have, also, numerous meridional instruments of dimensions adequate to be employed in original research; nor have these remained wholly unemployed. At the observatories of Washington and Cambridge, extensive catalogues of stars are now in progress, while nearly every known member of the solar system has been repeatedly observed. Numerous discoveries, which Professor Loomis details, have been the reward of this activity.

—*The Elements of Moral Philosophy*, by HUBBARD WINSLOW, is both an analytical and practical treatise on the science of human duty. It is a matter about which men have long speculated, and will long continue to speculate, for the double reason that while it is most profoundly important, in a practical sense, it is no less profoundly abstruse and difficult theoretically. Mr. Winslow does not disregard either its importance or its difficulty. Informing himself of what other men have written, and thinking, at the same time, for himself, he has endeavored to render the result plain to ordinary readers. His views are not, perhaps, as original as he supposes, yet they are independent and intelligible, and are presented with the utmost clearness and force. There are many points in regard to which we should differ from him, but none which we cannot safely commend to the consideration of our readers. There is one peculiarity in his grammar which strikes us oddly, and that is, the constant

use of certain abstract or collective nouns in the feminine gender. Christianity is she—and the State is she—not as personifications, but in common prosaic speech.

—Whatever ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE writes will be read, and especially by Americans. His great work on *Democracy in America*, philosophical as most of it is, has become not only a standard but a popular work. In spite of the many errors of doctrine and fact which an intelligent native of the country is able to find in it, it is yet altogether the best criticism that was ever made of us and our institutions. In his new book, *The State of France before the Revolution*, which has just been translated with great fidelity by Mr. BONNER of this city, he endeavors to perform a similar service for French society as it was in the latter part of the eighteenth century. He proposes the subject as an introduction to a view of the French Revolution. But his speculations are founded upon many years of original research. Not satisfied with the usual source of information, the documents, the memoirs, the letters and the gazettes of the time, he has penetrated the archives of the various intendencies, and out of those extracted a faithful record of the condition of the people, and of the influences of the organization and movement of the government. In this way he exposes the enormous and overpowering centralization of the old monarchy, and traces, step by step, the various causes which led to the fearful explosion of 1789. It is honorable to the publishers of this translation that De Tocqueville is made a sharer in the proceeds of its sale.

—The twelfth volume of GROTE's *History of Greece*, completing the work, has been issued by the Harpers. We have before spoken of the entire work, and have only occasion to say that the last volume relates principally to the career of Alexander of Macedon. As in all the previous volumes, Mr. Grote exhibits great independence of judgment in his estimate of events and of the character of Alexander. It has been usual among the historians to represent Alexander as a benefactor of his race, a friend to learning and Greece, eager to diffuse the Hellenic civilization, which was the best in the world then, among the barbaric tribes of Asia. Mr. Grote describes him as essentially anti-Grecian—a mere

conqueror, into whose vast possessions the Greeks are absorbed, with their intellectual brightness bedimmed, their spirit broken, and half their virtue taken away. He was by birth a Macedonian, who inherited from his Epirotic mother a furious temperament and headstrong will, in whose character the main feature was an exorbitant vanity, which was inflamed by his military successes into a belief that he was the son of the king of the gods. He was devoured by an unextinguishable pugnacity and thirst for conquest, with no sense of right or obligation, and a native cruelty of instinct. His military abilities were unrivaled. "Alexander," says Mr. Grote, "overawes the imagination more than any other personage of antiquity, by the matchless development of all that constitutes effective force—as an individual warrior, and as an organizer and leader of armed masses—not merely the blind impetuosity ascribed by Homer to Ares, but also the intelligent, methodized and all-subduing comprehension of Athené." He was animated by no grand or beneficent views, however, having no other object than the gratification of an insane desire for universal dominion, destitute of every feeling of nationality, and in the results of his stupendous achievements more likely to render Greece Asiatic than Asia Grecian. He was impatient of the free speech of the Greeks, and preferred, more and more, the servile Asiatic sentiments and customs. In closing this last volume of Mr. Grote, we feel compelled to express, once more, our high sense of the rare and exalted merits of his whole performance.

—Dr. ROBERT BAIRD has issued an important and valuable work on *Religion in the United States*, in which an account is given of "the origin, the relation to the state, and the present condition of the evangelical churches of the United States, with remarks on the unevangelical denominations." We speak of it as important and valuable, because of the large number of interesting facts it contains relative to the early history of the religious movement in this country, and the prodigious advances which it has made in consequence of its voluntary character, or of the complete separation of church and state. Written mainly, as we infer from its tone, for Christians abroad, it must have an important effect in dissolving the

strong conservative prejudices of those who believe that religion would die out if there were no national ecclesiastical establishments. Mr. Baird adduces, in convincing detail and force, innumerable evidences of the rapid increase of church and charitable organizations, and of the spread of Christian sentiment, in every part of this nation. Nobody can read his pages without feeling that democracy has helped the church quite as much as it has helped the state. We are better satisfied, however, with the argument of Dr. Baird's book than with his mode of presenting it. As a literary performance, it is highly respectable, though the style is now and then disfigured by worn-out pulpit phrases: it displays industry, ability, and earnestness, and it conveys a great deal of information. But in his anxiety to present a favorable picture, he has rather overcolored certain parts—kept awkward and disagreeable traits in the back-ground, and unduly advanced others. When he says, for instance, that there is a cordial and reciprocal good-feeling among the members of the different evangelical sects, he exaggerates. There is much ill-feeling among them, or, at any rate, much mutual jealousy. Otherwise how is it that they maintain so many separate organizations, for almost every purpose? They consider their differences either trivial or important: if trivial, what a set of petty bigots they make themselves in thus splitting about nothing; and if important, there cannot be that courteous intercourse and fusion with each other which Dr. Baird represents. Again, in the contemptuous tone in which the author allows himself to allude to the "unevangelical denominations"—to the Roman Catholics, the Unitarians, the Universalists, and the Swedenborgians—he exhibits more of the spirit of the polemic than of that of the historian. These sects may be disastrously wrong in their theology, but as bodies of men, they are worthy of the most respectful treatment. Their clergy are learned and upright, their services are devout, and their members quite as good citizens as are to be found elsewhere.

—*Colton's Atlas of the World*. (I. H. Colton & Co., New York), is by far the best atlas for convenient, general reference now to be obtained. It is a work executed at great cost, and with corresponding enterprise and care, and is an invaluable ad-

dition, at a moderate expense to every intelligent household. The committee of the American Geographical Society have expressed so concisely the characteristics of the work, that we justify our own commendation by the words of their report. The authorities of the leading colleges in the country—Mr. Bancroft for the historians, and Mr. Bayard Taylor for the travelers—confirm this statement.

"The size of the Atlas is that known as *imperial folio*, and contains 110 sheets, on which are exhibited 180 maps and plans. The work has been a costly one in its preparation, having required an outlay of not less than *sixty thousand dollars*.

"The maps are beautifully engraved, and the lettering especially is neat and distinct.

"In addition to the maps, the volume contains sheets of letter-press of descriptive matter that appear to have been compiled with care, and present a very large amount of valuable statistical information condensed into a small compass. It also presents six or eight maps of the world, showing the prominent features of its physical geography.

"As to its accuracy, great care appears to have been taken in obtaining the latest and most correct information as to the Eastern Hemisphere. We have seen no American Atlas that can rival it in this department.

"As to the Western Hemisphere, and particularly North America, it is decidedly (in our view) superior to anything yet produced. In the department of the United States it is exceedingly minute and accurate. No pains have been spared to make it so. All former maps, personal explorations, a very extensive correspondence, a thorough examination of the original documents, maps and reports in the offices of the General Government, books of travels, etc., have been resorted to, to make the work what it should be.

"The result has been the best Atlas of the United States ever yet published, and one which may be safely resorted to by the geographers of the other hemisphere. There will be found county boundaries and towns in all the States of the Confederacy, post towns, railroads completed, projected, and in progress up to this time, and plans of most of the larger cities and towns.

"To this part of the work the Committee would particularly refer with pride, as affording evidence of the progress we are making in geographical science, and of the artistic skill which our country possesses in map engraving and printing."

—Just before our annual ingathering of the crops, there is a sort of literary harvest which takes place at the end of the various college seasons, singularly termed commencements. At that season, "when the leaves are richest, and the mower's scythe sings through the grass; when plenty is on the earth, and splendor in the heavens," our scholars, from a thousand distant abodes, are wont to gather to their literary homes; to the mothers of their



mind, as of old they called the seats of learning, to interchange remembrances and friendships, and to provoke each other to renewed literary zeal and ambition. The addresses on such occasions ought to be marked by graceful erudition, scholarly dignity, original thought, noble and genial feeling, and, above all, by earnestness of conviction and truth. And many of them are, though few of the orators on such occasions succeed in imparting more than a momentary interest to their productions. The reason is, no doubt, that as such occasions attract a miscellaneous auditory, it is supposed that the proprieties and courtesies of public speech forbid the treatment of any controverted themes. Some academic, or vague general subject is, accordingly, selected for the orator's discussion; some subject having only a remote intellectual or moral interest, and though the sentences are nicely turned, and the phrases exquisitely chosen, and the allusions full of a rare culture, it fails to arrest a longer attention than any other pretty display of fireworks. Men return from it to their ordinary business, conscious of a high admiration of the artist who has performed before them, with some few scraps of thought, perhaps, deposited in their memories, and the tones of a pleasant voice lingering upon their ears, but with no profound thoughts stirring at their hearts, and deeper and stronger incentives to active duty. They have shared in an agreeable literary feast, which is soon digested and soon forgotten—though even this slight relaxation from our prevailing habits of business is not to be despised. But if a larger utility could be connected with such occasions—if they could be made the means, not only of a brief literary enchantment, but of a permanent spiritual renovation—if the men who spoke, should speak as well from the bottoms of their hearts, as from the recesses of their heads—and if they spoke of existing duties and existing problems, as well as of the historic past, and of abstract principles, were it not better?

We imagine that some such thoughts as these passed through the mind of Mr. G. W. CURTIS, when requested to deliver the annual address before the literary societies of the Wesleyan University, and which is now before us in print. For it marches directly to the point, and talks to the

scholar, not of his dignity and worth; not of the charms of his vocation; not of the greatness of his influence; not of his abstract relations to the state—but of his duties to politics, and the times. "The sweet air we breathe," he says, "and the repose of mid-summer, invite a calm ethical or intellectual discourse. But, would you have counted him a friend of Greece, who quietly discussed the abstract nature of patriotism on that Greek summer day, through whose hopeless and immortal hours Leonidas and his three hundred stood at Thermopylæ for liberty? And, to-day, as the scholar meditates that deed, the air that steals in at his window darkens his study, and suffocates him as he reads. Drifting across a continent, and blighting the harvests that gild it with plenty from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, a black cloud obscures the page that records an old crime, and compels him to know that freedom always has its Thermopylæ, and that his Thermopylæ is called Kansas."

Mr. Curtis then proceeds to treat, with manly courage and eloquence, and yet with a grace and amenity befitting the occasion, the great question of slavery, which agitates and threatens the country. Unlike that Reverend Cream Cheese, whom he satirizes elsewhere, he does not "blow up" the terrible sinners of Babylon, and the other scriptural towns, with an awful sense of their departures from moral rectitude, but he points out and enforces the duty which is incumbent upon us now and here. This, it will be seen, is somewhat of an innovation, but an innovation so charmingly commended by the moderation and beauty of the manner of it, that we are not surprised to hear that it was accepted without dissent—without dissent did we say? Nay, with unanimous and almost tumultuary applause.

—*Political Essays*, by PARKE GODWIN, Esq., (Dix, Edwards & Co.), are not unknown to the readers of the magazine in which, at intervals, during the present administration, they have been published. The present volume is concerned with the philosophy and practical operation of the American doctrine of government. It discusses the question of Slavery in its various bearings, and speaks of men and measures with profound perception and power. Among all writers upon these topics, Mr.

Godwin is remarkable for the trenchant vigor, grace, and brilliancy of his style, so that his essays, instead of being dry bodies of political polemics, are fresh with delicate wit, with sparkling sarcasm, and are enriched with such affluence of illustration that they have an irresistible fascination for every reader. As contemporary criticism of the development of our politics, they are altogether unsurpassed. This value—and it is also the secret of their permanent value and position in our literature—arises from the instinctive political sagacity of our author's mind. This is shown not less in the truthfulness of his vaticinations, than in the graceful, fluent, masterly facility of his treatment. There is no work which so simply and comprehensively states the just and necessary relations of democracy and slavery—none which handles with calmer vigor or more smiting superiority the wretched sophistries of that system. This magazine and the free popular sentiment of the country owe a great debt to Mr. Godwin. His essays were the first ever published serially in an American periodical of acknowledged character and position, which treated the political differences between slavery and freedom in a truly American spirit. They instantly gave the magazine a value which no other could rival, as a vehicle of the best thought upon every subject—recognizing this important truth, that in a country like ours, where readers have an intelligent opinion upon all great public matters, a paper or a magazine must have opinions also. If it would become a respected influence upon the public mind. Literary journals and journals of art have usually failed with us. With scarcely a half-dozen exceptions, they have achieved no valuable intellectual position. The secret has been, that they came into the field gagged. The great anomaly of our institutions was not to be mentioned, and as that had, to a certain degree, infected every department of national life and development, the periodicals were beloved by milliners and young ladies' boarding-schools, and were ranked with milliners' pattern-books and young ladies' albums by the rest of the public. When *Putnam's Monthly* was commenced, the response it met from the intelligent mind of the country was so hearty, that it instantly created a responsibility. Its advent was hailed as

that of a periodical in which the ablest men would say their best things. It was felt that it would fill a place in our monthly literature which had never been supplied. The energies of the enterprise were, therefore, directed to justifying this hope, and worthily sustaining the post to which it had been instinctively assigned. This was only to be done by engaging every question which interested the public mind and treating it from a point of principle not of party. In a country which is by distinction a political country, in which the gravest questions are political, it was treason to its own character for such a magazine to avoid political questions. Therefore it broke away from the old ruts of magazine literature, and, while it avoided partisanship, it planted itself upon principle, and has there remained. The task was difficult, and, intellectually speaking, uncertain; for many of the best minds of this country are elsewhere engaged in political debate of various kinds, so that the experiment of the magazine, if not a great success must be a shameful failure. That it was not a failure in this respect, but a great success, is mainly owing to the sagacity, skill, extent and depth of accomplishment, which Mr. Godwin developed in the political essays which he has now collected. They are contributions to literature of which any literature should be proud, and whose entrance into the world upon their own account, this magazine cannot contemplate with less emotion than a father watches the debut of his oldest son.

—At a time when everybody is talking of the extension or restriction of slavery, it is well to know the complete history of the subject, and this can be learned from a volume just issued by Dix, Edwards & Co. It has been prepared by one of the most experienced statesmen and statesmen in the country, and contains, in the original documentary form, a record of nearly everything that has been done, by the government, in respect to the enlargement or abridgment of the influences of slavery. Beginning with a brief account of it, as it existed in the colonies, it passes to our constitutional legislation, and then to the subsequent giving votes, resolves, and reports, with accuracy and detail. The points which prominence has been given are, the first and second Missouri struggle; the annexation of Texas; the compromise of 1850;

and the Kansas outrages. The editor has generally presented the views on both sides of these important subjects—in fact, an impartial history, so that no one who is called upon to give an opinion at the next election need be without the means of forming it with intelligence.

—The rare genius of Mr. Darley in outline illustration is familiar to all our readers. His apprehension of the delicate humor of Irving's legends was so exquisite, that their airy fancy lacks nothing in the forms by which the artist gave them to the eye. They showed not only the skillful pencil, but the subtle imagination of the master. The very spirit of the Hudson, the soul of tender summer tranquillity which broods over its lovely banks, and stretches away among its gentle hills, and which Irving so keenly appreciated and perpetuated in his writing, Darley has not less felt and reproduced in his drawing. The vignette of the Rip Van Winkle series of illustrations is as pure a poem as could be written or sung, while all the peculiar character of the legend reappears in the drawings of the scenes. Rogers' Italy, illustrated by Turner, is not so perfect a union of the author and artist as Irving's stories drawn by Darley. They have each the same dainty delicacy, the same subtle perception and enjoyment of the grotesque, the same force of characterization, the same exquisite finish in execution. These works instantly placed Mr. Darley at the head of his art. There is no such living master of outline illustration.

For some years he has had in preparation a work which will be immediately published by Redfield of this city, a series of illustrations of Judd's *Margaret*. *Margaret* is a novel of early New England country life. It was published a dozen or more years since, and has taken its place in our literature. It is full of poetic and moral feeling and power. It has a force of picturesque description which is remarkable in picturesque literature. The book is crowded with incidents, with thoughts, with a complicated play of character. It shows great general power, and a genius which the author afterward proved in other works, none of which, however, equal *Margaret* in wild and curious interest. It is almost the only pure New England novel, as *Uncle Tom* is a purely Southern novel. As the work

of a young man whose imagination was vast, but unchastened; whose mind was strong and affluent, but untrained in expression; whose observation of nature was as delicate as White's for the details, and more poetic than most poets in description; as the dream of a religious enthusiast, whose plans were dazzling rather than practicable; of a sincere and generous thinker, more eager to show his thoughts than to set them so that the world would wish to see them; *Margaret* is one of the most remarkable books in American literature. It is purely American. It is full of pine woods and slang; of sketches of Yankee smartness and meanness, and also of that strange sad vein of poetry in the Puritanic nature, which showed itself the other day when Connecticut tolled its bells for the fallen Charter Oak. But, for the reasons we have mentioned, the book is chaotic. The story is constantly lost in the exuberant fertility of episode. It is a jungle of luxuriance. The characters crowd and hinder each other, and the progress of the story is sadly confused. It is, however, especially the book for Mr. Darley to illustrate, and he has achieved a work which is undoubtedly superior to any outline illustrations since Flaxman's. The German Retsch has a great reputation in this department; but his imagination is limited, and his feeling sentimental. His tender mannerism soon wears; and there is no dramatic discrimination in any of his works, excepting in Schiller's *Song of the Bell*, and occasionally in the *Faust*. Mr. Darley's drawings present to the mind the story that Mr. Judd intended to tell, but freed from all the obscurity and confusion of the actual work. They are masterly in their entire appreciation of the subject, and the elaborate skill of their execution. The drawing of Chillon with his violin is as exquisite a poem as the old statue of the Faun, or Mr. Darley's own Rip Van Winkle. The Yankee shopping scene, also, has a quiet perfection in its blending of humor and tenderness, which makes us wish that the artist might devote himself solely to the production of such scenes as the *Margaret* illustrations. We regard this beautiful volume as the most valuable recent contribution to American art, and as a work of the greatest intrinsic interest.

Now the City takes her temper from the season, and is hospitable. She spreads her broad board with cakes and ale, has up her players and dancers, hangs out her lanterns and parti-colored flags, says to her musicians "strike up," and bids the strangers to her fairing. Autolycus is here, and Crummles, and Jarley, and Dr Faustus and Mr. Merryman, that our country cousins may have a good time. "Here we are, ladies and gentlemen; the show is just a-going to begin, and all for twenty-five cents."

Who is it—Dickens?—who says the greatest of American institutions is "Admittance, twenty-five cents." You do not see the point of that? Perhaps not; the wisdom of the saying is by no means so cheap as the proud national privilege it celebrates. But take its philosophy fairly in hand, and beginning with Barnum and the Baby Show, you shall not stop short of Jefferson and the Declaration of Independence. Your country cousin will help along your first blind motions in search of the true significance of a maxim so profound, by showing you that "twenty-five cents" means—photographs warranted to please, with morocco case complete; a Bedleian library of startling romances—the most heart-rending, soul-harrowing of two-shilling histories; the Ethiopian minstrelsy of Buckley and Christy; the Crystal Palace; the Düsseldorf gallery; Neumann's statue; the Musical Automaton; a living skeleton and two lively anacondas; the Intelligent Ape; the Green Monster, and the Red Gnome; that Blessed Baby; Mr. Hackett's Falstaff; the Horticultural Exhibition; an evening at the Opera, with "the best place to hear;" the Fall races; Henry Ward Beecher; young Hengler; the Fairy Star; Horace Greeley; the American Institute's fair; Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell, and the hen with three legs. If, starting from these, you cannot reach the Constitution of the United States, to find the same principle uppermost in the spirit of our government, you will never be a statesman. Should you happen to be a foreigner, coming hither to adopt us, you will as clearly perceive the political application, as though the cheap welcome greeted you from every outer light-house along the coast.

Once, we well remember for a fact, "Admittance, twenty-five cents" was chalked on the White House door. It was some four or five administrations ago. There had been a levee the night before; for the first time, no "refreshments" were served; and when two grave and potential senators would have saved the country between them in a retiring room, the President brought them, with his own hands, a fossil in a brass candlestick, which the democratic Solon—who, having just stamped New Jersey, knew something about that kind of lights,—pronounced a "dip."

As in this, so in everything he sees, your country cousin finds solemn political import, ever since the three imposing advertisements overcame him like a summer cloud at the corner of Bond street, proclaiming the Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego—the three Jews set over the affairs of the province of Babylon—who would pass through the furnace of a Presidential election, heated seven times more than it was wont to be heated, to save the country; since, in the print-shop windows, he hath looked on the parted locks that shall not be singed, and the American coat that shall not be changed, and the white neckcloth, whereonto the smell of the fire shall not pass; since he finds back hair and crinoline in the field, and hath beheld Our Jessie address her fellow-citizens from a gilt frame at Williams and Stevens'.

The town makes much of the country cousin just now. He is everybody, and he is everywhere, mistaking the Bowery for Broadway, and Bond-street for the Fifth-avenue. You will know his wife by her flutters and her panics; whenever you shall find her, policeman Higginbottom will have just borne her bodily through the din and crash of much omnibus-collision. You will know his "young ladies," by their excessive overdoneeness, and by the bouquets they toss to La Grange or Robert always alighting with a thump on the portly waistcoat of Amodio, or the natty jacket of Paul Brilliant. And then you are safe to recognize the juveniles of the country cousin, by their nut-brown legs, sure to be fashionably exposed, and by the annoyance they inflict on the "young ladies," whose side-walk addiction to chocolate drops they imitate with six-pence

worth of ice-cream done up in brown paper.

Especially, will you find the family at the jewelry palaces of Broadway; oftentimes peering eagerly into the windows thereof, catching provoking glimpses of afar-off beauty, yet not daring to pass over the threshold which separates them from enchanted ground; but, sometimes in the very midst of Tiffany's itself.

Did ever two hours pass so quickly? Everything so magical, so bewildering, to all save the little lame boy, fresh from his Arabian Nights and Hans Andersen. First: watches, watches, watches! from the bigness of grandpa's silver repeater, to that of the shilling in their uneasy fingers; of all sorts, and prices, and colors; enameled in pink and blue, black and green; set with diamonds and pearls, and turquoise and garnets; and of a perfection and profusion to have crazed poor Peter Hele, who, with the slow heat of his German pertinacity, hatched the "Nuremburg Eggs," so called from their oval form—the worthy ancestors of this resplendent brood. The shilling-size are cunningly hidden away in tlay lockets, under bracelet clasps, in opera-glasses; and there is a prettiness too fine-ladyish to be half appreciated by country lassies—a golden pocket-pistol, studded brilliantly with diamonds, having a tiny watch in the butt end of it; the pistol, by touching a spring, becomes a bouquet-holder, and under the watch, which raises like a lid, is a vinaigrette.

These Swiss marvels of minuteness in watches are usually considered a "modern improvement;" but it is known that those in general use in the olden time were much smaller than these of today. There is a will, still in existence, dated 1576, in which Archbishop Parker, bequeaths "to his frende and faythful brother in the church," the Right Rev. Bishop Ely, his staff of Indian cane, *having a watch in the top*; and in an account of "Jewells and other furnishings sold and delivered to the Queene's most excellent majestie, (Anne of Denmark) from the Xth of April, 1607, to the February following, by George Heriot, her Highness' jeweller," there is the following "*Item. A little watch set all over with diamonds, 170*l*.*"

But the crowning glory of the diamond necklace throws even these wonders in the

shade: thirty-six stones of purest water, the largest alone worth \$7,000, the whole glittering string \$14,000. So costly a toy possesses very little interest except for the cold eye of speculation, so long as it remains inert and harmless in its bed of velvet and satin; but let its wealth of light form the glory of a snowy neck; let its prismatic glancings depend upon the quick motions of an eager, a restless, or a proud heart, fretting with its hidden pain; let it create passions—pride, envy, malice, down-dragging vanity—itself staring right on, remorseless, cold, sharp, dazzling, the same to every beholder—and at once it comes within the pale of human interest.

Diamonds are intrinsically too valuable to possess any poetic sentiment; of all gems, they most need association to give them a claim to our sympathy. What does one care, to know that King Joseph I. of Portugal buttoned his coat with £100,000—that a Persian monarch had a hole bored through £3,000,000, in order to wear it about his royal neck on grand court-days, or that Runjeet Sing sported a still larger amount in his armet? And, on the other hand, what can be fuller of the romantic chivalry of the days of Charles I.—of the spirit of the luxurious amours of the court of Louis XV.—than the Duke of Buckingham's diamond tags, or the mysterious diamond necklace of Count Cagliostro?

This is by no means true of other precious stones. Emeralds, for instance, are essentially poetical; who is so unfortunate as to doubt the long-cherished belief, that when given as love-pledges, they fade or grow brighter, as the absent one proves inconstant or faithful? And the opal, with its ever-changing hues, with all the romantic superstition that attaches to the emerald, and none of its glassiness, appeals to our sentimental appreciation entirely on its own merits, as a thing of exquisite beauty and delicacy.

Pearls belong to the bride all the world over; happy she who can adorn herself for the altar with the identical set—yellowed by age, their antique setting full of a priceless quaintness—which graced the wedding-day of her great grandmother. These were deservedly the favorite jewels of the sumptuous Elizabeth. The dress in which her majesty went to St. Paul's, to return thanks for the defeat of the Spanish Armada, was entirely covered with



a superb lattice-work of pearls, her hair interlaced with the same, and a costly necklace of them about her throat. By-the-by, the *London Observer*, of 1683, advertised a list of jewels, owned "by the late Prince Rupert," to be disposed of by lottery, the chief prize being a magnificent pearl necklace, valued at £8,000; and a nursery maid of the royal household of Queen Anne was tried and imprisoned for stealing a single pearl belonging to her majesty, worth £110.

But to return to our country cousins, to answer their impatient eyes. Where now? Ah! the bracelets. How barbaric, yet how simply elegant, those broad bands of gold, so pure, so virgin; how much more tasteful than the elaborate gewgaws whose rubies and diamonds frown down their unpretentiousness!

And there the green-jointed length of a snake lies coiled in successive rings, while high in air, darting its golden fangs, it rears a be-diamonded crest and flashes ruby eyes—the serpent still asserting its dominion over the fancy, at least, of womankind. And, indeed, this long-enduring partiality, among the "once beguiled," for so unflattering a conceit, is quite difficult to account for; surely, if other proof were wanting for the literalness of the Eve-and-apple story, this trait would go far to substantiate it. Of this sort was the depraved, or rather morbid taste which, after the Reign of Terror, made trinket guillotines the rage in Paris—a taste that would be equally unaccountable if one ever wondered at anything in the French character or its manifestations. In the account, before-mentioned, of "George Herliott, her Highness' jeweler," we find two other items apropos: "A ring with a heart and a *serpent*, all set about with diamonds;" and, "A pair of pendants of two hands, and two *serpents* hanging at them."

Perhaps the most manifestly-extravagant luxuries in this Palace of All-delight, are the vases which, in choice rarity, are disposed among its various wonders. That tallest pair—yes, as tall as sunburned Jimmy yonder, who was turned of twelve last Christmas-eve—of brilliant lapis-lazuli-colored glass, set upon gold, with handles exquisitely turned, are worth \$1,000. One thousand dollars at the mercy of a servant's broom-handle, or the stubborn crino-

line of my lady herself! There are others at half the price, but much more beautiful, of the finest Sèvres, the flowers on them, by a curious art, painted to appear as if actually within the vase; and there are Chinese jars with their odd chow-chow of irresistible designs.

Step further back to the ladies' special province: Fans of every shape, material, and price—from fifty cents to one hundred and fifty dollars—of papier-maché, sandalwood, and ivory—the last exquisitely carved, and reminding one of those much-prized dainties of our grandmother's ball-costume. With us, however, the fan is the veriest gewgaw, and will continue to be, until it means more in the hands of our belles than a toy to be pulled to pieces between the endless figures of "the German." It is not till one sees a fan in the hand of a Spanish woman, that he can understand the perfection to which refined coquetry can cultivate this, to us, useless trifle. How like a thing of life it flutters and chatters, and pleads and scolds! how the quick glancing of its jeweled wings carries a message of hope or despair from its capricious mistress! how intimately it becomes associated with her dearest secrets, till either is pitifully incomplete without the other! how at mass, in the ball-room, on the plaza, or at a bull-fight, they are equally one and inseparable! Fans studded with jewels formed a conspicuous article in Queen Elizabeth's famous New Year's gifts, and mention is made of her gracious acceptance, from her lord-keeper, when on a visit to him at Kew, of "a fine fan garnished with diamonds, valued at £400 at least."

Up stairs is a bewildering variety of clocks for mantel ornaments; and here we feel compelled to add one more laurel to the already cumbrous wreath crowning the memory of the magnificent Harûn Al-Rashid, by reminding our readers that the first clock seen in Europe was a present from that worthy caliph to Charlemagne.

The stern graybeard, with his bald crown, and scythe, and hour-glass, severe and uncompromising, is banished hence, and in his stead, bands of the rosy hours, attendant upon the gay goddess, chime, with ravishing sweetness, the scarce perceptible flapping of time's love-clipt wings. Many of these fanciful time-pieces are of white marble, profusely gilded, or inlaid with fine miniatures of the Louis

XV. beauties, with powdered locks and brocaded farthingales.

In elegant contrast to this rather meretricious style, are those fine French bronzes, latterly become so popular for mantel ornaments. Some of these are classical figures of great elegance, such as Klys's Amazon, knights in armor, or in tournament, curious mythological groups, and game pieces of wonderful perfectness. One mantel-clock—an allegorical design—represents the earth supported by griffins, and surmounted by a star-crowned spirit, with cherubic attendants. Two bronze figures from Faust—the witch and Mephistopheles—are replete with the Germanesque grotesqueness, the fantastic diablerie, characteristic of the wildest conceptions of Retzsch.

A novelty for the dressing-room, certain to receive immediate approval and adoption, is the *miroir face et nuque*. Have you seen it—that happiest consummation of the appliances of the toilet? No more twisting off of the head to get the merest idea of one's back hair; no more blind faith in the mechanical accuracy of one's fingers in arranging its massive rolls and braids; but, by this magic-mirror, the gift is given us to see, at least a part of, ourselves "as others see us."

And all this conjuration, and this mighty magic, is obtained by the simplest contrivance imaginable—so simple, that you wonder why it was not stumbled upon long ago, by the stupidest of coiffeurs—an oval mirror, attached by a jointed rod to any good toilet glass. This rod, projecting from the top of the glass, holds suspended, over and behind the head, the oval mirror, which reflects the back hair upon the toilet glass, just above the face.

Hitherto, this portion of the fairest ornament of woman, with all its suggestiveness, all its individuality, as one of the strong points, has remained a well-nigh undiscovered bourne, its expanse but dimly surmised, its landmarks a subject of conjecture—the imperfect glimpses obtained, with much painful effort, through the agency of a hand-glass, only making confusion a little worse confounded.

No true coquette would ever consent to the touch of strange fingers in her front hair; none but her own can twine, effectively, that beguiling tendril to just such an

angle with her favorite dimple; no one but herself can attain the curve best adapted to define the broad whiteness of her Grecian brow; and, since this gift of Venus has fallen to her handmaidens, let us see what rare beauties can be eliminated by the last touches of loving fingers on the professional aspect of the back hair.

The cheap enjoyment of the picture-shops detains our country cousins in delighted knots. At Williams & Stevens, it is Mrs. Spencer's dogs—a new pair—which especially engage their unschooled sympathies—the "Favorite and the Forsaken:" the one, a pampered Prince Charles, regaled with the dainty bones of birds, couched on silken ottomans, or velvet Brussels carpet, or in the warm folds of a crimson damask curtain, washed, and combed, and tenderly stroked, by the softest of white fingers, and decked with blue ribbon and silver bell—a heartless, insolent pet of fortune; the other, the outcast mother of four cold and hunger-clamorous pups, with frost-nipped noses and watery eyes, climbing over each other's backs in their selfish misery, the weakest always under, crying with all their four impatient stomachs for the food which the drained nipples of their forsaken nurse have not to bestow; the north end of a pile of boards their only house, a frozen brick their threshold, and icicles, bright, hard and dry, downhanging from their eaves; on the ground, the segment of a great shin bone, snatched from under some busy butcher's stall, at peril of the poor mother's life, and now quite hollow, empty, clean, licked to the last hope long ago.

If, say our country cousins, Mrs. Spencer painted that piteous wretch from the life, we commiserate her no less than her model—a shivering, empty, shrunken thing; one frost-bitten foot held up trembling; her once pure, white, sleek, silken coat—for it is plain she is of good family, and has seen better days—now all smutched and rough; her nose sharp and blue; her tail hopelessly between her legs; her ears agued despite their pricked-up eagerness; her eyes witte-ndy and worried out; the forlornest thing alive. Our country cousins can understand this picture well enough to be sorry they have seen it, although that element in it, which we who are sophisticated and sensitive, call coarseness, they say is nature.

At Goupil's it is Rosa Bonheur's cattle pieces which charm them most, and they are particularly arrested by that certain simplicity, easy to feel, which makes the foreignness of the "Chalk Wagon" familiar. Some home-pictures, too, take their hearts at once, such as the "Christmas Dream" and the "Christmas Reality;" and an odd classical conceit, by Levasseur, after Hamon, called "My Sister is not at Home, Sir." Then there is "Fidelity"—the noble sorrow of a hound who watches by a grave—by Castan, after Dedreux; and Eugene Lepoittevin's "History of a French Fishing Boat"—the Launch, the Departure, the Return, and the Wreck—full of the vigor, the venture, the changeful elements of coast life. Vernet's "Arab Woman Surprised by a Lion," flutters the young ladies fresh from Cumming and Gerard; and his "Mass in Kabyle,"—a splendid spectacle of picturesque array—altar and cross and banner and censer, priest and soldier, scimitar and sword, spear and bayonet, burnous and turban and fatigue-cap—brightens the eyes, and elates the heart, and lifts up the martial spirit of the boys.

But it is the art which comes nearest home—the daguerreotype—that appeals most successfully to the curiosity or the vanity of our friends from the provinces. Fredricks' new rooms have been filled with them daily; surprised, delighted, titillating sitters for ambrotype, Hallotype, photograph, or plain daguerreotype; groups and single sitters, lovers and sweet-hearts, the old folks and the toddling weans; some refreshing shape of harmless vanity evident in each, and not one in ten thousand above the beauty of those painted weaknesses which were made to be "hushed up among one's friends." And yet, of all the city's wonders, there is none of so many days as this; of all the city's pretty gifts, none which so comes home to the country's grateful bosom.

Of course, our cousins must have their opera, and ballet, and their legitimate drama. And, first of all, it is the uptownward tendency of the theatres, as of hotels, which those deplore to whom Castle Garden, or Barnum's Museum, or the Broad-

way at farthest, have been, ever since their last trip to town—ten years since, perhaps—the ne plus ultra of high art in that line. In the Academy of Music, they are not easily made comfortable; they perceive a coldness; they are not at home. "A fine house, sir, but too far from the Astor." "At the Academy," they say, "you had your Fat Knight; why could you not leave us Jem Bags. We did not cry for your Trovatore; could you not spare us our Toodles? If we were content with Sleek, why should you force Shylock upon us. We were joined to that Blessed Baby; why could you not let us alone?"

But, after all, our friends are docile, and easily persuaded to fall in with the Union-Squareward march of the drama. We remind them retrospectively of the Hippodrome and the Crystal Palace; prospectively of the Central Park. We bid them mark what their Castle Garden has come to. We ask what fate threatens the late "Burton's." We point them to the Broadway, in the very act to take up its scenery and walk, even with that ghastly wound in its side, made by the envious Casca of adjacent improvement. We force them to acknowledge that not even another Baby Show can long uphold the American Museum.

So they would compound for Nible's, with English Opera and the tight rope. But we drag them to the Academy, and show them an audience which takes its proportions from the largeness of the indomitable impressario. "La Grange is great," they cry, "and Maretzek is her prophet." Beyond the teens, even into the forties, will they follow her. They take no count of blocks, and are careless of "the last stage down."

And so of Burton's, they grant us. By as much as the Tempest is above the Toodles, and the Midsummer Night's Dream, higher art than the Mummy, by so much is the "above Bleeker" of stage proprieties superior to the loose idea of the same familiar to the low latitude of the Park; by so much is the Burton of the Lafarge above the Burton of Rabineau's. *Animus as well as calum mutant, qui up Broadway current.*